PHOTOPLAY

JULY

25¢

PRISCILLA LANE
By Paul Hesse

O MAKE YOU LOVELIER — Secrets of Hollywood Beauty, Style and Health Experts

LACKADAISICAL LOTHARIO — the Life and Good Times of JAMES STEWART

hat American Women Think of Hollywood Women By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Some Call it Luck

...and such Luck

—to find a sanitary napkin like Kotex with its patented pressed ends that fit flatly and so end that dreadful, bulky feeling. And besides you've no idea what a difference it makes when your napkin doesn't shift, bunch or chafe.

What's Lucky about it?

— using Kotex Sanitary Napkins is just plain good sense because they're made with layer after layer of soft filmy tissue, that one after another absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the napkin and check that striking through in one spot.

The Truth of it is...

—aren't we all lucky to have Kotex? Until Kotex made 3 sizes we had to cut and adjust our napkins to suit our varying daily needs. Now with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex it's a simple matter for any woman to meet her individual needs from day to day.

All 3 Types at the Same Low Price

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

Better Say Kotex—Better for You

You didn't believe DANDRUFF could be MASTERED?

Hear the People!

DAY after day they come . . . a steady stream of letters, from every part of the country . . . unsolicited corroboration of a *fact* demonstrated in laboratory and clinic—dandruff *can* be mastered with Listerine Antiseptic! Read them.

Sensational new disclosures definitely prove that dandruff is really a *germ disease!* . . . caused by the stubborn bacillus Pityrosporum ovale!

A wealth of scientific data, amassed in laboratory and clinic, now clearly points to *germicidal* treatment of dandruff. And clinics have proved that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouthwash and gargle, *does* master dandruff . . . *does* kill the dandruff germ!

In one clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine Antiseptic twice a day showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

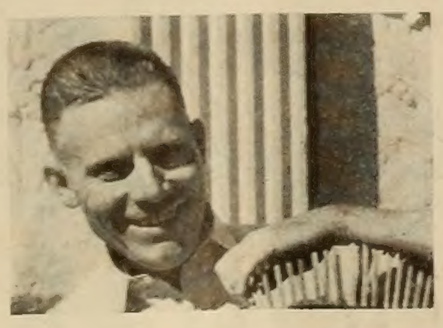
If you have any evidence of dandruff, start your own delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatments today. And look for results such as others got. Even after dandruff has disappeared it is a wise policy to take an occasional treatment to guard against reinfection. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

"I have been a dandruff victim for years. Lately it became very bad and I could shampoo my hair every day and have just as much dandruff at night. As a last resort I tried Listerine and after four days it was entirely gone. Now I have not the slightest trace of it."

RICHARD SCHNACKENBERG
New York, N.Y.

"Last year my husband had a bad case of dandruff. Nothing he tried seemed to do any good for it. Finally I persuaded him to try Listerine Antiseptic. At the end of three weeks his dandruff had completely disappeared. A few months ago one of the children's hair showed signs of dandruff for the first time. Listerine Antiseptic cleared that case up within ten days! Now we all take a Listerine Antiseptic treatment once or twice a month "just in case," and we haven't had even a suggestion of dandruff since."

MRS. ERWIN CARLSTEDT
Box 507, Boynton, Fla.



"Since using Listerine Antiseptic as a preventive for dandruff, I really feel safe as to my appearance in public."

HENRY W. SCHLETER
Oshkosh, Wis.

"I was comparatively a young woman when I turned grey. This was some twenty years ago. My scalp was in bad condition, and my hair was falling out badly.

I had the bright idea of trying Listerine Antiseptic, and after the first treatment my hair stopped falling out, and dandruff was practically gone.

Since that time I have used nothing excep. Listerine Antiseptic on my scalp. And at 65 my hair is snow white and I have a perfectly healthy and normal scalp."

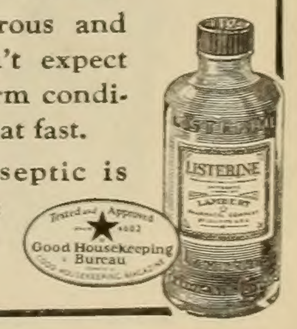
MRS. PAUL NESBITT
Chama, New Mexico

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.* **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ condition cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



LISTERINE THE *PROVED* TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF

A Prediction by Leo of M-G-M

I saw "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS."

I saw a motion picture which I predict will be high among the year's Ten Best.

I saw Robert Donat's performance as "Mr. Chips", destined to be a leading contender for this year's highest film prize, the Academy Award.

I saw a new star born—lovely Greer Garson, whose beauty shines from the screen with tenderness and truth, stirring hearts to overpowering emotional thrill.

I saw an entertainment that will take its place among the great works of the screen . . . rich in human drama and warm with laughter and pathos . . . to be beloved by people everywhere in every walk of life for many years to come . . .

I am proud of "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS." You will share my pride with wholehearted enjoyment.

The famed novel at last on the screen!

ROBERT DONAT

Goodbye Mr. Chips

with GREER GARSON

A Sam Wood Production • Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff, Claudine West and Eric Maschwitz • Produced by Victor Saville

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

On the Cover—Priscilla Lane, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Great Lady . . . . . **Marianne** 15
What life has done to the dreams of Greta Garbo

Lackadaisical Lothario . . . . . **Wilbur Morse, Jr.** 16
Beginning—The life and good times of James Stewart

What American Women Think of Hollywood Women **Margaret Culkin Banning** 20
Interpreted by one of America's great exponents of the feminine mind

Play Truth and Consequences with Ginger Rogers . . **Katharine Hartley** 22
And learn more about this sparkler than you ever knew before!

Young Fry Society . . . . . **Sally Reid** 24
Hilarious doings among the socialites of Hollywood's younger set

Miracle Men at Work . . . . . **Adele Whitely Fletcher** 26
—to make you lovelier!

Films Fit for a King . . . . . **Paul Larnard** 29
The King and Queen of England are movie-minded, too

They're Talking About— . . . . . **Marian Rhea** 30
The spotlight focuses upon six outstanding personalities

Distance Ends Enchantment . . . . . **Howard Bennett** 32
So Dorothy Lamour's long-distance marriage ends in divorce

Best-Filled Stockings 42
Filmland's stocking dictator nominates the world's loveliest legs!

Photoplay Fashions . . . . . **Gwenn Walters** 49
The stars set the pace for the season in sportswear

Bright Victory . . . . . **Howard Sharpe** 66
Continuing the biography of a fighting Irishman—George Brent

Juarez—The Life History of a Movie . . . . . **Nancy Naumburg** 68
An enthralling glimpse behind the scenes of movie-making

NEWS VIEWS AND REVIEWS

The Camera Speaks:—

Breath-taking! 34
Underwater rendezvous with "Tarzan" Weissmuller

A Trio of Eves 36
Enchanting newcomers to Hollywood's Garden of Eden

A Trio of Adams 38
The eternal masculine—eternally popular with the eternal feminine!

He Belongs to the Ages 40
Abraham Lincoln inspires two more great screen characterizations

The Lovin' Swede 44
An early "epic"—written, produced and acted by Edgar Bergen

The Rathbones Are Entertaining 46
Magic words to the inner circle of cinema society

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures 4
PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop . . . . . **Carolyn Van Wyck** 6
Boos and Bouquets 8
Close Ups and Long Shots . . . . . **Ruth Waterbury** 11
Movies in Your Home . . . . . **Jack Sher** 13
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood 59
The Shadow Stage 62
We Cover the Studios . . . . . **Jack Wade** 64
Fashion Letter 76
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood? 83
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue 92

VOL. LIII., No. 7, JULY, 1939

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, $3.00 in U. S. Possessions and Territories, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $5.00. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • While manuscripts, photographs and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made by this organization to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1939, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual.

BRIEF Reviews

Sweethearts again—but this time only for benefit of the celluloid—Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power in 20th Century-Fox's "Second Fiddle"

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

THIS ISSUE

	Page
BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount	90
BIG TOWN CZAR—Universal	90
BLIND ALLEY—Columbia	63
BRIDAL SUITE—M-G-M	62
BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE—Paramount	90
CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M	90
CAPTAIN FURY—Hal Roach-U. A.	63
CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Warners	90
GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount	62
HARDYS RIDE HIGH, THE—M-G-M	90
INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Paramount	62
IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD—M-G-M	63
JUAREZ—Warners	62
LUCKY NIGHT—M-G-M	90
MAN OF CONQUEST—Republic	63
NIGHT RIDERS, THE—Republic	90
RETURN OF THE CISCO KID, THE—20th Century-Fox	90
ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE—20th Century-Fox	62
SORORITY HOUSE—RKO-Radio	90
STOLEN LIFE—Paramount	63
STREETS OF NEW YORK—Monogram	90
THREE WALTZES—Vedis Films	90
UNION PACIFIC—Paramount	90

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, THE—M-G-M

It's a shame that Mark Twain's great classic of boyhood should have received such unhappy treatment. Mickey Rooney in the title rôle is given almost no chance to display his talent. If you loved the original story and like Mickey, skip this—it will save embarrassment all around. (*May*)

★ AMBUSH—Paramount

More blood and thunder and shooting with Ernest Truex as the sinister brain behind a gang of bank robbers who, in pursuing their deviltry, are forced to abduct Gladys Swarthout and Lloyd Nolan. The surprise is Miss Swarthout who doesn't sing a note but manages to give an impressive performance. (*April*)

BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING—RKO-Radio

Nothing gives here. You are regaled with the problems of a girl whose cosmetic salesman-lover jilts her for a woman with ten millions. The outcome is of little importance (except to the income tax department). Lucille Ball, Frieda Inescort, Patric Knowles and Donald Woods work against hope. (*April*)

BLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS—Columbia

The irresistible *Bumpsteads* return for the second time. When *Dagwood* (Arthur Lake) is fired, *Blondie* (Penny Singleton) takes his place, leaving him at home to sweep and sew. Meanwhile *Baby Dumpling* and *Daisy* the pup are cutting capers and things go haywire. Skinnay Ennis and his band contribute a well-done jitterbug sequence. (*May*)

BOY SLAVES—RKO-Radio

If you're an inveterate reformer, you'll probably love this. With cold anger it chooses the Deep South as locale and paints a brutal picture of child labor as it is supposed to exist. Anne Shirley, James McCallion and Roger Daniel all do exceptional work in morbid characterizations. (*April*)

BOY TROUBLE—Paramount

Papa and *Mama Fitch* (Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles) adopt two boys, Donald O'Connor and Billy Lee, and meet the inevitable troubles of everyday living with unfailing humor. Pile the whole family in the car—they'll like this. (*April*)

★ BROADWAY SERENADE—M-G-M

Here again Jeanette MacDonald has a hit, largely due to her own beauty and voice. She is cast as the wife of pianist Lew Ayres, but when his success doesn't match hers, there's a divorce. Ian Hunter moves in at this point, but the script writers see to it that Lew scores Jeanette's new show. Ayres continues to prove that his recent comeback was a good idea. (*June*)

★ CAFE SOCIETY—Paramount

A hectic comedy about a wealthy young woman who marries a ship news reporter to spite a columnist. The players, Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, Claude Gillingwater et al, have lots of vitality and there are few dull moments. (*April*)

CODE OF THE STREETS—Universal

The Little Tough Guys come out in this dreary movie as a thoroughly impossible bunch of youngsters. One guttersnipe is framed on a murder charge and there's plenty of moral pointed about crime not paying. (*April*)

CRIME IN THE MAGINOT LINE—Tower

In this French-made film, mystery, murder, espionage stalk the underground passages of France's famous fort, the Maginot Line. Victor Francen, as a French army officer, relentlessly tracks down the enemy cause of it all. Vera Koren, as Francen's wife, adds light but not too much sweetness to her rôle. There is suspense to the plot and a compelling quality to the many authentic shots of the grim fortification along the German border.

CRISIS—Mayer-Burstyn

An arresting picture of "the rape of Czechoslovakia," from the time of the Austrian Anschluss to the so-called Peace of Munich. Herbert Kline and his camera were right on the spot when things began to happen, so the film provides a valuable contribution to the screen's history of our times. It's propaganda, yes, but definitely worthwhile.

★ DARK VICTORY—Warners

You may have heard "raves" over this picture and they are all true. Bette Davis' matchless acting reaches new heights as the rich young girl who learns she has only a few months to live, falls in love with George Brent, her doctor, gallantly solves her problem in the best way possible. Geraldine Fitzgerald, a newcomer, Brent and Humphrey Bogart are splendid too. A must. (*May*)

★ DODGE CITY—Warners

As a Western to end all hoss operas, this rousing Technicolor film is a prize piece of production. Errol Flynn is the hero who has little time for love (even Olivia de Havilland's) until the last killer has bitten Kansas dust. Bruce Cabot is a dyed-in-the-wool villain and Ann Sheridan gets past the Hays' office as a cabaret girl. Entire cast deserves high praise. (*June*)

★ EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—Universal

A cute little moppet steals this from Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell. Bing, who sings messages for a telegraph company, and Joan, who is a switchboard operator, are always on the verge of marriage. Something usually stops them and this time it's young Sandy Henville. But Bing sings his way out of trouble. Mischa Auer's melancholy Russian act is good for its usual laughs. (*June*)

FAST AND LOOSE—M-G-M

Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell are the screen's newest additions to the long line of married couples who are amateur sleuths. They work like beavers to show up the guilty party who murdered a rich bibliophile. You may be annoyed at the ease with which you yourself can pick "whodunit." (*May*)

(*Continued on page 91*)

The Winners of the Screen's Topmost Honors

PAUL
MUNI
BETTE
DAVIS

Together in Screendom's Matchless Achievement

JUAREZ

(WAR-EZZ)

The most distinguished production in a year memorable for the outstanding offerings of WARNER BROS.

*

A STORY SO MOMENTOUS THAT IT REQUIRED SIX ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS AND A CAST OF 1186 PLAYERS, HEADED BY

BRIAN AHERNE

CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP

JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD

GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL

DIRECTED BY WILLIAM DIETERLE

*

Screen Play by John Huston, Aeneas MacKenzie and Wolfgang Reinhardt. Based on a Play by Franz Werfel and the Novel, "The Phantom Crown," by Bertita Harding. Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

SEE IT! YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT!

PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

Radio's "Dr. Susan" (Eleanor Phelps) undertakes to remodel an "ugly duckling" — with results that will help you, too

"No matter what you do during the day, some color will be left," if you follow Sonja's lipstick advice

THE HABIT OF BEING BEAUTIFUL—You know that beauty is the result of habit, that to attain beauty and keep it, you must have a regular routine, a strict regime that you follow faithfully and at stated intervals—exercise, diet, care of the skin and eyes and hair. But you know, too, how easy it is to skip your exercises a day or so, or to give your skin just a sketchy cleansing and thereby undo a lot of your good work. We need to be jogged daily into following the proper routine and, at last, I've found the perfect thing to help us.

It's a daytime radio serial that impressed me so much recently, as I know it will you, too—because it does serve as that daily reminder to you to take stock of yourselves. "The Life and Love of Dr. Susan" is the title of the program. It's sponsored by the same people who broadcast the Lux Radio Theater every Monday night—and the particular feature that caught my interest was the attention paid to beauty problems of the modern young woman by *Dr. Susan* in the radio story.

Eleanor Phelps plays *Dr. Susan* and in the program she is called upon to reconstruct the appearance of her young orphan cousin, *Nancy Chandler,* who is suddenly thrust into her aunt's home. *Nancy* is convinced she's quite homely and doesn't know what to do about it, so *Dr. Susan* comes to her rescue and shows her the simple little things that she can do for herself to improve her looks. But they take plenty of character—grit and determination.

Gale Page is another star who has a number of beauty tips for you—Gale's will give you prettier eyes

"It's looking out for the everlasting little things that make a woman really lovely. It takes more character to be an attractive woman than to make a million dollars," says *Susan.*

And that statement is one of life's great truths. It took rigid determination and persistence for Joan Crawford to become the great beauty she is today. If you had seen Ann Sheridan when she first came to Hollywood, you wouldn't recognize her as the glamorous girl she is now. Of course, the stars have the constant prodding of the studio, so that they are not allowed to forget for even a moment the fact that their careers may depend upon the loss or the gain of a few pounds.

Dr. Susan starts her good work on *Nancy* by showing her how to stand erect instead of slumping over. Eleanor Phelps, as *Dr. Susan,* has developed an attractive carriage, largely through her study of singing. This has taught Eleanor to stand so that she breathes from the abdomen rather than from the chest. She's found that the correct posture has helped make her stronger and healthier, too.

Eleanor suggests—to teach yourself—that you try to make your back touch the wall. You can't completely, all the way down, but the effort will keep you from having a sway-back. Then pull your hips under you. That makes them look smaller. Hold your chin up to get a good neckline. If you have a slender chin, you should be especially particular about holding your head up. The only reason for having a double chin is laziness and forgetting to hold your head erect to give you a clean chin line. Hold your chest up, too, trying to raise it. Trying to push it out will emphasize a sway-back.

Admitted that standing so straight is a big chore at first, you can't expect to accomplish perfection right at the start. It takes time. But you can devote fifteen minutes at night and in the morning to improving your posture. Get set by standing against the wall and then walk around the room, consciously thinking of the way you are holding yourself. When you're out walking, try to pull yourself up at every street corner. After a while, the whole thing will become habitual and you'll stand and walk gracefully without even thinking about it.

This exercise not only improves your posture, but it will help to flatten your tummy. Priscilla Lane has another exercise which you can do without attracting attention at any time or any place while you're sitting down. The trick is to hold the body erect and pull in the abdominal muscles as definitely as possible, trying to make the front muscles touch the spine. Repeat ten times in a row whenever you get the chance. This strengthens your muscles and insures yourself of a nice flat tummy.

To wear clothes well, a lovely carriage is essential. Jane Wyman, who used to be a model, carries herself so well that she can wear almost anything with an air. Olivia de Havilland is the dress designer's delight because her posture and walk are so graceful that she can wear clothes of any period and carry them well, so that they seem to be a part of her personality rather than

(Continued on page 89)

Romance is always "Just around the corner" for Jane!

No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when Mum so surely guards charm!

A GAY PARTY—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be *her* evening, *her* party, *her* night to win romance! But when it came, it was the *other* girls who laughed, and danced, and got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—seemed *near*—why couldn't it come to Jane?

Romance *can't* come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can't stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of "Janes" who court disaster . . . girls who neglect to use Mum!

It's a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only *past* perspiration, but that Mum *prevents* odor . . . then you'll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars—more girls everywhere who know that underarms need *special* care—not occasionally, but *every day! You'll* like this pleasant cream that's so simple to use, so reliable!

MUM IS QUICK! It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

MUM WON'T HARM CLOTHING! Don't worry about that lovely new dress! The Seals of The American Institute of Laundering and Good Housekeeping Bureau tell you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe—you can apply it even *after* you're dressed.

MUM IS SAFE! With nurses Mum takes first place among all deodorants—proof that Mum is safe. Even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist's. Remember, *any* girl can lose romance if she's guilty of odor! Play safe with Mum!

MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM

AVOID THIS EMBARRASSMENT! Thousands of women make a habit of Mum for sanitary napkin use. Mum is gentle, safe . . . frees you from worry of offending.

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU *to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion.* PHOTOPLAY *reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in* PHOTOPLAY *become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets,* PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.*

BOOS AND Bouquets

From the dignified Mexican Emperor of "Juarez," Brian Aherne turns to a gay Australian pioneer, "Captain Fury," in the film of that name with Victor McLaglen

OREGON TALKS BACK TO ITSELF

THERE have been so many articles in the magazines about the dismay of picture producers over the decrease in theater attendance lately, that I venture to give you my opinion as to one of the causes of this lack of interest in movie show audiences. We go to the movies to find the romance and glamour not always to be found in everyone's life.

But there is nothing romantic or glamorous to see in a much-married and divorced hero, a father of children, making ardent love to a supposedly young and innocent heroine, who in reality everyone knows was married to Mr. Whowasit twelve years ago, divorced, married again to Mr. Wontdo, divorced, and married again.

In fact, believe it or not, a large percentage of intelligent people has become more and more disgusted and I suggest, as a remedy, that producers in future discard these much-married folk. Give them their choice between marriage and a career and make them abide by it. They say themselves that their careers and marriages won't mix. Very well, separate them—*before* marriage and not afterwards. Give us, instead of these, some fresh, unmarried young people, who are really more like what they pretend to be, and I am very sure that producers will be gratified at the results at the box office.

It is necessary at the finest of picture shows to use our imagination to really enjoy the picture, but there is a decided limit on how far we can force our imaginations to go. Producers have simply been abusing the public's imagination too long—so people stay home and listen to the radio.

MRS. GRACE TAYLOR,
Portland, Ore.

LAST week, a movie critic of one of our local papers wrote that there was still no answer to the query: "Do the marriages of stars such as Nelson Eddy and Hedy Lamarr affect their popularity with the movie-going public?"

My answer to this is definitely settled by "Pygmalion." A picture of this quality ranks equally with the arts of the stage, music or canvas. One does not care if each player has a dozen wives, ex-wives, sweethearts, lovers lurking in his or her private life.

The play is the thing—a lasting impression of an artist's interpretation of a drama of life is given us. A mediocre movie may leave us wondering if the handsome or pretty clothes rack has a satisfactory love life, but it really does not concern us.

JOY C. PERRY,
Corbett, Ore.

WHO, ME?

IF you think I care about Nelson Eddy's getting married, you got me all wrong. I look this way around the eyes because I got a cinder or something in them, or maybe it's something I had for dinner. I should care what that guy does. He's got his own life to live and I've got mine. Say, what's he ever been to me, anyway? Just a whim.

Don't give me a line about my sitting through his pictures till the manager asked me to leave. Or paying $3.30 out of an ad writer's salary, just to hear him at the Chicago Civic Opera House. Say, Jeanette's in those pictures, too. Swell actress. That's why I saw "Maytime" seven times. I should ruin my figure sitting on it for hours, looking at a guy who gave a punk performance. Don't be a dope. Give me some credit.

What if I saw "Let Freedom Ring" three times? I'm patriotic. Besides, I kept hoping Victor McLaglen would win the fight. Why, I've heard better voices than his on Major Bowes' amateur hour. I'll admit he's a pretty fair singer and he's not bad-looking, but you know those make-up experts can do things to any old face. Along comes a guy who needs a build-up and they give him a mouth like that. So what? I just say, in passing, he doesn't look bad. And his teeth would probably do a neat job on an ear of Golden Bantam. Just a nice, healthy "4-H" boy and you think now, because he marries some gal, I'm bailing out of a high window?

What's wrong with his getting married? It ain't illegal in Hollywood yet, is it? He didn't know me and as far as I'm concerned he's just a bloke named Nelson. What's it to me? My land-

(Continued on page 82)

Together For The First Time!

★ CARY **GRANT** ★ JEAN **ARTHUR**

find love below the Equator . . . and thrills above the clouds . . . as 1939's greatest screen adventure provides the swell stars of "Gunga Din" and "You Can't Take It With You" with their most exotically exciting roles!

ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS

THOMAS MITCHELL • RITA HAYWORTH • RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Screen play by Jules Furthman

A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Ask Your Theatre When!

THE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN THAT HAS *NEVER* BEEN TOLD!

Two boys charged with murder . . . and between them and the gallows . . . the youthful backwoods attorney for the defense . . . ABE LINCOLN!

His thrilling, exciting, romantic youth . . . wrestling, fighting, telling funny stories, falling in love! A picture stirring with its drama, romance, action, emotion!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

YOUNG Mr. LINCOLN

with

HENRY FONDA • ALICE BRADY • MARJORIE WEAVER • ARLEEN WHELAN

EDDIE COLLINS • PAULINE MOORE
RICHARD CROMWELL • DONALD MEEK
JUDITH DICKENS • EDDIE QUILLAN

A Cosmopolitan Production

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Lamar Trotti

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

There's a job for you to do on this marriage business, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, so, please, don't let us down . . .

. . . but there's a harder one ahead for you, Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power —the job of replacing a dream . . .

. . . and yours, Mr. and Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., should be a cinch

Ruth Waterbury

BY RUTH WATERBURY

TO the new Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable,
To the new Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,
To the original Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power.

Dear Newlyweds:

This is a letter to you from PHOTOPLAY to wish you from our very heart the greatest happiness . . . you are, all six of you, such handsome people . . . such talented people . . . such romantic people . . . PHOTOPLAY, permitting me to speak for it, does hope that you are going to keep this happiness you are now experiencing until death do you part . . . we want it for you, very much . . . and selfishly, we want it very much for ourselves, too. . . .

For you, Carole and Clark, you, Doug, Jr. and the former Mrs. Hartford, you, particularly, Annabella and Tyrone, can now . . . if you only will . . . put the institution of Hollywood marriage back on its feet a bit . . . restore to it the glory it should have . . . You charming people can prove . . . if you make these matings of yours successful . . . that hearts can be true in Hollywood . . . that the best of human emotions aren't always sacrificed to the great god, Career . . . that love isn't a farce, or a mere infatuation, in Hollywood . . . but that it can have beauty and tenderness and the faith that is everlasting. . . .

Yet, what terrible risks of romance you are running, even now, when your love is so very strong . . . here you are, six people all wed within a month . . . six people . . . who between you represent thirteen marriages! . . . three for Clark . . . three for Annabella . . . two for Carole . . . two for Doug, Jr. . . . two for the new Mrs. Doug, Jr. . . . for Tyrone, alone, is it a first wedding . . . and precisely because it is Tyrone's first marriage, do I think that the responsibility of happiness for him and for us rests most heavily on the handsome Power shoulders. . . .

Let's review the bidding on all this . . . you, Clark and Carole, were married, very quietly, very much in your characteristic way of doing things, at Kingman, Arizona, on March 29th . . . I'm sure that the whole world, having watched your romance . . . having seen how very well you had conducted yourselves during two difficult years . . . felt very pleased that you were, at last, able to belong to each other . . . for, if ever two people seemed to be made for each other, you are the ones . . . you simply share each other's every interest . . . you both love laughter and good food, sports and horses, people and your work . . . you are, both of you, of course, absolutely beautiful to look at together. . . .

If you two can't make a go of your marriage, then there is no meaning in the word compatability . . . if in a year or two one of you gets a divorce saying those silly things like "He called me harsh names and was rude to my friends and therefore I don't want to live with him any longer" . . . in other words, the usual flimsy excuses for Hollywood divorces . . . well, it is going to be very disillusioning to us . . . it's not going to leave us with much respect for Hollywood emotions. . . .

Personally, I don't expect that of you two, though . . . I'll put my money on this Gable marriage lasting . . . I'll certainly put it much more on this marriage lasting than almost any Hollywood marriage I've ever seen happen . . . and yet . . . this is Clark's third marriage . . . this is Carole's second . . . all statistics on love, not alone in Hollywood but throughout the world . . . reveal that often-wed people aren't good matrimonial risks. . . .

AS far as you are concerned, Doug Jr., I had got all over the habit of paying any attention to your romances, you've had so many of them . . . so when first I heard your name linked with that of the very social Mrs. Mary Lee Epling Hartford I never gave it a second listen . . . after all, since you and Joan Crawford separated there's been you and Gertrude Lawrence . . . you and Marlene Dietrich . . . you and Zorina . . . you and Virginia Fields . . . yet less than a month after the Gables wed, you and the former Mrs. Hartford, who had just been divorced from the millionaire owner of a great grocery chain . . . were united . . . on the Saturday afternoon of April 22nd that you managed to get off from the studio . . . you were wed at the Westwood Methodist Episcopal Church with the bride's mother and your

Ever get nervous or upset? Then, try a package of Beech-Nut Gum. It's always refreshing and restful. It comes from Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.)—famous for quality and flavor. Six delicious varieties.

Beech-Nut

One of America's GOOD habits

GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR? We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech Nut products are made.

In the current matrimonial wave, Hollywood revives interest in the plans of Janet Gaynor and Adrian—

father as the witnesses . . . and I did wonder, Doug, how your father, who also represents three marriages . . . felt as he stood there and saw a second Mary and Doug come into being. . . .

Since none of us in Hollywood know this new Mary Fairbanks well, it is only possible to guess at what lies ahead of you two . . . but I would guess that it may be an ideal marriage for you, Douglas . . . for you, much more than the average Hollywood man, I'd say that a social marriage is perfect . . .for, like your father, you are a very social human being . . . like the ads, you like nice things . . . you are international-minded . . . you prefer New York to Hollywood . . . and London to New York . . . you are a good actor and you respect acting and pictures. . . .

Nonetheless, you are much more aware than most actors that there are other and more important things in this world . . . as a matter of fact, you are a very intellectual, very cultured young gentleman, Mr. Fairbanks . . . and because of all these good, worldly qualities in you . . . a wife who will have only you for her career . . . a wife who understands how to run a perfect home . . . a wife who knows all the rules at Palm Beach and Monte Carlo and Sun Valley and the Italian Alps. . . .

Well, your marriage looks perfect . . . that's what it does . . . so here's hoping it is a perfect marriage, forever and always . . . but if it proves not to be . . . well, that won't hurt us so much as Carole's and Clark's breaking up . . . and not nearly what Tyrone's and Annabella's breaking up would mean to us. . . .

BECAUSE you, Tyrone . . . you are still the idealist in this whole group . . . you are the one to whom heartbreak has not yet happened . . . you are the one who has the opportunity to affirm for the world the truth that marriage is the greatest of all human relationships. . . .

You must have read that anecdote in the *Hollywood Reporter*, Tyrone, that illustrates the general feeling about your marriage . . . The *Reporter* story ran thus. . . .

"A high-school girl called Patia Power long distance from Long Beach. The youngster said, 'I am speaking for a group of girls here at school. We just have to tell you that the announcement of Tyrone's engagement positively *floored* us. It's the biggest catastrophe since the burning of Rome'!" . . .

IF millions of girls felt that way about your engagement (and I'm sure they did) millions more felt saddened at your marriage. . . .

It isn't that we begrudge you, who have brought us so much pleasure, your own joy . . . but you were, more than any other man on the screen, the true Prince Charming . . . and, so, when you married the day after young Doug married . . . and yours, too, was a very quiet wedding with only your very closest friends in attendance and Don Ameche and Pat Paterson Boyer as best man and matron of honor . . . a dream died in countless feminine hearts. . . .

But you, Tyrone, can replace that dream of ours . . . which admittedly was a pretty silly and adolescent dream . . . by giving us a vision of married love that is so much finer, so much deeper, than any courtship . . . it may take us a little while to become accustomed to thinking of you in the rôle of a husband and young stepfather . . . but you are the most popular man in movies still . . . and why? . . . because you, Tyrone, are sensitive and handsome and courteous and intelligent and unspoiled . . . that's why. . . .

So suppose . . . as a husband, possessing all those qualities, you make this marriage one with tenderness and strength and dignity . . . suppose you make it endure, not merely for this year and next, but over many years. . . .

Suppose you show us that two people can go along together cleaving only unto each other, but growing constantly into that inner companionship, that oneness that is the very heart of marriage. . . .

Well, Tyrone, if you can do that . . . you will have done something much greater for the world than any amount of acting you may ever do . . . for you can show the world that love does not need to die . . . that romance does not need to end in staleness . . . you will have given us a new faith in everyone in Hollywood . . . you will have given us, too, a new faith in our own hearts . . . it will guarantee our happiness if you can live your happiness. . . .

So that's what we very much wish for you . . . we wish it selfishly, for our own sakes . . . very fondly . . . for your sake, too. . . .

FLASH . . . at the very moment I am writing these words comes the delightful news Hollywood has long anticipated . . . Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have married . . . it seems they started out for San Diego Saturday afternoon, May 13th, but stalled so that they didn't reach the home of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whalen, where they were married, until shortly after midnight and safely on the fourteenth . . . the Hollywood touch is that at 2 A. M. they are returning to town to receive the press . . . well, from PHOTOPLAY'S section of the press, such very good wishes, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor . . . we are so happy for you two friendly people . . . really we are . . . but, oh, what a month for the women of the world . . . where are we going to find a dream bachelor in all moviedom now . . . oh, yes . . . there is one indeed . . . oh, Richard Greeeeeen . . . yoo-hoo. . . .

—while it now looks as though marriage is growing more imminent daily for Buddy Adler, Anita Louise

MOVIES *in your home*

A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

MOST Hollywood directors are unanimous in agreeing that the greatest single fault of the average home-made movie is poor continuity. Amateur cameramen should, therefore, welcome professional advice on this all-important subject from Lew Landers, RKO director.

"If the amateur's picture is going to mean anything to anyone besides himself, it must have a definite continuity," says Director Landers. "This holds true whether the home cameraman is shooting a 'plot' picture, a travelogue, or just an ordinary interesting incident. A lot of my 8 mm reels are merely records of the 35 mm pictures I have directed at the studio. Yet, even with the plot and scenario already worked out for me, I find that I have to devote a great deal of thought to working out the continuity for the reels."

According to Director Landers, the most important secret of good continuity lies in the careful planning of every shot before a single foot of film is exposed. The next most important factor is the careful—and liberal—cutting of the film. Besides these two important points, there are many smaller considerations which aid continuity and mark the difference between the professional and the amateur.

Few amateurs realize the importance of "direction of motion" as a connecting link between one scene and the next. If a vacation travelogue shows the family automobile leaving the house in a left-to-right direction on the screen, the next sequence should show the car arriving at the vacation camp still traveling in a left-to-right direction. Otherwise, Landers points out, the audience will get a momentary impression that something went wrong and the automobile was forced to turn back.

One other aid to continuity is the use of dissolves. Any amateur can make a "lap dissolve" by slowly cutting down his aperture while shooting the last few feet of a scene. Then, in a dark room, the film should be taken out of the camera and wound back to the beginning of the "dissolve." The next scene should then be taken with a small diaphragm opening which is slowly opened to the correct exposure. The result of this device will be a gradual fading of the first scene and a dissolving into the next. Such "lap dissolves" are used only to indicate a lapse of time and are an excellent aid to continuity.

MOVIES in 16 mm are now free! You can get them from the United States Government by simply paying postage on film shipped to you. The Department of Agriculture has available some 200 films which are devoted to every phase of farming and distributing. These films cover everything from WPA and what it has done, to inspection of livestock and poultry. There are even animated cartoons showing the AAA farm program in the wheat and corn belts. The Department of the Interior has 80 films for distribution, mostly about mining. The Department of Labor has numerous films on everything from child care to the prevention of silicosis. The Woman's Bureau has three short films pertaining to women's rôle in modern industry. "What's in a Dress?" is the title of one which deals with the dress industry.

Those of you interested in far-off places should get the films offered by the Pan-American Union, films depicting life in Mexico, Havana, Panama and Guatemala. The Social Security Board has several films available on old age insurance and unemployment compensation.

Most worthwhile films from the standpoint of sheer entertainment are the films on the TVA. Best of these are "The Plow That Broke the Plains," in three reels, and "The River." The WPA has also produced numerous documentary films, the best being those depicting man's fight against the recent floods. You can get all the information you want on these films by writing the United States Film Service in Washington, D. C.

GARRISON has finally released Joris Ivan's great film "The 400 Million" in 16 mm. It is the story of what is happening in China today and one of the great films of the year. The continuity was written by Dudley Nichols, Academy Award winner, and is spoken by Fredric March. Nothing more need be said. Also now on 16 mm for home consumption is Sergei Eisenstein's newest picture, "Alexander Nevsky."

Castle Films' big picture of the month is their 16 mm sound film of the Coronation of Pope Pius XII.

New Equipment: Besbee Products Corp., of Trenton, New Jersey, has introduced a new titling outfit called a Pro-Trik which makes traveling titles, drum titles, "flop over" titles and many trick effects.

don't risk Popularity-Romance this summer

Perspiration odor in dresses —as in undies—can ruin charm . . . Use Lux *often!*

Even a hint of perspiration odor in your pretty frock can spoil your charm! Don't risk offending . . . Lux dresses *often.*

Lux takes away perspiration odor *completely* . . . makes you *sure* of daintiness. And Lux is safe—for anything safe in water. It keeps gay colors, delicate fabrics new-looking longer. Avoid soaps containing harmful alkali —and cake-soap rubbing. Lux has no harmful alkali!

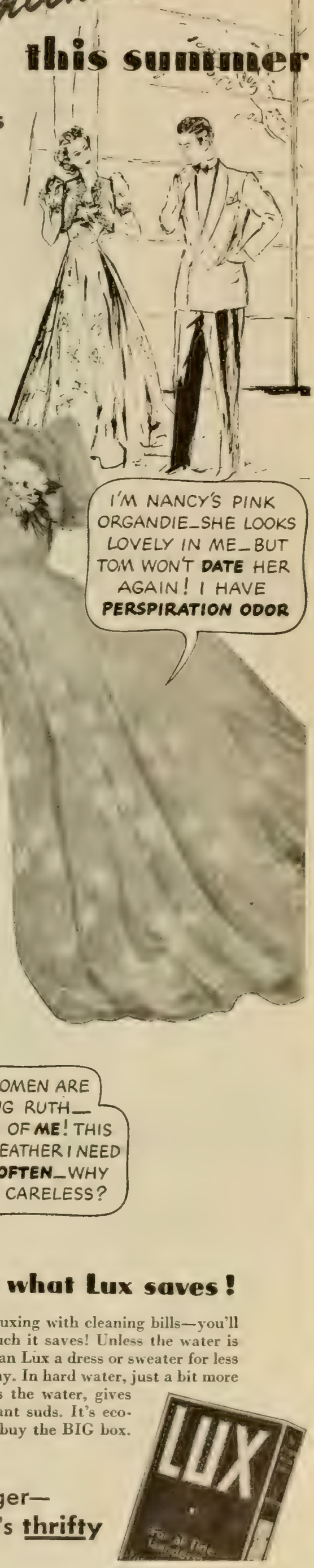
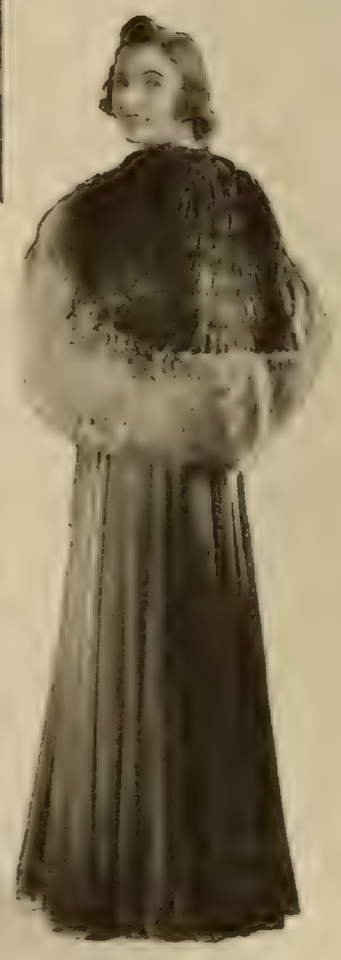


figure what Lux saves!

Compare Luxing with cleaning bills—you'll see how much it saves! Unless the water is hard, you can Lux a dress or sweater for less than a penny. In hard water, just a bit more Lux softens the water, gives you abundant suds. It's economical to buy the BIG box.

Keeps dresses new-looking longer—
a little goes so far—it's **thrifty**



Midsummer Night's Dream

SHEER CAPE RICH WITH FEDERAL FOX

No other fur appears in so many charming moods as flattering FEDERAL Silver Fox. You saw it . . . deep, silky, frosty with silver . . . in winter's and spring's most important models . . . and here it is again, insignia of the new and smart on the airy cape of a sheer evening costume. Be sure that your silver fox is FEDERAL Fox; look for the Federal name stamped on the leather side. It insures *lasting* loveliness. At better stores everywhere.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES *Hamburg, Wisconsin*

GREAT LADY

Hearts may break and hopes go tumbling, but life can't rob Garbo of her dream

BY MARIANNE

THIS is the story of a little girl who once lived in far off Sweden and who longed, more than anything else in the world, to become a great lady. The child's name was Greta Gustafsson; although later we came to know her as Greta Garbo (but that was after her dream came true and she had attained the coveted position called "great"). We were happy about her success on the screen, happy that fame and fortune had brought her an adoring public . . . and sad . . . when we had to stand by and watch her learn that being a great lady is satisfactory only when someone else very dear is glad about it, too. But when she was a little girl, long ago in Sweden, she hadn't discovered that a coach and four might as well be a pumpkin if you have to ride in it alone. So she was very happy.

"Read it again," she would plead, as she sat with her mother before the huge fireplace in the kitchen of the comfortable house in Stockholm.

"My dear, I've read it so many times," the mother would protest wearily; though she always smiled and reopened the book to another old Norse fairy tale, or to another chapter in the life of the "divine" Sarah. (Sarah Bernhardt was always called divine by those who worshiped her.) This was little Greta's favorite book.

"I'm going to be like *her*," she would cry vehemently. "I'm going to be exactly like her! Then all men will love me, too, and send me flowers and I shall have gold and silver dresses and a great deal of handsome jewelry." Or, if it were a Norse fairy tale, the blue eyes would become pensive and she would murmur dreamily, "But I shall love only one man and I shall tell my maid to throw away all the flowers except his. Even after they have withered, I will keep them in a little gold box so that when I am very old I can show them to my children and tell them that in all the world there never was a love as great as ours and that as long as we lived, we were each other's very best friend."

The mother looks down at the thin gawky little body, into the enormous blue eyes so earnest and alive, and she says, "Yes, yes, little one, you will be great, I'm sure of that. And I would like to go along and guide you when you come to rough places, but because you are **great,**

(Continued on page 85)

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

A PHOTOPLAY BREVITY

Lackadaisical LOTHARIO

Beginning THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF JAMES STEWART

(Top) A boy's best friend—Jim's mother, with the four-year-old ruler of the Stewart homestead. (Above) Doddie and Ginny, seven-year-old Jim's pet names for his sisters Mary and Virginia

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

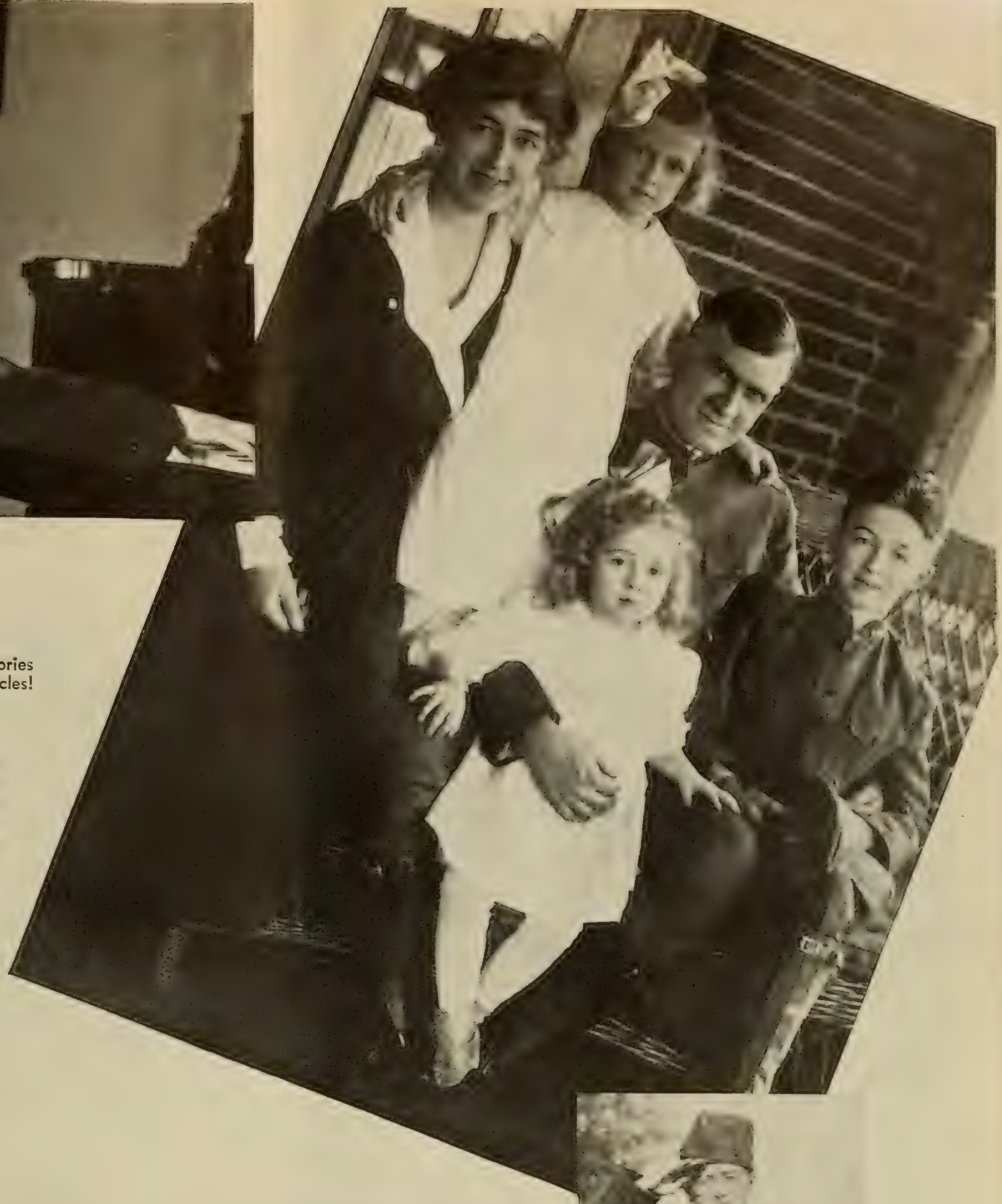
BOOTH TARKINGTON might have created Jim Stewart. He's *Little Orvie* and *Billie Baxter* grown up, *Penrod* with a Princeton diploma.

The appeal of James Stewart, the shy, inarticulate movie actor, is that he reminds every girl in the audience of the date before the last. He's not a glamorized Gable, a remote Robert Taylor. He's "Jim," the lackadaisical, easy-going boy from just around the corner.

In the same way, the charm of Jim Stewart's life story, as it was unveiled for PHOTOPLAY by his family in the little country town of Indiana, Pennsylvania, by his closest cronies of school and college days and by the men and women who shared the struggles of his first years on Broadway and in Hollywood, is its stunning simplicity.

Jim Stewart is as American as chewing gum, marbles and Sunday-school picnics and the story of his life is a nostalgic saga of Main Street. The Jazz Age was at its height when he went away to prep school, a cynical sophistication was the approved manner when he was in college and later the artificial atmosphere of Broadway and Hollywood made acceptance of a creed of superficiality easy. Yet, through all

Age: nine years, and—painful memories —not only piano lessons but spectacles!



A family portrait of the Stewarts—taken just before Captain Alec went off to France. Jim, at the age of ten, became man of the house and, to his family's amusement, he hasn't forgotten a certain habit formed then

these distracting influences, Jim Stewart remained essentially unspoiled, the roots of his character ever deep in the soil of substantial values.

And to appreciate fully the wholesomeness which distinguishes Jim Stewart today, it is necessary to trace those roots back to the small town from which he emerged.

Indiana is a brisk, busy little town of about 10,000 population in Western Pennsylvania, in the rolling foothills of the Alleghenies. A county seat and the shopping center of the mining and farming districts which encircle it, Indiana is near enough to Pittsburgh to keep the hayseed combed out of its hair, yet isolated enough from any metropolitan area to achieve an independent personality of its own.

HERE four generations of the Scotch-Irish family of Stewart have enjoyed success and substance as leaders in the business and social life of the town, leaving it only to march off to war, quietly, purposefully; returning without fanfare to the big brown-stoned hardware store of J. M. Stewart and Company which, since 1853, has stood like an impressive guardian at one end of the business block.

It was to this hardware store Jim's grandfather, James Maitland Stewart, returned in Union blue after Grant had lit a cigar and accepted Lee's sword at Appomattox. And it was to this store, his tall, rangy son Alexander Stewart came home to carry on the family tradition, after strolling out of a senior classroom at Princeton to volunteer in the Spanish-American War.

Alec, so the family story goes, clad in white flannels and dancing pumps, had walked out of a chemical laboratory to enlist, leaving behind him some test tubes heating over a fire. The explosion which followed his departure was as devastating as any he heard in Cuba.

They tell a lot of other intriguing tales about this big-boned Alec, who rollicked through Princeton in the gay nineties, such as the time he spirited a cow past campus proctors and into the dean's office in Nassau Hall one night.

But it was a more sedate young Alec Stewart who had buried the pranks of his past in the nailbins of his father's store and was now singing a lusty tenor in the First Presbyterian Church choir, who met and married Elizabeth Jackson from the neighboring town of Apollo. A college graduate, like Alec, Bessie Jackson

Jim took the war seriously. He saluted the postman, the grocer, the baker, his teachers

PHOTOPLAY'S AUTHOR INVADES JAMES STEWART'S HOME TOWN AND RETURNS WITH THE MOST REVEALING LIFE HISTORY AND EARLY PHOTOGRAPHS WE HAVE PUBLISHED IN YEARS

was the daughter of General S. M. Jackson who had distinguished himself as a Union leader at Gettysburg and was now State Treasurer in Harrisburg.

Bessie Jackson Stewart must have been a remarkably pretty young girl in those days soon after the turn of the century, when she came to Indiana as a bride. She is still strikingly handsome today, her soft white hair worn in a trim bob, her deep blue eyes as young as her smile.

It was from Bessie Stewart, seated in the homey front parlor of her house, with a fat album of precious pictures in her lap, that I learned the intimate story of Jim's boyhood. Throughout the long afternoon of my visit, Alec was in and out of the room, stopping a moment to add an anecdote, supply a date, laugh over a family joke.

ONE of the first pictures in the book was of an old-fashioned frame house, set back from the street by a terraced yard. This, Mrs. Stewart told me, was their first home after they were married. "The Garden of Eden," Alec had named it, and here all three of their children were born, Jim on May 20, 1908, Mary in 1912 and Virginia in 1914.

Here Jim, when he had passed the crawling stage and had learned to walk, tortured the excitable Polish maid of all work by dragging in worms from the garden to her spotless kitchen, raiding the pantry for peanut butter.

Mrs. Stewart flicked the pages of the album. Here was Jim at four years old, with bangs and a white sailor suit. It was that year, Mrs. Stewart remembered, that Jim fashioned his first airplane, adding wings from a kite to a pushmobile cart and installing the works of a discarded alarm clock as engine.

For two days this contraption served as an exciting new plaything in the back yard and by the third afternoon, Jim was convinced it would fly. Borrowing an idea from the Wright Brothers, Jim decided to test his plane in the air by gliding from the sloping roof of the washhouse.

"He had managed to drag the cart up on the roof," Mrs. Stewart recounted, "and was all ready to take off when Alec happened to come into the yard. His shouts to Jim to stop were too late and he dashed back to the washhouse just in time to catch Jim and the plane as they hurtled toward the ground. They landed in a confused heap under the roof but fortunately no one was hurt.

"I'm sure Jim might have been seriously injured if his father hadn't happened by just when he did, but Jim was merely grieved because his first flight had been interrupted.

"'It's a very good plane. I know it can fly,' he argued.

"To distract him from any further neck-breaking experiments, Alec suggested that Jim turn his attention to building model planes and, helped by Clyde Woodward, one of the clerks at the hardware store, Jim began on a hobby that has held his interest to this day.

"When he was home last Christmas, he was more enthusiastic in his description of a new model he had just finished building than about anything pertaining to Hollywood."

MRS. STEWART turned the pages of the album again. Next was an entrancing snapshot of Jim gazing up at his father in unmistakable hero worship.

"Jim always has been intensely proud of his father," Mrs. Stewart smiled. "From the time he was a little boy, he's worshiped Alec and the greatest compliment you could give him was to say that he was like his father.

"I remember one of the first times I ever took Jim over to my family's home in Apollo. The Jacksons were a large family and the house was filled with relatives, home for a reunion. Jim was out in the kitchen with Della McGraw, the big, good-natured Irish housekeeper. The family crowded around him cooing compliments, making a great fuss over him.

"'Oh, he has eyes just like his Aunt Emily,' said one.

"'Look, he has his Uncle John's nose.'

"'And his hair, isn't it just like Frank's?'

"Jim stood it as long as he could as one after another of his features was compared to that of some member of the family. Everyone except his father had been mentioned.

"Finally, jealous of the slight, Jim shouted, 'Well, anyway, my teeth are just like Daddy's!'"

"Just like Daddy's." It was the keynote of Jim's childhood, that desire to be like the tall, tender man who never forgot a promise, never failed the nightly ritual of a romp. Jim imitated his father's rangy walk, his wide, jerky gestures, caught the trick of slow, deliberate speech. When you meet Alec Stewart you know instantly where Jim acquired his mannerisms, his voice, his eager interest in all about him.

One of Alec Stewart's happiest hobbies was his membership in the Volunteer Fire Association. Indiana was proud of the tradition of its volunteer fire brigade. To belong to it was a little something like having your name on the rolls of the Union League in larger cities.

Whenever he could, Jim followed his father to the fire association's meetings, watching drills with excited interest, helping polish the nozzle of a hose, sharing the company's pride in the acquisition of each new piece of equipment. Soon Jim's persistence in attending each meeting, his wide-eyed worship of the heroes of the brigade, led to his being accepted as official mascot of the company and when he was six years old, Jim was thrilled at Christmas time by receiving as his main present, a fireman's uniform, complete to visored cap and brass-buttoned tunic, an exact copy of the outfit worn by his father.

The present had no sooner been unwrapped than Jim, disregarding all other gifts, rushed to his room to don the magnificent new raiment. He was still in his prized costume at the Christmas dinner table, having removed the shiny, visored cap only after vigorous protest, when the sonorous bell over the firehouse clanged a summons on the quiet winter afternoon air. Alec pushed his chair away from a half-finished plate of turkey and started out of the house. Before his mother could stop him, Jim, grabbing up his fireman's cap and his hatchet from under the Christmas tree, followed.

"The fire wasn't a very big one," Alec remembers, "just an old barn and we put out the blaze in short order. When I looked around for Jim he wasn't anywhere in sight. I walked around in back of the shed and there he was with his hatchet that wouldn't have made much of a dent on a snowball, hacking away feverishly at a rear door."

It was a memorable experience, that first fire he attended as mascot and, a little later, recounting the story to his grandparents, Jim's enthusiasm began to stretch the facts. The small barn with one or two horses became a great stable with scores of frightened animals trapped in a giant conflagration.

Grandma Stewart listened attentively to the glowing account. Exaggeration followed exaggeration until finally the little old lady asked, "And were all the horses lost, Jim?"

The apprentice axman shot a look at his father, who had been watching the boy curiously.

"Well," hesitated Jim, "I think one of the horses got his tail burned."

It became a catchword in the Stewart family when someone seemed overboard on a story. "One of the horses got his tail burned!"

JIM was eight years old when the Stewarts moved from "The Garden of Eden" to their present home, a big brick house on Vinegar Hill, the residential knoll which rises in the center of town. Meanwhile Jim had started going to the Model School, an adjunct of the State Teachers College in Indiana, and here began his friendship with Joe Davis, Bill Neff and Hall Blair, who were to become the closest chums of his boyhood.

Miss Amy Gray, one of Jim's teachers at the Model School, remembers him as a serious-faced little boy who wore glasses and showed an unusual talent for drawing. In fact, the cover of the book in which she has kept unusual work of her pupils through the years is decorated with a skillful crayon sketch of Jim's, depicting a knight in armor astride a fiery black charger.

It was at the Model School that Jim succumbed to the one romance of his younger years. Her hair was red. Her ribbons were the biggest of any girl in the class and though a front tooth was missing at the moment, she was unquestionably the prettiest miss in the room. For months Jim had looked upon her as merely another classmate, but on the afternoon of the spring pageant when she offered him half her cake, after the refreshment stand had refused him more than three helpings, Jim knew that here was a girl to be cherished.

With sisters Mary and Ginny, Jim was star and producer of a flaming war-time play, fittingly called "The Slacker"

Nothing definite was said on the subject, but it was pretty well understood between them that she was, henceforth, to be his girl. It was toward the redheaded young lady's chair that Jim always hurried at dancing class and it was to Jim she turned when partners were chosen for parties at the school.

All through the spring, young love ran its course, undisturbed by anything more serious than an occasional hair pulling, until the fateful day that John Blair's father gave him a pony.

Ah, the fickleness of feminine fancy! Just twenty minutes after the redhead saw John Blair's pony, Jim had definitely returned to the ranks of the unattached males.

But if the redheaded one was lost, there was solace to be found in the fact that next-door-neighbors, Jean Prothero and her sister Agnes, also had recently acquired a pony and welcomed the mastery of a man's hand on the reins.

The Prothero pony was a much faster animal than John Blair's and Jim exulted in passing the Blair cart, with its beribboned redheaded passenger, and flicking his whip with a nonchalant disdain that must have been both a reproach and a reprimand to the unfaithful one.

(Continued on page 78)

His first Love was a vain moppet who preferred a rival with a pony. So Jim took buggy rides with neighbors

Such ignominy! To be cast as a lowly spear carrier in the commencement play while his best friend, Joe Davis with the beard, took the leading rôle

The Stewart hardware store, the heritage Jim deserted for Hollywood

Graduation from the Model School and his first pair of long trousers were thrills that fell to fifteen-year-old Jim Stewart

WHAT AMERICAN WOMEN THINK OF HOLLYWOOD WOMEN

One of America's most famous women writers frankly explores Mrs. Average America's "over-the-card-table" opinion of Miss Glamour

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THE impression that most of us have of women of Hollywood is a patchwork, made up partly of the old myths and partly of highly personal and detailed information. Where the myth stops and the information begins to be accurate is not always clear to us and perhaps it isn't to the Hollywood women. I shouldn't think it would be. But from what we hear and from what we read in the magazines and newspapers, from letters which come from Susan Smith who went out to live in Hollywood (nearly every woman now knows a Susan Smith at first or second hand) and from tourists' brief views of the industry and the community, the ordinary American woman has made her composite picture of the women connected with motion pictures, the stars, the lesser lights, and the women who have married into the business and have just gone along to be wives.

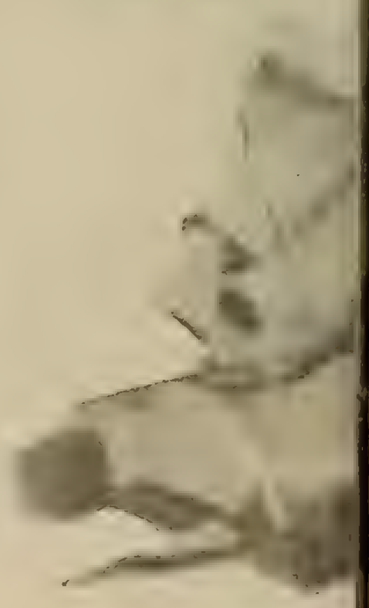
It is not the picture which we had ten or fifteen years ago. Then, to be a woman in Hollywood, especially an actress, was almost synonymous with being a siren, living in real or in potential sin all the time, and dwelling in a house and social environment as tenuous as the shadow pictures on the screen. As time has gone on and pictures have raised their own standards of intellectual values, as we have heard stars and minor actresses talk, often using better English and more careful inflections than most of us, we realize that there must be more to life out there than we thought. It's not just sex. The Hollywood women, at least a decent proportion of them, have brains as well as beauty. They work hard. (They must work hard—or how could they do it?) And they have to behave. We have heard all about those disciplinary contracts which demand better behavior of motion-picture actresses than is required of the ordinary society woman.

Also the candid camera has shown us the realistic Hollywood woman. It reveals flaws, frowns, squints, casual actions, the girl getting older, and those prove humanity better than the posed photograph with every eyelash brushed, combed and stretched. The radio and news columnists have often been mercilessly frank about displays of temperament, about comment on those who carry success well and those who can't stand it. We realize they have their problems and some of them aren't so much different from our own.

But just the same, it's a queer life from the point of view of the average American woman. She isn't jealous of the Hollywood woman as a rule, nor does she covet the Hollywood home, which often seems from the photographs to be a swimming pool surrounded by shoe closets. There are, of course, thwarted women in every town, who feel that they could have done just as well, given one screen test or one more husband. But aside from the few who are bitterly biting their nails because they are not in Hollywood, the ordinary woman feels that she does not compete in the same field as the Hollywood one. She may be critical of Hollywood life and she is usually curious about it, more so than she admits. She may not believe all she hears about it, or she may swallow every piece of gossip that comes her way. But she is not envious because she feels that Hollywood is not down her street. The average woman is more likely to envy the wife of her husband's boss, her college roommate who wrote a book, or Dorothy Thompson.

HOLLYWOOD is like Mars, a place where ordinary people don't live, or where ordinary people become extraordinary by the fact of residence. This isn't true of the average woman's point of view about New York or even Paris. She may not get to those places very often, but she can imagine herself there and what she would do if she did. Not so in Hollywood.

What does this feeling stem from? First of all, I think, from the fact that Hollywood women seem to lack privacy. This is not only in their professional work but also in emotional life and in marriage. If they have divorces or entanglements, they might as well have them in a goldfish bowl or in the front yard. If they have a happy married life, that's also news. This is not true of other women in public life. If, for example, Pearl Buck or Margaret Mitchell should have a personal complication in her life, her friends might know it. The literary set might be aware of it. But her millions of readers, her fans, would not. Winchell might say something about it casually, but unless it amounts to scandal or a



murder, there is not likely to be a feature about how a famous writer gets along with her husband. We know that Katharine Cornell is married, but we would be surprised and rather bewildered if Katharine Cornell's name were seen tacked to an article which said "Cornell Tells Why My Life Has Romance."

But such a line about Katharine Hepburn might be all in the day's reading. Stokowski could have had almost any other friend except Garbo and it would not have been headline news. There is a peculiar difference. Cornell, Hepburn and Garbo are all serious actresses with great publics, but the private lives of the movie actresses are more exposed than those on the legitimate stage. They are not often able to conceal anything and if they do, the fact of concealment itself is publicized.

So the average woman thinks that the Hollywood woman has no private emotional life. That she can not imagine for herself. Marriages which are open to the public do not seem real to the average American woman. Marriage relations are things which the normal woman keeps to herself, or shares only with her friends, and maybe the hairdresser and the laundress.

There is this exposure which sets the Hollywood woman apart and makes her seem quite different from other people, at least in the eyes of the average woman. There is also the impression American women have that Hollywood life is impermanent. When the average American woman marries she gets fixed for life, or so she hopes and trusts. She does not believe that the Hollywood woman, even with the same intention, has the same chance.

The Hollywood life and career itself seems destructive of human relations. Again and again the public is told that a marriage or a love

(Continued on page 77)

ILLUSTRATED BY
BRADSHAW CRANDELL

So, you thought you knew all there was to know about Ginger Rogers! Well, this is no picture of a serious careerist, it's the fun-loving Ginger, who jumps into this old game of Truth and Consequences with the zest that makes her beloved by studio workers and stars alike. She called quits on six of the questions—the forfeits she paid are pictured on the opposite page —but think of all the fun in store for you imagining what her answers should have been

WITH

GINGER ROGERS

1. (Q) Of what personal accomplishment are you most proud?
   (A) The sketch I did of Madame Maria Ouspenskaya is one thing which really tickles me; it was one of the first sketches I undertook. I had seen her in a film with Garbo and had been interested by her face. I had never met her, but after I finished the sketch, working from a photograph—it took me three or four weeks altogether—I invited her to dinner so that she might see it, too. If she hadn't liked it as much as I did, I believe I would never have recovered from the disappointment.

2. (Q) In what other actress have you noticed a resemblance to yourself?
   (A) Just recently in watching Priscilla Lane on the screen I had the funny feeling that I knew her—there was something so familiar about her. I realized then that it was because we are somewhat alike; not our features particularly, but our expressions, mannerisms or something—just what it is, I can't explain.

3. (Q) What famous personality would you most prefer to meet and why?
   (A) There are so many I'd like to meet that I can't name them all here, but I believe I'd feel most honored to meet Leopold Stokowski and Professor Albert Einstein. I'm sure I would have nothing of interest to say to them, but if I could only listen in on a conversation they might be having with someone else, someone else who would know how to probe them intelligently, that would be wonderful!

4. (Q) Have you ever taken part in a blind date and what were the circumstances?
   (A) No. Mysteries of that kind don't interest me.

5. (Q) Do you ever read beauty articles, seeking some beauty secret for yourself?
   (A) I'm an easy mark for any and every advertisement which promises that a certain product will make me ravishing. If it's a lipstick, I promptly send for a half dozen and then, after trying them briefly, I invariably return to my original stand-by.

6. (Q) When have you ever consciously imitated someone?
   (A) Never consciously, but I always unconsciously pick up the accent or intonation of the person with whom I am talking. Just recently, at lunch with an European, he accused me of making fun of him, saying, "You talk at me, like me." It took me twenty minutes to convince him that it was unintentional and that I was not ridiculing him. It's a very embarrassing quality.

7. (Q) When you have a man opponent at some sport, tennis for example, do you ever deliberately throw a game his way, on the theory that men do not like to be beaten by women?
   (A) I should say not! I love to beat a man and I always play to win. I get a big kick out of it. And if he doesn't enjoy it, so much the better! I'm for the woman-winner every time, in everything.

8. (Q) Which photographic angle of your face do you consider the best?

Imagine asking a gal Question 11! Well, Ginger wouldn't answer—but she did let us print one of her drawings (top)—a sketch of Madame Ouspenskaya—good, too, we say. Question 18 was another stopper, but the consequence really wasn't meant to frighten little children. It's how the well made up woman of 1939 does not look

Feuding is something Ginger doesn't talk about. Result: the forfeit on Question 21 is this unglamorous pose taken from her snapshot album

(A) Do you mind if I say, "Behind the ears"? And I am not being facetious! I saw a rear view of my head for the first time on the screen just recently, and I couldn't help it, I thought that view of me was kind of cute.

9. (Q) **What is your most successful disguise for avoiding recognition in public?**
(A) I've tried everything, but nothing is fan-proof. The only really sure way to avoid recognition is not to go out.

10. (Q) **What was the most tomboyish physical feat of your childhood?**
(A) I was runner-up in a broad-jumping contest once. But my greatest dream was to become a champion pole vaulter, though I never got any farther at that than over the back fence on the prop-stick for the washline.

11. (Q) **What has caused your keenest embarrassment?**
(A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Let us reproduce one of your drawings.)

12. (Q) **Do you really enjoy opera, or do you go because it is the fashion?**
(A) I can't say I enjoy all operas, but I only go to those I really like. I have seen eighteen different operas, and
(Continued on page 86)

Alkingta igpa atinla
isya aya inefa artya...
ltya isya alsoya unfa
ecauseba ouya anca
aysa atwha ouya
antwa andya eoplepa
ontda owkna atwha
ouya aysa—orya
oda eytha?

Questions 26 and 33 are too closely allied, so the example of Ginger's Pig Latin (above, right) is her punishment for refusing to answer. The limerick (right) is forfeit on question 58

There was a young girl named Virginia
Which is a heck of a way to beginnia,
For what can I rhyme
With a name like mine?
For forfeits like this I'm agin ya!

Rumor has it that there is only one answer to Question 26, but Ginger preferred to have a picture taken riding "no hands" on her bicycle rather than reveal her secret

Sparkin'—Bonita Granville, Frankie Thomas

Double-dating—Frankie Thomas, Phyllis Howell, Peggy Stewart and Gabriel Dell at the movies

Young Fry

THE waitress moved quietly about, handling the glasses gently, while stealing soft little glances at the two on the other side of the counter.

Errol Flynn, poking his nose in the commissary door, cast a quick glance at the pair and instantly shot his eyebrows ceilingward. An electrician, off the set for an extra cup of coffee, winked broadly at Flynn.

A soft giggle came from the beautiful blonde as she gazed at her Romeo. The male voice of Romeo, with its upsy-daisy crack in the middle, answered back. Another giggle.

Romance was blooming! Deviltry was afoot! Bonita Granville and Bobby Jordan were stealing time out at recess for a glass of milk in the studio commissary.

Hollywood's young fry in action.

The scene changes. The music of Skinnay Ennis' orchestra floats out over the luxurious dining room of the Victor Hugo restaurant. Women in furs and jewels, men in dinner jackets are seated about the room listening to the lilting melodies. Suddenly, on the velvet-carpeted stairs, appears a wide-eyed, gray-sweatered girl. Johnny Downs is at her side.

"Gee, it's beautiful," she whispers, "but we'll only have time for a dance or two. I have to be back by eleven."

Judy Garland, playing hooky.

Hollywood young fry on a bust.

IN all the world there is, perhaps, no group of people so unique as the "Young Fry" of Hollywood—those in-betweeners, sweet sixteeners, who live in the sub rosa glow of Hollywood's spotlight. To them, so much is given and, by the same law, so much denied.

To begin with, these talented adolescents of the screen are divided, like Gaul, into three parts: namely, the Mickey Rooney clan; the Dead End clique; and the Jackie Cooper group.

If you are puzzling as to where "the women" come into this social picture, we can tell you right off that Young Fry society of the "Sin-oh-ma city" (as one of the Dead Enders puts it) is ruled, led and dominated by males. Unlike society elsewhere, "the women" take a back seat.

Hilarious are the doings among the top-drawer socialites of the young cinema set—which, like Gaul, is divided into three parts—Rooney, Cooper and "Dead End" Halop

There is a reason for the male dominance, and a good one—for certain ones of our little movie girls of sixteen or seventeen (not all) must, due to their rôles, remain a good fourteen (or, let's say, just fourteen), for quite a few years beyond all credibility. The public's attention is supposed to be diverted from flowering girlhood by babyish skirts, flat heels and a toeing-in cuteness.

Naturally, these little buds must be led and guided by the stronger, older (oh, yeah?) males. Result? The boy sprouts of today are the Lucius Beebes of tonight's shindig.

NOW what do these children do for entertainment; where do they go, how do they think? Do they miss the normal high-school whirl of other small towns?

It all depends on the division in which one is classed. If you rotate around the Mickey Rooney sun, you go places and you have sophisticated rompings what is. The Biltmore Bowl, the Palomar, the Wilshire Bowl for dining and dancing. You are dressed up like a billy goat and your ears are a cozy, watermelon pink from scrubbing. You have your weekly allowance of thirty-five dollars in your pocket; so, boy, what could be sweeter? You glide, you dip, you zip (I've got lumbago just thinking about it) until very late, at least eleven-forty. Then you race for a car that would cause the manufacturer's eyes to pop with surprise and tear home before midnight for fear pa and ma will be waiting to shove you headlong through the knotty pine wall.

This is *life* as it is lived by the faster, dizzier crowd. The girl friend of the whirling dervish—Mickey—is usually nonprofessional and always older than her escort.

"I know what I'm about," Mickey once told me, "and I'm taking no chances. Besides, I think older than these kids around here and so I enjoy the company of older girls."

By "older," Mickey means a decrepit twenty or a middle-aged nineteen.

The Dead End clique must be divided and subdivided (do I hear shouts of approval?) into various classifications if one is to give an accurate report of Young Fry activities.

The undisputed leader of this clique is Billy Halop. Billy is It. Leo Gorcey (whom I suspect of not being a beautiful baby, for, baby, look at him now!) is the Cholly Knickerbocker of the clique, reporting the various activities of rival groups to leader Halop. Bobby Jordan, who blushes, and who is himself the little leader of *his* set (the wheels within wheels would floor you), goes in for roller skating on Saturday afternoons with Judy Garland or Marcia Mae Jones and recess carryings-on, over a glass of milk, with Bonita. Bernard Punsley, who is the only member of the group to go to high school, cares little for social doings but does appear if leader Billy commands. Huntz Hall is a high-powered driver, high-powered dresser, high-powered shooter-off-of-the-lip, a walking advertisement for Halop's exclusive circle. Leo is, by far and away, the most worldly of the group and talks a mean romance. He even writes a marvelous life of intrigue, if one is to judge from the note inscribed to a Warner Brother friend and penned to a publicity wall which reads: "I promise not to have more than two romantic affairs this year."

"One would have him leaping off balconies and screaming for Pa," the friend howls.

AS a whole, the boys are average boys, whizzing around in their own cars (Halop's is a gorgeous nosebleed red), going to parties and behaving well. *(Continued on page 73)*

Studio dance—Pat Stewart, Jackie Cooper

Guest-of Honor Deanna Durbin and Jackie Searl

Thirsty Previewers—Kay Stewart and Mickey Rooney

SOCIETY

BY SALLY REID

The proof of a good home party is (it's an easy guess)—the "eats." Billy Halop, social leader of the Dead Enders, entertains: Martha Burnett (right), Florence Halop, Judy Garland, the host, Bonita Granville and Grace Clarke. Charades are popular, but the first and last love is dancing. Below, Jitterbugs Bonita Granville and Frankie Thomas. Lower, right, Skating date—Bob White and Judy

MIRACLE Men

Wally Westmore

Clay Campbell

Mel Berns

With a wave of their magic wands, these five wise men of Hollywood transform plain girls into the most glamorous ones in the world. Heretofore closely guarded secrets are revealed for you to perform miracles in your own appearance

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"I OWE it all to my mother," the stars once lisped, with pretty sentiment. "She is my best friend and my severest critic."

Now—and we count it something for which to be thankful—this has changed. In the more realistic year of 1939 the stars report, "I owe it all to my studio make-up man, hairdresser, dress designer and health and charm experts. They are my best friends and my severest critics."

These Hollywood miracle men are severe critics, too. They stand off and regard stars and potential stars as impersonally as if they were amateurish wood carvings.

"Hairline frightful," they announce. "Much too big above the waist. Lazy posture. Mouth bad."

They do not stop there, however. Immediately after criticizing, they demonstrate that they also are the stars' best friends. There is a corrective formula for everything that is wrong with the feminine face and figure. The miracle men know what it is. They put it to work. And they transform those who are average and a trifle above average into individuals whose attraction and charm circle the globe.

"Give," we said to these miracle workers. "Be modern and share your wealth!"

They gave, every last one of them—the make-up men, hairdressers, dress designers and health and charm experts. We have spent months listening to these men tell about the things they do for the stars—and why they do them. They gave us material that has never been published before so that PHOTOPLAY readers, possessing heretofore closely guarded secrets, could perform miracles in their appearance—and probably in their lives. One thing does follow another, we've found.

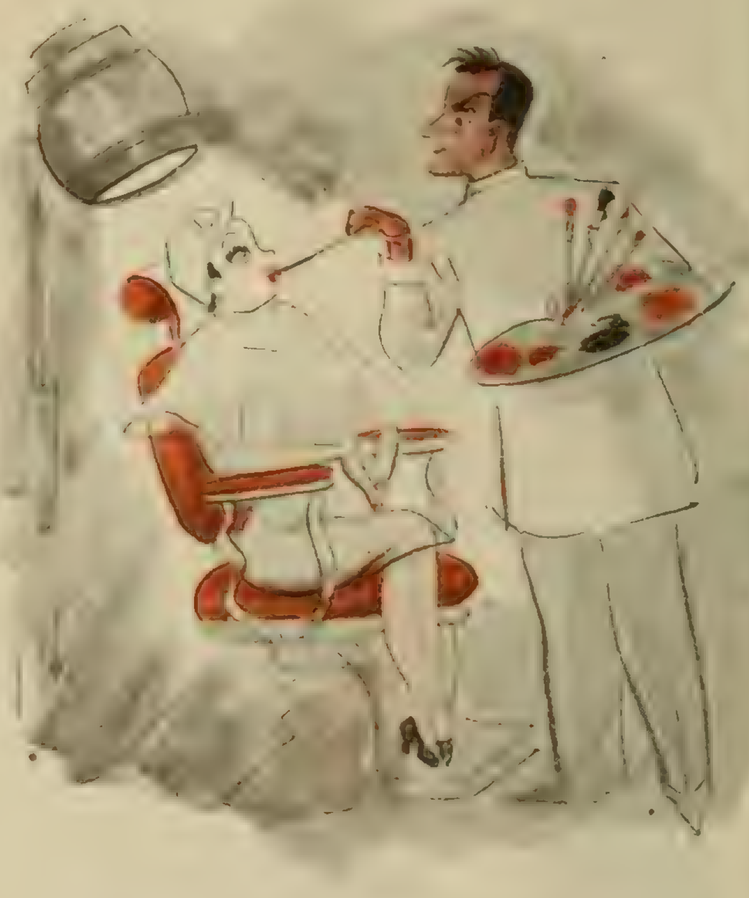
This month, the gentlemen in our line-up are the make-up men. Excuse us for a minute while we take time out to do a little boasting about them.

Perc Westmore has such skill for making women look lovely and lovelier that Warner Brothers have raised his salary for fourteen years running—to keep him on their lot. To impress you further, we throw in the fact that Perc also is the authority on make-up in the *Encyclopaedia* Britannica.

Jack Dawn insists that only stupid women are ugly. He dreams of a clinic in which he may guide all women to beauty. In the meantime, on the Metro lot, he is confidant and adviser in make-up problems, to stars like Loy and Bruce, Shearer and Garbo.

Mel Berns has such genius for turning ducklings into swans that the First National Studios moved heaven and earth to get him when Babe Ruth, the home-run king, arrived on their lot to make a movie. Mel admits his work since then, at RKO, with girls like Ginger Rogers and Lucille Ball, has been duck soup.

Wally Westmore, high mogul of Paramount's make-up department for fourteen years, directs a staff of forty-three beauty artists. Many times he has proved the god in the machine when a new star was born and a hundred million others like you marveled at her beauty.



You don't like your face? Well, change it!

Clay Campbell spent the early years of his independence painting faces on wax dummies. He transformed the dummies so entrancingly that George Westmore, papa of Wally and Perc and famous in matters of beauty before them, urged him to take his talents to the movie studios. He guessed what Clay could do for faces with animation. Clay worked first as assistant to Perc Westmore. And now he's the last word on make-up at Twentieth Century-Fox.

These five wise men from Hollywood say:

YOU DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE? WELL, CHANGE IT!*

*You've heard of plastic surgery, but have you ever heard of cosmetic surgery?

1. Homemade Face Lifts: Take adhesive

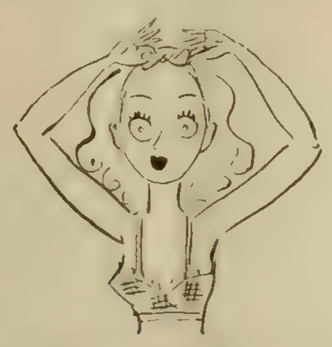
at work

TO MAKE YOU LOVELIER

Perc Westmore

Jack Dawn

tape one-half inch wide. Fold it in two pads about three-quarters of an inch long, with half



Don't eliminate all expression

that length exposing the sticky side. Pull a length of heavy thread that is about the same color as your hair through the center of the thick half of the pads. Now, press the sticky end of those pads against your temples, as near to your hairline as you can get them. Bring the two lengths of thread together at the top of your head and tie them securely. As you do this you will raise your skin. Be careful, how-

Cyrano de Bergerac trouble

ever, not to raise it so much that you eliminate all expression. Finally, arrange your hair to cover the pads and the thread. (Clay Campbell)

2. Cyrano de Bergerac Trouble—A Long Nose: Use a darker powder base on the end of your nose than you use on the rest of your nose or your face. A darker color will absorb the light and make the length of your nose far less noticeable. Be careful to have no line of demarkation between the two powder base tones. Blend them carefully. (Wally Westmore)

3. Two Chins Are Too Many: You're going to diet . . . and have massage . . . and wear a chin strap at night. We know, but in the meantime, listen! To have a shadow under the chin is normal. When a second chin appears it catches the light and there is no shadow. Consequently you don't look normal. So what do you do? You make a shadow! Simply enough, too! You merely cover your second chin with a powder base that is two or three shades darker than that used on the rest of your face! And your second chin immediately ceases to be high lighted and conspicuous. Unless you

Two chins are too many

ruin everything by wearing sequins or some shiny white surface that reflects light directly under your chin. (Jack Dawn)

4. If Your Ears Don't Know Their Place: Use duoliquid adhesive, to put them in their place and to keep them there! For even if you arrange your coiffure to cover your ears, they will ruin your sleek hairline if they protrude beneath it. Put the duoliquid adhesive behind your ears and on the back of them, too. Then, in less than a minute, when it has dried a little, wrap a towel about your head to tie your ears back. Leave the towel on while you finish your make-up. Duoliquid dries colorless and transparent. And once it sticks you can depend upon it for the rest of the evening. If you chance to tie your ears back too tightly it's a simple matter to loosen them a little. (Clay Campbell)

5. If Your Jaw Is Too Wide: A darker make-up base on the outer part of your jaw will throw it into shadow and make it less apparent. Try a base two shades darker than that you use on the rest of your face. And see to it that the two bases are blended so they merge smoothly. (Wally Westmore)

JEEPERS, CREEPERS! IMPROVE YOUR PEEPERS!

1. Keep mascara away from your eyelids! Apply it to the tips of your lashes only. When mascara is close to your eyelids it closes down the opening of your eyes and this makes your eyes look smaller. (Wally Westmore)

2. Don't fool yourself that your eyes will look

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SHERMUND

larger if you pluck your eyebrows higher. Eyebrows should follow the curve of your nose and frontal bone. When they fail to do this your eyes look strange, but not larger. (Wally Westmore)

3. If your eyes are close together, widen the apparent distance between them by widening the distance between your eyebrows. (Wally Westmore)

4. Youthful lines always curve. You can't afford to have even the suggestion of an angle in your eyebrows. (Wally Westmore)

5. Don't be one of the many women who make flagrant mistakes with eye shadow. Most eye-shadow colors are not natural in the first place. The only true color around the eyes is some shade of brown. This means that any other color must be used subtlely—and we mean subtlely! (Wally Westmore)

6. Here's a way to do your eyes so they will be beautiful, but won't seem obviously made up. Draw a line over and below your eyes—on your eyelids, of course—with a pencil. Erase it with your finger tip until it is nothing but a shadow. Then with your pencil make a little "v" at the outside corner of each eye. Make these little "v's" the same shape as the outside corners of your eyes, merely a slight continuation of your eyeline. Fill them in with a light paste make-up base. By this process your eyes look larger and they are given a frame which enhances them just as much as a frame enhances a picture. (Mel Berns)

7. Shape your eyebrows within reason by plucking or shaving. Then train them in the way they should grow with bandoline (used for setting hair waves) or mustache wax. This is an excellent measure for eyebrows that grow every which way and also for eyebrows that droop. (Mel Berns)

8. If your eyelids are wrinkled—and some are naturally, irrespective of your age—have no traffic with eye shadow. (Mel Berns)

9. If you have squint wrinkles around your eyes, the species you get from the sun and from

The "Mama, what is beer?" expression

laughing, keep your rouge well below your cheekbones. The minute rouge touches a wrinkle it magnifies it. (Mel Berns)

10. If your eyelids are heavy, use eye shadow on them, also on that puff which sometimes appears near the nose. The shadow will cause both the heaviness and the puff to recede. (Jack Dawn)

11. If your eyes are round don't emphasize this fact, hoping you'll have a "Mama, what is beer?" expression. Use mascara only on the lashes that grow from the center of your eyes to the outer corners. And don't have your eyebrows too thin. (Perc Westmore)

Lip Service

1. If your mouth looks messy—and there's no other word for it—your voice, irrespective of how beautiful it may be, and your conversation, irrespective of how interesting it may be, are ruined. Give yourself time to get your lip salve on smoothly and evenly. (Perc Westmore)

2. Don't moisten your lips before you put on your salve. If you do, the salve will cake and you won't be pretty. (Perc Westmore)

3. Be generous in your use of lip salve, but remove the excess before you leave your mirror. Blot your mouth with cleansing tissue, until no imprint remains. (Perc Westmore)

4. Put on your lip salve with a brush. This will permit you to get exactly the line you want and to keep the line even. Outline your mouth first, then fill in the color. (Mel Berns)

5. Make your upper lip—which gives your mouth expression—a little larger than it is normally. Do this by extending the natural outline. (Wally Westmore)

6. Your lips should curve. There should not be any trace of an angle in them at any point. At the corners they should curve upward. And they'll do this—even if they don't naturally—if you'll put the tiniest dot of color at the corners of your mouth, then wipe it off with a deft upward motion, so you leave only a hint of color. Thus you will enhance your expression and make you seem younger. (Wally Westmore)

Little puffs of powder,
Little dabs of paint,
Make the chorus lady
Look like what she ain't.
—*If* she uses them smartly!

We have, we'll confess, added a final line to that old classic. We had to, for honesty's sake. For it makes all the difference in the world what you do with your powder and paint, whether or not you take the way your face grows into consideration when you put it on. Don't take our word for it, we give you the voice of authority—Perc Westmore.

What Kind of Face Have You?

Mr. Westmore, Make-up Analyst Extraordinary, says there are seven basic facial types. His advice is: Determine to which of these you belong before you even look at a rouge pot or powder puff. Whichever type you are, you have particular charm—if you will give it a chance, if you will, please, make up to suit yourself and your bones, and not in imitation of someone who does very well in her way but who isn't even remotely like you. Now for the seven different types—and the make-up which causes them to bloom like the flowers that grow in the spring, tra la. . . .

The Oval Face: This is accepted by artists as the ideal type. And it is exactly what the name implies, a face oval in contour. If, like Kay Francis, you're blessed with such a face don't ruin it, be careful to:

1. Start your eyebrows on a line exactly above the inside corner of your eyes. And keep them as natural in line as possible.

2. Get your rouge in the center of your cheek. Blend it up toward your temple, above your cheekbone, in a tri-circular area. And see that the application of your rouge is very light under your eyes.

3. Follow the natural line of your mouth. But have your lips natural. Not too bright, however.

4. If your hair and eyes are dark you won't need rouge, really. For you're one of the lucky ones! You don't have to depend upon rouge for any contour correction.

The Round Face: The round face is full in outline, even to the jawline and the forehead. It is a face shaped like Sonja Henie's. It requires:

1. Foundation cream and powder at least one shade darker than your complexion.

2. The darkest possible shade of rouge which your coloring will permit. Rouge, like foundation cream and powder, that is light in shade accentuates your facial fullness. And that's just what you don't want to do.

3. Rouge to rise on the outside of your cheeks to your temple and also to extend down so it will shade your jawline ever so faintly.

4. Width in your mouth. To reduce the distance between the corner of your mouth and your jawline.

5. After your lip rouge is applied remove the excess with cleansing tissue.

The Square Face: Ann Sheridan has a square face . . . a face with a square chin line, broad jaws, with the same square line at the temples and carrying across the forehead. If you're on the square too:

1. Keep your mouth as wide as possible. And see to it that your lips have a graceful curve and tilt upward at the corners.

2. Put your rouge under the center of your

What kind of face have you?

eyes in a circle, then carry it back toward your ears and down under your jawline, ever so lightly. This will give you a shadow at your jaw and make the lower part of your face seem smaller.

3. Curve your eyebrows a trifle higher. By hook or crook, suggest more length in your face.

4. Brush your eyebrows upward. This, together with the tilt of your mouth, will help to soften your contours.

The Oblong Face: Here's a face that is long and thin. The forehead is a little wider than the chin. Loretta Young has such a face. And lovely it is, if it's made up properly, if, to be exact:

1. The lightest rouge that will blend with your complexion is used.

2. Your rouge is blended carefully in the center of your cheeks in a circle.

3. Your eyebrows start on a direct line with your tear ducts and do not extend unnaturally to make your forehead look broad and your chin smaller by comparison.

4. The distance between your eyebrows and eyes is kept equal to the height of your eyes when they're open normally.

5. Your lower lip is made fuller at the corners.

The Triangle Face: In this face the jaws are broad and wide and the forehead is narrow and tapering. Like Alice Faye's. The correct make-up is very simple and very important.

1. Rouge should be applied on the side of the face and carried up faintly and delicately toward the temple. Also, it should be carried down to the jaw, equally faintly, to make a shadow there.

2. The eyebrows should begin directly over the tear duct, be fairly narrow (but not at all a thread line) and arch slightly.

3. The mouth should be made as wide as possible. There should be nothing to suggest a Cupid's bow—perish the thought! The natural outline of the lips should be followed faithfully.

4. If the chin inclines to recede, a lighter foundation cream should be used from the line where the recession begins.

The Inverted Triangle Face: Here the forehead is broad and the face tapers decidedly from

(Continued on page 89)

FILMS

FIT FOR A KING

At a George Arliss showing, Queen Mary—with Princess Helena Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Kent—chats with the star

Above, King George himself at the camera! But his greatest enthusiasm is for his annual visit to the Coliseum—a joy shared by both Princess Elizabeth and his Queen (picture at upper left)

Movie-minded monarchs? Not only do England's King and Queen enjoy the movies—they even make their own!

BY PAUL LARNARD

TIME was when an English King sought amusement, the most famous thespians of the realm were summoned to Buckingham Palace to give command performances before a court resplendent in Elizabethan costumes. Today the shadows of Hollywood's elite entertain royalty from a silver screen not far from the historic thrones before which minstrels of old once reveled.

Mickey Mouse is now court jester in the halls that once echoed Falstaff's laughter and though on state occasions there is all the pomp and ceremony of the days of King Henry VIII, with scarlet-coated guards and lords and ladies in waiting encrusted in diamonds and decorations, for their private recreation King Geoge VI and Queen Elizabeth have dropped the royal falconer from the palace pay roll and replaced him with a royal projectionist.

For, like President and Mrs. Roosevelt, the King and Queen are enthusiastic film fans. With both families, moving pictures provide their chief form of entertainment. A new film is shown every other evening or so at the White House and at least twice a week Their Majesties view a movie in the gold and white ballroom of Buckingham Palace.

Based on the number of requests for their films, Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert appear to be the chief favorites of England's movie-minded monarchs, although the only picture which has ever been singled out for a return engagement at the palace was a Marx Brothers' comedy, "A Night at the Opera."

Pictures with an English background, or films built upon some incident in British history are received with particular interest at Buckingham Palace. Anna Neagle's performances in "Queen Victoria" and "Sixty Glorious Years" won a nod of royal approval. "Gunga Din" was applauded.

"Pygmalion," the first of Shaw's plays to be screened, was shown at the palace recently and was reported to have been met with obvious delight by the royal family. The Shaw film was viewed at the theater in London, where it has been playing for some months, by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and in Paris it was one of the few movies attended this spring by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

Among other British-made films which were screened for King George and Queen Elizabeth this year were "The Citadel," "The Lady Vanishes," "Stolen Life," with Elisabeth Bergner, a particular favorite of the queen mother, Queen Mary, and "Drums."

AMERICAN films, however, supply the bulk of Their Majesties' film fare. Pictures which have found favor with the royal fans in recent months include: "You Can't Take It With You," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "Men With Wings," "Zaza," "Idiot's Delight," "Wuthering Heights" and "The Little Princess."

"The Little Princess" was shown also to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, who have indicated that Shirley Temple shares with Gene Autry the rôle of their screen favorite. Just before her thirteenth birthday recently, when newspapers the world over reported that England was beginning to eye the eligibles for a consort for the future queen, Princess Elizabeth admitted that her matinee idol was Autry, the singing cowboy.

Relished by the Princesses and the King and Queen alike was "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." But it is Mickey Mouse that really rates with royalty.

This fondness for Mickey Mouse is shared by the queen mother, Queen Mary, who is perhaps the most frequent patron at the picture theaters of any of the royal family. Proof of the dowager queen's partiality for the antics of the

(Continued on page 84)

They're

Louis Hayward

Geraldine Fitzgerald

Sybil Jason

A "right guy" gets a break

LOUIS HAYWARD stepped into a dead man's shoes when he won the title rôle in "The Duke of West Point." The dead man was his best friend, Jack Dunn, so Louis gave it everything, for Jack's sake as well as his own. . . .

Now, everybody's talking about him. He has won a long-term contract with Edward Small Productions and another starring rôle in "The Man in the Iron Mask." He seems to be going places for sure.

An acting career didn't "just happen" in Louis' life; he chose it—carefully and seriously. The son of a South African mining engineer, he spent much of his boyhood in school in England and France. But his father died suddenly and it was then Louis chose acting as his future. His mother gave him most of her savings to invest in a stock company which toured the British Isles. The venture failed but the training was invaluable. Louis got work on the stage in London and later a part in the Lunt-Fontanne hit play, "Point Valaine," in New York. Inevitably, Hollywood talent scouts saw him and he was given a screen contract. Rôles in a few pictures followed, but too discouragingly often, he wasn't doing anything.

Meanwhile, he had fallen in love with Ida Lupino. But she was a star and, stubbornly, Louis wouldn't marry her and become, as he said, "Mr. Lupino." So they waited three long, not-too-happy years. On top of the difficulties Louis was having with his career, Ida fell ill and had to spend months in bed fighting a nervous breakdown. At last, however, things changed for the better. Louis got his break in "The Duke," followed by his contract and the "Iron Mask" rôle. Ida got well. So one day the two of them drove to Santa Barbara and were married . . . And now they seem to be living happily ever after—the more happily, perhaps, because they've known trouble.

The Luck O' the Irish

SHUR-R-R-E an' there's a bit of mischief in her eye an' a bit of blarney on her tongue—an' why not, I say, when she's a true Irish colleen from Dublin . . . She's Geraldine Fitzgerald, known on the Warner lot as "Jerry Fitz, sweet kid" . . . Known the country over as Hollywood's latest "discovery" since she played *Ann King* in "Dark Victory"!

An independent lass, Jerry. Her aunt is Sheilah Richards, leading lady at the famous Abbey Theater in Dublin, but when Jerry decided she wanted a career, she got a job on her own . . . went on to British pictures, to the New York stage presentation of George Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House," to Hollywood with a Warner Brothers contract.

She is still being independent. After she had her film contract, she went home to Ireland and wouldn't come back until the studio promised her a definite part (the "Dark Victory" rôle).

She has an Irish "way with her" that no one can resist. She is frank—and refreshing. For instance, she is out to be a big movie star and makes no bones about it. She says, "Shur-r-r-e an' it's stardom I'm after!" Just like that.

The little Fitzgerald is beauty-loving, fanciful, volatile. She can paint and often does. She is musical, too. She reads prodigiously, all kinds of books. She is given to daydreaming; she admits it. She is quick-tempered but generous, imaginative, moody, intense. Like many a child of the Emerald Isle, she believes in "The Little People." She is married—to Edward Lindsay-Hogg, who writes songs and breeds fine horses, and who is with her in Hollywood now.

She isn't too crazy about California's famous climate, but she'll be staying here for a while, I think, because, after "Dark Victory," she was rushed into a swell rôle in "Give Me a Child" and there are certain to be still bigger and better Fitzgerald rôles as time marches on.

Fortune-seeker at three

ALMOST seven years ago a London-bound ship sailed from Capetown, South Africa, with a three-year-old youngster aboard; a tiny, blue-eyed girl, starting out to seek her fortune.

Seven years later, in Hollywood's Carthay Circle theater, on the night of "The Little Princess" première, it looked as though she had found it, for people were whispering excitedly, "That little Sybil Jason—isn't she *wonderful?*"

Sybil's story is different from that of the average movie child. For one thing, her parents live many thousands of miles away from her—in Capetown. It has been her elder sister, Anita, who has taken care of her, mothered her, taught her all she needed to know to become one of Filmdom's outstanding children.

Sybil and Anita had sailed for London at the invitation of Frances Day, British screen and stage star, who, hearing of Sybil's talent for singing and playing the piano, had offered to sponsor her. In London, in a charity concert at the Palace Theater, Sybil stopped the show and as a consequence was signed for a British picture called "Barnacle Bill." When it was released, Warner Brothers took one look at her and gave her a Hollywood contract. She has been working in American pictures ever since.

Meeting Sybil, you would never know she is a "movie child." She isn't precocious; she hasn't the sophistication of many movie children. Asked if she likes working in pictures, she says, "Yes, 'specially when I can eat lunch in the studio dining room with all the grownups."

When she isn't working, she goes to public school in Beverly Hills where she and Anita live in a modest apartment. When I asked her if she wants to be a movie star when she grows up, she stammered and said she didn't know . . . And I suddenly caught on that being interviewed was a rather painful business and that she would much rather go outside to play.

Talking About— BY MARIAN [illegible]

Robert Cummings

Madame Ouspenskaya

Walter Brennan

Alias Blade Stanhope Conway *A charming bit of old Russia* *Fence-sitter and whittler*

BOB CUMMINGS would laugh if you said it to his face, but his story of success is a sort of Cinderella story. Here he was "kicking around" the studios, playing in fairly unimportant rôles, and then, chosen by Universal for Deanna Durbin's picture, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," he proved a big surprise, was signed for a long-term contract and is going places, at last.

Born in Joplin, Missouri, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Cummings, Bob was slated to be a mining engineer and entered Carnegie Tech, but he wanted to be an actor. This naturally brought him into college theatricals and later into the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, from which he was graduated with honors.

He thought he was all set, but it was about then that the New York stage was raiding the British stage for actors, while Americans were finding it tough to land even a walk-on part.

All of which didn't daunt Bob. He went to England and studied the British method of speech. After several months of this, he bribed the doorman of a theater in Sussex to let him put his picture in the foyer; had a picture taken of this setup, and wrote American agents that one "Blade Stanhope Conway, British actor, author and producer" was prepared to consider American offers.

Offers came in droves and Bob or, rather, "Blade Stanhope Conway" accepted a rôle in a New York play, "The Roof." Movies ultimately interested him and when he heard Paramount wanted a native Texan for "So Red the Rose," he tried out for the rôle as a bona fide "Lone Star" citizen (under his own name) and got it. That was the beginning of his Hollywood career.

Bob is straightforward, frank, endowed with an engaging grin and becoming modesty. He owns his own plane. He has, too, a flair for woodwork. Yes, girls, he is married to Vivian Janis, former Ziegfeld Follies beauty.

MADAME MARIA OUSPENSKAYA (pronounced "Oo-spen-sky-ya"), the little old lady who charmed us in "Love Affair," has been a part of the theater since girlhood. She was a star in the Moscow Art Theater for many years. She triumphed in London and New York. Recently, she has been among Filmdom's most valued players. Yet it was in a real-life rôle, following the Revolution in Russia, that she contributed her greatest performance. . . .

She was playing in Moscow at the time. Her sister, whom she adored, was critically ill. Maria didn't tell her that beyond their frosty windows an empire was crumbling. It would have killed the sick woman. The Ouspenskayas had only one stove and this was installed in the sister's room. But wood and coal were even more scarce than food. So, one by one, Maria burned the books from her library; the furniture—priceless heirlooms. But she never breathed a word of the terror in her heart.

Spring came at last. The invalid improved and Maria could ultimately reveal what had happened. But, in shielding her loved one, she had played the greatest rôle of her life. . . .

She is a lovely little lady, Madame Ouspenskaya, quiet, friendly, cheerful, free from temperament and jealousy . . . She is not seventy, as has been reported, but just a little over fifty. She is a talented pianist. When she is not playing in pictures she supervises a dramatic school in New York. She will appear in "The Rains Came," scheduled by 20th Century-Fox.

Russian born, she is now an American citizen and proud to be. She would like to keep on acting "for years and years—until I actually am as old as I appeared to be in 'Love Affair.'" When you congratulate her on a scene, she only smiles . . . And you wonder if she isn't thinking: "Ah, but you should have seen the performance I gave one winter in Moscow!"

WALTER BRENNAN is scarcely in his forties but he has been playing old men parts in the movies on-and-off for fourteen years.

I was introduced to him on the "Stanley and Livingstone" set at 20th Century-Fox. There was a sort of shy awkwardness about him that I liked, instantly . . . That same sort of quality that we loved in Will Rogers.

He has won two Academy awards—one for his work in "Come and Get It" in 1936, and one for his performance in "Kentucky," last year. His histrionic career began at Rindge School of Technology at Cambridge, Mass. He had expected to be an engineer, but got so interested in school theatricals that upon his graduation, he went into small-time vaudeville.

When this country entered the World War, he joined and served two years in France.

The close of the war found him restless. So he tried this and that business enterprise. He raised pineapples in Guatemala. He made a fortune in the Los Angeles real estate boom . . . And lost it all when the boom collapsed. So, in 1925, "dead broke," he says, he tried motion pictures. Eventually Samuel Goldwyn noticed his work and signed him for "The Wedding Night." He has been "clicking" ever since.

Now life looks pretty fine. He has plenty of work. He has salted away some money. He has a dandy little farm out in North Hollywood. He and his wife have been married for nineteen years and have two sons and a daughter. The boys aren't interested in being movie actors but little Miss Brennan would like to be a Big Star. Well, her father isn't against this. . . .

"There is plenty of time," he told me. "Trouble with most people is they hurry into things so fast, they never stop to have fun along the way. Now me—I like to sit on the fence and whittle and think about life and enjoy it . . . Or maybe just enjoy it. . . ."

DISTANCE ENDS ENCHANTMENT

Herbie and Dot looked so happy, at their rare reunions (left), but underneath was a sense of impending doom, a despair that culminated in the most tragic experience of Dot's life? Why? Has filmland found the right answers?

Divorce writes "finis" to the Kaye-Lamour saga of long-distance love —lost in the quicksands of Hollywood

BY HOWARD BENNETT

WHEN it came time to face what had happened to them, both Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kaye were honest with each other. Gripping the receiver with a force that strained her knuckles white, she said, "All right, my dear. We'll call it quits, then—" And long after she had heard the faint click at the other end of the three-thousand-mile wire she sat quietly, still listening to the sound that meant the end of her marriage.

She knew now that she would have courage enough not to call him again, as she had done so often during the last week, when somehow the hope in her would not die. Let Fidler have it for his Friday night radio show; let Winchell shout it on Sunday, when she would be at that party her producer-friend was giving. Everyone there would listen, and they would look at her, and she would smile—just enough. Her explanations would be simple, have dignity. "Impossible situation . . . you can't beat this Hollywood thing after all, can you? . . . the only sensible thing is to separate, you see. . . ."

But when the party guests looked at her, all of them, that Sunday, she forgot the brave rehearsed clichés and couldn't work her mouth into a smile, or even the semblance of one. It was no use. The tears started down her cheeks and when she realized they weren't going to stop she got up and went home, without saying anything at all.

After she had gone the other guests at the producer's house did her explaining for her, among themselves; and they remembered for her, too. They went back four years. A few knew the story, so that they held the conversation while those who listened sat eagerly forward. "Then what?" said these attentive women from time to time. "What did she do then?"

Then she accepted the Hollywood contract, it seemed. That was after she'd married Herbie, of course. And Dottie so much in love with him it stuck out of her ears. "*Both* of them!" several ladies cried, interpolating.

IT seemed, in addition, that you could not altogether blame Dot for what had happened. (The girls could afford this generosity to her, now.) Herbie had insisted that she come to Hollywood, even if it meant living away from him so much. "It's a career—a big one," he'd told her, "and I've no right to keep you from it. As for this separation business, if our love isn't strong enough to survive it, we'd better know about that right now."

The two of them had been very sure. Later, Herbie could get engagements on the Coast, or maybe even in a studio, and be with his wife always after that. The Kayes together would build a little house. And when the children they hoped for should come. . . .

The producer's guests smiled reminiscently, here. They interrupted again. "Remember?" they said.

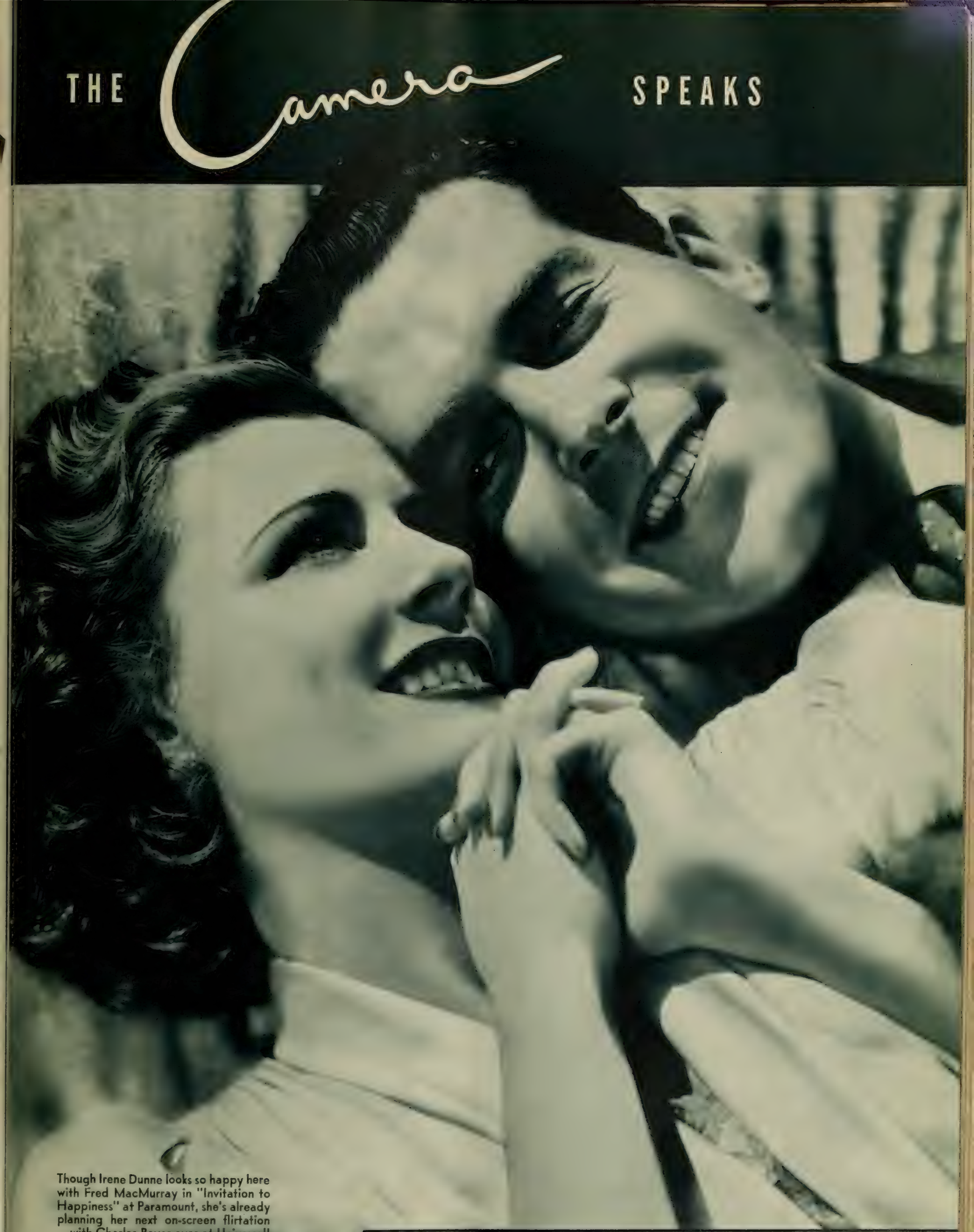
Paramount had just about died. Paramount had called in Miss Lamour and had almost torn her sarong from torch song. Wasn't it enough, asked Paramount heatedly, that she'd gone and revealed her marriage to the press when the studio had *expressly* asked her not to? Hard job at that, doing a glamour build-up about a married woman. But the madness of announcing to the world that she intended to take a year off and have a *baby!*

She tried to make the studio understand, although she did a bad job of it because she wasn't clear in her own mind why she'd hit upon this extravagant idea. Dorothy didn't even know then how desperately afraid she was for the fragile thing her marriage had become. She was sure of her love, and of Herbie's love for her. But the brutal fact of that distance between them, bridged only by the thin electric ghosts of voices which they sent by long-distance telephone to each other every night, was always there.

Somehow, no matter how Dorothy tried to find it, there was no answer to this problem. There were so many problems, anyway, and so few answers. The guests at the producer's house nodded in unison. The ladies there knew about that; about Herbie's independence, and

(Continued on page 81)

THE *Camera* SPEAKS



Though Irene Dunne looks so happy here with Fred MacMurray in "Invitation to Happiness" at Paramount, she's already planning her next on-screen flirtation —with Charles Boyer over at Universall

Richee

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

BREATH

TAKING!

The phrase, "cradle of the deep" takes on a new meaning as Johnny Weissmuller gives little Johnny Sheffield a swimming lesson while on location for "Tarzan in Exile" at Silver Springs, Florida. It's quite enough to leave us gasping, but not these intrepid Tarzans, who float through the trees with the greatest of ease—far, far under water!

A TRIO OF
EVES
Willinger

Hurrell

Fetching Jane Wyman (above) has taking ways indeed! She's now taking over all future "Torchy" rôles on the strength of her excellent work in "The Kid from Kokomo"—in which she took over the romantic rôle opposite Wayne Morris, who's usually teamed by Warners' with Priscilla Lane

All three of these Eves have much in common besides talent and promise. Like Jane, young Lana Turner (left) got her first big film break from Mervyn LeRoy, with whom she went to M-G-M. She has just signed a new long-term contract there and is now appearing in "Calling Dr. Kildare"

Both Ellen Drew (right) and Jane really do come from Missouri! And, like both the others, Ellen has been on the screen for only a brief year or two. Having completed her rôle in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," she's now in England, where she's making still another film for Paramount

P.S. There's a trio of Adams on page 38!

Walling

A TRIO OF

Jones

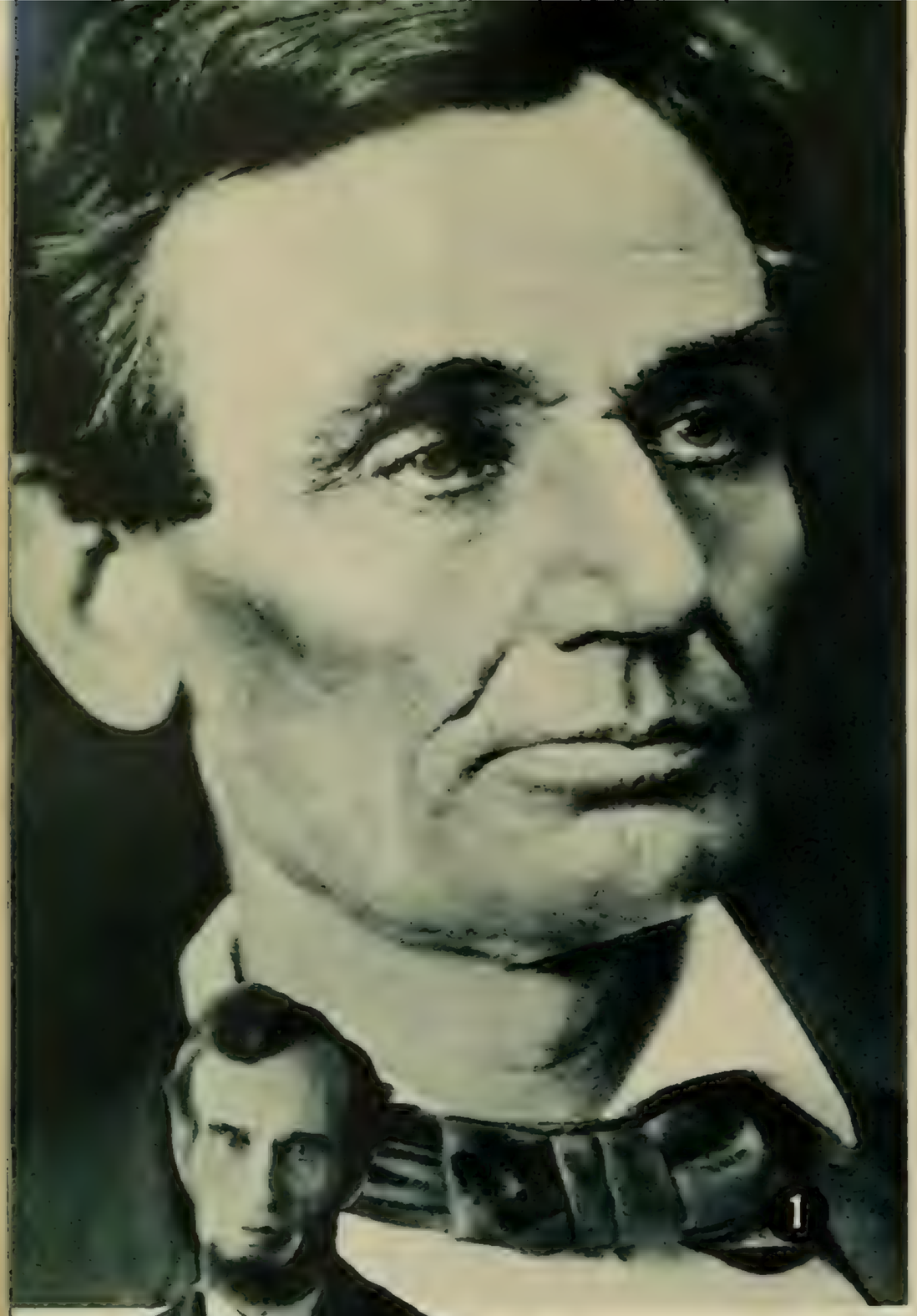
It's back to those outdoor rôles which even his feminine fans love best, for Gary Cooper! First, Paramount's colorful new version of "Beau Geste," à la Sahara, and then Goldwyn's "The Real Glory," with a Philippine background

Behold the happy bridegroom! There's no mistaking that broad smile—at left—on the face of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who took time out from filming Universal's "The Sun Never Sets," to marry socialite Mary Lee Epling Hartford!

Ever-popular Robert Young (right) has almost more assignments at M-G-M than anyone can handle—what with "Bridal Suite," co-starring with Annabella, and currently a more dramatic rôle opposite Ann Sothern in "Maisie Was a Lady"

The "Eves" are on pages 36 and 37

ADAMS



Culver Service

"... HE BELONGS TO THE AGES"

1. Abraham Lincoln—as he looked in 1860 when first elected to the Presidency
2. A rare picture of the late Ralph Ince as the screen's first Abraham Lincoln
3. In 1915, Joseph Henabery achieved fame as Lincoln in "The Birth of a Nation"
4. Although perfect in the title rôle of "Abraham Lincoln" in 1930, Walter Huston was not "typed" as the President
5. The name of George Billings, however, became synonymous with the rôle after he portrayed the President in 1924
6. One of Frank McGlynn, Sr.'s many Lincoln rôles was in "The Littlest Rebel"
7. John Carradine as Lincoln in the 1938 "Of Human Hearts," with James Stewart
8. 1939 Lincolns: Raymond Massey of Broadway's hit, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," soon to do RKO's version—
9. —and Henry Fonda, who makes June's biggest casting news as "Young Mr. Lincoln,"—made over by gum rubber and a mole into a perfect counterpart of the Lawyer from the West

The screen, heeding the current wave of love for Country, makes news by adding two more names to the roster of film Lincolns

BEST-FILLED

Willys of Hollywood, stocking stylist, chooses the six stars with the loveliest legs—and tells you how you can improve your own standing on a firm beauty basis

FIFTEEN years ago a young boxer by the name of Willys De Mond gave up trading socks in the prize ring to trade in stockings among the stage and screen stars of Broadway and Hollywood.

Today, known as Willys of Hollywood, he is recognized as the leading stocking stylist in the business, designing most of the silks and chiffons, meshes and clocks, that are pulled on over the toes that tread the movies' Hall of Fame.

If anyone should be in a position to judge who has the most perfect legs that parade before the public eye, it is this Adrian of the ankles who has looped his tape measure around the calf of just about every feminine celebrity on the screen.

According to Willys, the perfect leg has a measurement of eight and one-half inches at the ankle, twelve and one-half inches at the calf and nineteen and one-half inches at the thigh and, despite their difference in height and weight and measurements above the waistline, there are six stars in Hollywood whose leg measurements match this ideal proportion.

Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Alice Faye, Eleanor Powell, Betty Grable and Marlene Dietrich are the half dozen

Claudette Colbert's legs are two exclamation points ending a well-turned line—even without benefit of stockings, as at left—observes Willys. A whole publicity campaign was based on the streamlined limbs of Marlene Dietrich (below) a few years ago. The sensation was, and still is, justified, he believes. In the opinion of this expert, most dancers' legs are too muscular for beauty, but not those of Eleanor Powell (at right), whose flashing feet carry more than mere rhythm

STOCKING

glamour girls who have the best-looking legs in Hollywood, says Willys.

"The most beautiful legs in the world are in Hollywood," declares the hosiery expert, "and the most beautiful legs in Hollywood belong to these six stars, all of whom have perfect leg measurements."

The average extra girl in Hollywood, adds Willys, has far better-looking legs than the average chorus girl of Broadway's musical shows and night clubs. A more athletic life on the part of the screen supernumeraries, and the tendency to wear more sport clothes with accompanying low-heeled shoes, is the explanation he gives.

"No girl need have ugly legs," Willys insists. "The three main aids to attractive legs are plenty of walking on low-heeled shoes; massage; and special exercises for the leg muscles. The three exercises I recommend to stars who want to keep their legs trim are walking on a straight line, pointing the toe with each step; picking up marbles with the toes and tossing them, and walking in an exaggerated pigeon-toed fashion to strengthen the muscles of the calf."

Of course, Willys wouldn't be a stocking stylist if he didn't point out that the proper choice of hosiery enhances the most attractive leg. A glamorous leg, he says, often depends upon tricks of illusion.

(Continued on page 79)

ms . . .

He indites . . .

ork at the privet hedge but
One don't know about it

Aha! "The gang" retaliates

Filmland's stocking dictator (above) also praises the definite personality of Alice Faye's well-filled stockings (left), the beauty of Ginger Rogers' (at right) and Betty Grable's legs (far right), which would be famous even without such dancing talent!

swers Axel. Love, you see,
(At least that's what Pro-
r-Star Bergen said to us!)

"Where's the jack?" asks the bandit. "Search me!" gurgles Axel. "And don't tickle!"

His adventure over, our Axel returns to the country, a sadder man he, although his smile belies it. The girl? She fled with the bandit. All that is left are Axel's film aims. CALLING ALL PRODUCERS

Brand-new bride of Gene Markey shows her ring to the wives of Charles Boyer, Doug Fairbanks

Golden opportunity, even for such gilded guests, when Richard Tauber sings, accompanied by Percy Kahn

Success of the solos can be guessed from applause of Leslie Howard and host Rathbone!

INVITING YOU TO JOIN THE GUESTS

At one of the earliest of their gay costume balls—the late Irving G. Thalberg, Ouida Rathbone. Norma Shearer Thalberg and Basil

Wedding anniversary kiss from "Franz Joseph" to "Elizabeth of Austria" at their memorable brides-and-grooms-of-history costume affair

Exotic Mrs. Harry Lachman, Gregory Ratoff Russian singer Tamara, with Ouida—whose parties never lack the international touch

His wife, Sylvia Ashley, temporarily in the background, Doug Fairbanks chats with Marlene Dietrich (only recently recovered from a serious illness)

Hedy Lamarr finds the dry wit of new husband Gene Markey more fascinating than the music, as Charles and Pat Paterson Boyer eavesdrop

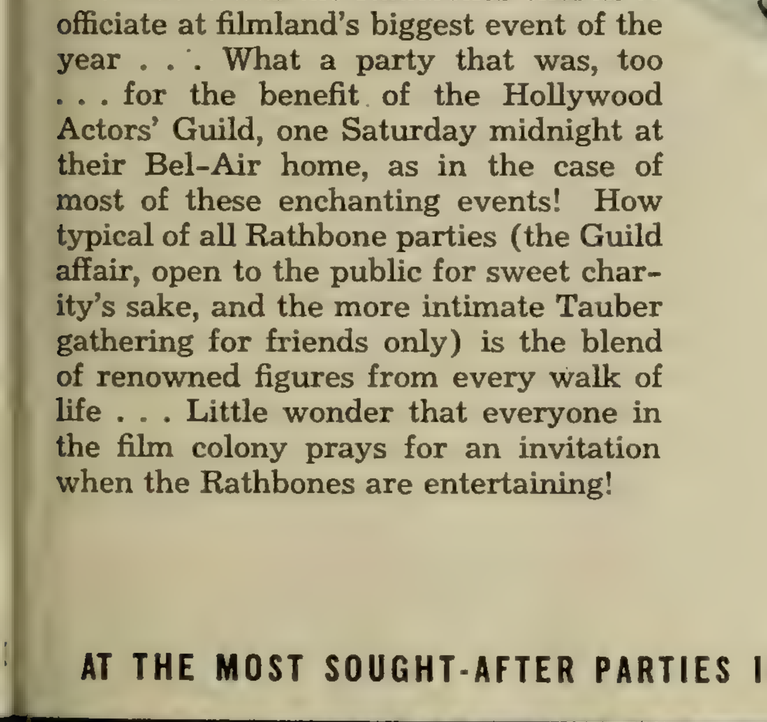
ARE ENTERTAINING

MAGIC words, these . . . the "Open sesame" into the top drawer of film society . . . for what Hollywood host and hostess can outshine Basil and Ouida Bergere Rathbone? So outstanding their past social successes . . . as pictured in the panels below . . . and brought up to date by their recent party for world-famous tenor Richard Tauber . . . panoramaed in Hyman Fink's exclusive candidettes . . . that it was the Rathbones chosen to officiate at filmland's biggest event of the year . . . What a party that was, too . . . for the benefit of the Hollywood Actors' Guild, one Saturday midnight at their Bel-Air home, as in the case of most of these enchanting events! How typical of all Rathbone parties (the Guild affair, open to the public for sweet charity's sake, and the more intimate Tauber gathering for friends only) is the blend of renowned figures from every walk of life . . . Little wonder that everyone in the film colony prays for an invitation when the Rathbones are entertaining!

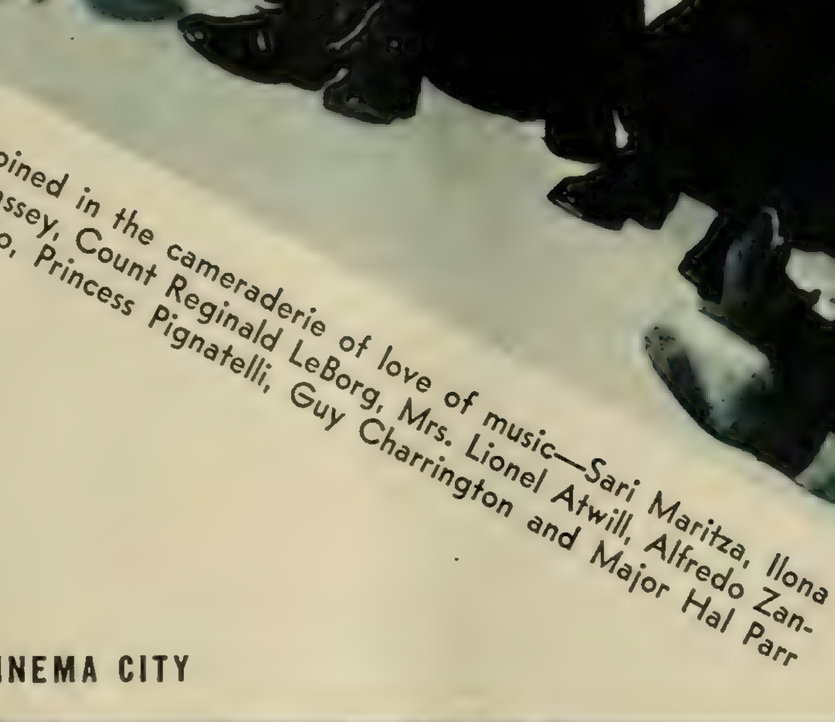
Joined in the cameraderie of love of music—Sari Maritza, Ilona Massey, Count Reginald LeBorg, Mrs. Lionel Atwill, Alfredo Zanchino, Princess Pignatelli, Guy Charrington and Major Hal Parr

AT THE MOST SOUGHT-AFTER PARTIES IN CINEMA CITY

Typical of the cinema great at such social high lights as the wedding of Basil's son—the Gary Coopers, Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer



Of course, the marriage of Rodion Rathbone, Basil's son (with his father and his bride), was one of the most brilliant events of all!



Entertaining's a full-time job, as proven by Mrs. R., planning the big charity party with Dolores Del Rio, Myrna Loy, Mary Pickford

Happy Birthday to MIKE!

MIRIAM HOPKINS plays hostess in honor of the seventh anniversaries of son Michael (top, with his mother) and Stan Shilling, young musician who appeared with her on a recent radio broadcast. Above, Mike puts heart and soul—and lungs—into the birthday cake ritual, as Susan Ann Gilbert (Virginia Bruce's daughter) and Hal Wallis' son, Brent, prepare to give aid if needed! Left, above, Gloria Gretchakoff, Mike, Stan, Brent, Louise Lovett, Kathryn Brown. Left, Miriam's husband, Director Anatole Litvak, with Mary Brown, Mike, and Jeffrey Selznick. Note plane motif at feast (below)

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Deanna Durbin, young star of Universal's "After School Days," chooses a gay active sport costume of colorful daisy-printed silk linen. The hooded jacket is a cozy companion to the halter-neck play suit that is worn beneath. Deanna's white beach slippers have platform soles and an elastic strap insert for snug fit. More of Deanna's exciting summertime wardrobe appears in the Fashion Letter

Turn

Sportswear

ON PARADE

Bette Davis, seen in "Juarez," selects a windbreaker jacket (opposite page) of Lenzy woolen striped in shades of watermelon red, green and white, which fits casually over a short-sleeved sport frock of white Oxford crepe. Bette's fantastic play shoes are of gay red and white raffia

Bette's "blouse and skirt" frock (right) is of crushed raspberry and white crepe, and a third note of color—deep purple—appears in the narrow suède belt. The pocket clip is a large cluster of violets and deep green leaves

Also in her wardrobe is a summer frock of chartreuse sheer woolen (below). The jacket, which is double-breasted with matching bone buttons, has pocket insets of knife pleating — a repeat accent of the skirt styling. Her lapel pin of rhinestones is set in gold. Bette is now filming "The Old Maid," her next starring production for Warners

All of Bette's frocks were selected from I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Welbourne

All Dressed

Coburn

UP TO *Plan*

Navy and white dotted silk trims Priscilla Lane's blue Downey Bark crepe (Onondaga) sport frock, designed by Howard Shoup for her to wear in Warner Brothers "A Family Affair." The blouse, with flaring collar and full, short sleeves, is joined to a circular skirt with a blue and white ribbon belt. Her matching blue linen shoes are contrasted by navy kidskin. This studio designed frock is not available in shops

Andrea Leeds spends week ends at the beautiful Samarkand Hotel in Santa Barbara resting and playing to keep in perfect physical condition for her strenuous rôle as leading lady opposite Gary Cooper in Goldwyn's "The Real Glory." Andrea's play clothes for these week ends are colorful and gay to match the mood of vacation-time. She wears a sport frock (opposite page, top) of purple Ciella jersey accented by an inset waistband of lastex ribbing striped in purple, white and yellow. Her open heel and toe pumps of white mesh have kidskin trim and heels. For a sail in the Santa Barbara Bay, Andrea dons a collarless Sacony wool knit jacket (far left), checked in blue, fuchsia and gold on a natural background—as protection against wind, Andrea gathers her curls, peasant style into a printed silk kerchief. Under the jacket she wears a white linen crash slacks suit tied casually at the waist with silk jersey (opposite page, right). Goldwyn's "Music School," in which Andrea is now appearing, introduces Jascha Heifetz to the screen

Welbourne

THE FASHIONABLE

Brown herringbone lightweight tweed is featured in this two-piece tailored suit (top, left), which was designed by Dolly Tree for Billie Burke to wear in M-G-M's "Bridal Suite." The yellow organdie blouse has straw pleated jabot and cuffs. Miss Tree completes the costume with a brown straw hat that is shadowed by flowered veiling and high lighted by a yellow feather and a shoulder cluster of wee, yellow daffodils. A pert sailor (center, left) fashioned of lillies of the valley, a lingerie blouse with tucked butterfly jabots, full sleeves and flared cuffs, white gloves and a daffodil shoulder cluster accent Miss Burke's dressmaker suit of sheer navy woolen. The short, open box jacket of the suit is collarless and has bracelet-length sleeves. Miss Burke's "shirtwaist and skirt" dinner frock (below, left) is in combination of black taffeta and white mousseline—the jabot and cuffs of the blouse are fan pleated. To transform this frock into a theater costume Miss Burke adds a wee hat of carnations and black velvet (insert, left) and a short fitted black taffeta jacket. Old Persian wealth is recalled in Miss Burke's dinner gown with black crepe skirt and brilliant green crepe jacket, with all-over gold embroidery and emerald studding (below). Miss Burke tops this gown with a tailored white fox jacket (insert)

Willinger

FORTIES

For those hours in the garden or on the beach, Irene Rich, NBC dramatic star, chooses this tailored slacks suit of natural colored sharkskin (right). The multi-colored striped wool sweater lends startling contrast and Miss Rich's necklace of gold keys, designed by John-Frederics, is great fun. The large, toast-colored hat (insert, top) is rough Tuscan straw. Miss Rich also wears this John-Frederics hat atop a black hand-crocheted yarn snood to dramatize her street frocks. Spring's perennial favorite, navy and white, is also one of Miss Rich's preferred color combinations. Here she wears a pure silk navy and white print dress and coat ensemble (below, right) from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. The print-lined coat with print sleeves is of navy sheer woolen. The frock beneath features short, puffed sleeves, a deep V-neckline and shirred ruffle yoke detail. The John-Frederics high-crown sailor is white braided organdie and cellophane. The huge white pigskin bag also comes from John-Frederics. For summer evenings, Miss Rich selects the silk evening gown (below, left) printed in varied shades of chartreuse, yellow and pink. Designed along simple lines, it is gathered at the neckline with jeweled clips. Miss Rich's wrap is of luxurious silver fox. Warner Brothers' "The Right of Way" is Miss Rich's latest film

Bachrach

Check

AND

DOUBLE CHECK

Anne Shirley, RKO's vivacious ingénue appearing in "Career," wears checks for day, checks for evening —fashion twins that are like as two peas in a pod. The princess pinafore of her street frock (left, center) leads a double life by serving on its own for sport (inset)—likewise the frock of white piqué (left, bottom), red ric rac edged, that peeks out as a jumper blouse. This novel two-frock costume is purchased as one and does duty for three. When worn combined, Anne adds Debway's "little" girl leghorn and Merry Hull's "Finger Free" gingham shorties. Anne's pinafore dinner frock (above) has a red ric rac edged organdie guimpe and dust ruffle —the guimpe and the pinafore part company to play the new rôles of separate blouse and formal décolleté evening gown. Both of Anne's frocks feature Galey and Lord's black and white checked gingham

Bachrach

WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.

A flare-away skirt and a collarless shirtwaist blouse give chic style detail to Virginia Bruce's white linen-like frock of Tresor, a Crown Tested fabric of Crown spun rayon and cotton, boldly checked with navy—the contrast color that is repeated in the belt and bolero jacket. The toeless strap sandals with perforated trim are of white pigskin. Virginia is currently appearing in M-G-M's "Stronger Than Desire." The frock and sandals are available at Best and Company, New York, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia and Brookline. Virginia selected her frock from I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Carpenter

Navy blue and white—summer's immortal color team for that cool look on sultry days. Nancy Kelly, co-starring with Spencer Tracy in 20th Century-Fox's "Stanley and Livingstone," wears a white frock of ribbed crepe, made along tailored lines and widely belted in navy kid—the bolero is of navy linen. Interesting accessories are the white baku hat with high, pleated crown and navy banding and LaValle's new matching shoes and gloves in which white suède and navy kid are contrasted. Nancy's frock and accessories were selected from J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles

Cal Yorke's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Expert osculation—Charlie Chaplin, delivering, May Robson, receiving—it's his 50th, her 75th birthday

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Mary Healy, new 20th Century-Fox starlet, turns on the charm of the Old South when she goes dancing with Crooner Rudy Vallee

Stage Door Johnny

THE car passed through Paramount's gate with a nod from the gateman to the chauffeur. Outside a sound stage the car drew to a halt and the smallish man in the back seat settled down to a wait.

"Some guy calling for his girl-friend, eh?" one electrician remarked to another in passing.

"Or maybe some husband waiting for wifey," the other laughed.

The little man inside sat quietly; presently a young girl emerged from the set, entered the car and they drove away.

"Who was that, anyway?" the curious electricians asked the stage doorman.

"That. Oh, that was just Charlie Chaplin," was the reply. "He drives over and waits for Paulette Goddard to finish work every evening."

Stage door Johnny—isn't that a new rôle for the great Mr. Chaplin?

A New "Roz"

NEXT in importance to recent Hollywood weddings, is the sudden and amazing transformation of Rosalind Russell from quiet semi-sedateness (the Russell sense of humor robbed Roz of too formal an approach to the world) into a hoydenish madcapishness that has the town in hysterics.

At the swanky charity affair given by the Basil Rathbone's, Rosalind upset the applecart by accidently falling over backward in her chair, just at the moment her hand had touched a champagne bottle. (No, it can't be blamed on the champagne, children.) But Rosalind's good sportsmanship, as she lay there laughing at herself, the bottle popping champagne in the air like mad, simply won the frozen faces over in a body. Roz's career as a tomboy next hit a high-spot when the lady mounted the Victor Hugo orchestra stand and actually played the trumpet in Skinnay Ennis' band, while listeners had hysterics.

No wonder when Rosalind appeared on the set of "The Women," with her hair in such a fantastic coiffure, the cast didn't know whether to exclaim or roll on the floor.

Yes, Roz is quite a gal these days, and the town adores her.

Romance in Earnest:

Sonja Henie and Addison Randall, the cowboy star who plays in Westerns under the name of Jack Randall, are dating nightly. . . .

Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland have staged another unfriendly parting; it looks final this time. . . .

Arleen Whelan, former girl-friend of Richard Greene, and Alex D'Arcy are so serious. . . .

Mary Brian and Nino Martini, the singing star, are a pleasing and surprising twosome these days.

FINK AT THE FIGHTS

Why Hollywood Is All for John Garfield

1. Because John is all for Hollywood.
2. He does not feel being a former New York "Group" actor makes him superior in every way to ordinary motion-picture actors.
3. He claims his acclaim in "Four Daughters" was due to the foolproof rôle of *Mickey* and not to any outstanding ability of his own.
4. He thinks movie moguls are the greatest sports in the world to chance that part on him, a newcomer, when many a seasoned player asked for the rôle.
5. He still speaks with respect and considerable awe of his love for the stage but not to the critical detriment of Hollywood and movies. And vice versa. In this he is honest.
6. He loves his wife and is utterly unable to get over the wonder of his new baby. Feels humble and undeserving of such a fate as fatherhood.
7. An established actor, he is grateful to be playing a bit in "Juarez" with such stars as Bette Davis and Paul Muni.
8. Also, as an established stage star, he didn't mind too much when Warners changed his name from Jules to John. Only claimed it wouldn't help matters anyway, but they were welcome to try it.
9. Admits plenty is wrong with Hollywood and movies but thinks open knocking and grumbling (instead of gratitude) is destructive and not constructive.
10. He chooses his friends among the lesser lights because he likes 'em and because he's a real "Group" artist.

Biting Comments

ALICE BRADY is a connoisseur of pearls. She has a large collection and is that proud of them. She was wearing her most priceless string one evening at a dinner party and enjoying the admiring glances of most everyone present. Then suddenly there appeared another lady with a bigger, better string—or at least, they appeared to be bigger and better. All eyes were turned toward the other lady, but Alice was equal to the occasion. She merely stated the trouble with pearls was that they were so easily imitated, but that she could always tell the difference.

A young man seated beside her asked, "How do you tell the difference?"

"I'll show you," she promised and taking his arm she advanced to the newcomer. Smiling sweetly, she admired the string of pearls. The lady immediately removed them and handed them to Alice. With a gleam in her eye, Alice thrust them toward the young man's mouth.

"Bite them," she invited, "and you'll discover the difference."

Bosom Pal

WARNER BAXTER did it as a joke, intending to reveal his "perfidy" right away. And then he kind of got cold feet and decided, guilty conscience or no, he had better keep quiet about the whole thing, since he'd got himself into it. And of course, Ronnie Colman, being a good sport, wouldn't betray him. . . .

All of which relates to a certain time when both Warner and Ronnie, bosom pals as everybody knows, were to be interviewed by a syndicate writer on adventures in their past lives. Both interviews were scheduled for the same day, but Warner's was to come first.

The night before, Warner and Mrs. Baxter had dinner with Ronnie.

"Interviews make me rather nervous," the latter confided, "so I've made some notes on the anecdotes I shall relate tomorrow. See what you think of them." He passed an outline to Warner who read it carefully.

"Fine!" Warner said, enviously, when he had finished. "I wish *I* had such good material! As a matter of fact I haven't given that interview much thought and am afraid I shall have to extemporize when the time comes."

When Ronnie's interview rolled around, however, he found to his sorrow that Warner hadn't exactly "extemporized." Ronnie had begun to relate a certain incident and was about half way through when the interviewer interrupted him.

"I am awfully sorry, Mr. Colman, but this morning Warner Baxter gave me an anecdote so similar that I'm afraid I must skip yours."

A little taken back, Ronnie tried another one, only to hear, "Sorry, Mr. Baxter also gave me material similar to that."

Whereupon Ronnie saw the light. Warner had "stolen his stuff"! So, nervous and floundering, yet wanting to laugh, too, he had to forget his notes and recall some brand new stories.

No, gallant gentleman that he is, he didn't tell the writer what his "pal" had done. . . So there are probably a good many people who, to this day, believe Warner the hero of certain adventures which really happened to Ronnie.

Close Shave

BEHIND the wholesale marriages of Hollywood's glamour boys lies a cozy little event that could and does happen to any couple altar bound.

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Mary Lee Hartford hadn't seen each other since Douglas left New York in mid-winter, so naturally Douglas impatiently awaited her arrival. At long last she was in Hollywood and half way to his arms, when she stopped, amazement mirrored in her eyes.

Round-eyed they gazed at each other.

"Your mustache. Oh, it's gone," she moaned. "I didn't promise to marry you without a mustache."

For a whole second the world rocked in balance and then with a laugh she was in his arms.

Doug's mustache, that is so fetching a part of his handsome face, had gone by the board for his rôle in "The Sun Never Sets."

(Continued on page 72)

A former amateur boxing champ—otherwise Errol Flynn—with Lili Damita—otherwise Mrs. Flynn

Not "Man Mountain" Dean, but Andy Devine, bewhiskered for art's sake, accompanied by Mrs. D.

A noted pair of dyed-in-the-wool fans—Damon Runyon, author of so many hit (and sock) stories, with George Raft

Also watching the two [illegible] and Phyllis Brooks. She later sailed for England but not, they say, because of any fight

So Joe Louis did it again? Ace producer Darryl Zanuck and Al Jolson, now a Zanuck star, don't look a bit surprised!

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck playing 'possum about the elopement plan which made them Mr. and Mrs. not long after

★ BRIDAL SUITE—M-G-M

ROBERT YOUNG gives another of his amusing and delightful playboy characterizations in this madcap comedy about a gay young black sheep who, because of a terrific hangover, misses his wedding date with Virginia Field. His mother, flighty Billie Burke, tries to find an excuse for his aversion to marriage, so she plans to get Psychiatrist Walter Connolly to swear Bob is an amnesia victim. Connolly is at a winter resort, but they descend on him there. Unfortunately for Miss Burke's plans, Annabella is manager of the resort hotel and Bob starts a terrific flirtation with her. This complicates everything, of course, but you'll get a lot of laughs out of the mix-ups. Annabella does a grand comedy job, Virginia Field is lovely to look at and Connolly is a riot.

THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE—Paramount

WHEN a picture with murder and mystery as its background turns out to be one grand hysterical farce, you can be pretty certain that lurking somewhere in the continuity is Miss Gracie Allen, the pride of the kindergarten alumni. With deft hand and numb brain Gracie steps into the mystery and, almost instantly, things are confused beyond belief. The hero goes to jail, the police go berserk and the villain goes scot free. **No wonder Investigator** Warren William wears a dazed look of wonder throughout the fracas. But you know how it is with Gracie; things just naturally adjust themselves despite her meddling. Kent Taylor and Ellen Drew furnish the romance with Jed Prouty, Judith Barrett and Donald MacBride following in Screwball Allen's wake.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

★ INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Paramount

IN this latest opus, Tyrone Power turns villain but the ladies, bless 'em, will love him just the same; they'll forgive him every little fault, every little weakness, even as his screen sweetheart does. The story is laid in the prohibition era, when drinking and gambling were considered smart and the theater great were apt to find themselves rubbing elbows with the inevitable grafters and gangsters at every popular rendezvous. As the picture opens, Al Jolson and Alice Faye are seen trying to make the grade as a vaudeville team, while Joyce Compton—in the rôle of Alice's screwball friend—is trying to make the heart of a small-time magician, her latest crush, beat a bit faster.

Everything might have turned out all right if bunco-artist Tyrone hadn't come along just then to steal Alice's heart, along with a flock of other valuables. From that time on, the whole cast is involved in his get-rich-quick career, as Alice and Al work their way to the very top of their profession, via the Follies, and Ty works his way just as surely toward his destiny as a petty crook, who believes in achieving success the "easy" way.

The climax comes when Tyrone finds that the only valuable thing he ever stole was Alice's love (Al was pretty fond of her, too). Jolson, in familiar blackface, sings memory-strumming music of the period. Alice gives a touching performance as the ambitious young star who still clings to her man, come hell or high water, and Joyce garners a laugh every moment she's on the screen.

★ JUAREZ—Warners

WERE it not for the current tendency of the Warner Brothers to preach all through their pictures, they would have a stronger epic—for it is an epic—in this grandiose film. After all, the struggle between *Emperor Maximilian* and stoic old *Benito Juarez,* the Indian, for control of Mexico points its own moral without the need for interpolated lectures.

In its favor the picture must be said to have beautiful production and photography, a capable cast and something to say. It tells two stories; that of the Indian, *Juarez,* who believed in democracy almost as much as the brothers Warner; and that of two frightened people, alone in an unfriendly land, who were dupes of *Louis Napoleon's* dreams of conquest. He arranged a fake plebiscite and persuaded well-meaning, gentle *Maximilian von Hapsburg* and his wife, *Carlotta,* to take the Mexican throne. Then, you may remember, ensued months of bloody conflict until *Napoleon* proved traitor, withdrew his troops, and left his puppets to the mercy of *Juarez. Carlotta* went to Paris to plead her husband's cause, and became insane. *Maximilian* was shot by a firing squad. Belligerent Warners have drawn a close parallel here between the present political world struggle and the original story of Mexico's big revolution. It's just that Brian Aherne, as *Maximilian,* can't possibly look like a dictator. Bette Davis' *Carlotta* is a restrained performance, except in her mad scene; then she lets loose. John Garfield plays *Juarez's* favorite general, *Diaz,* without much inspiration, and Muni himself does a fine job.

DON'T let the prize-fighting background fool you on this! Definitely adult in viewpoint, it handles sympathetically such delicate matters as the sex-versus-training angle of a prize-fighter's life, the bewilderment of a charming aristocrat married to a man whose background is almost completely beyond her understanding, and the quandary of a little boy who must choose between the mother he adores and the father he seldom sees.

The characters are all human and likable, presented with a minimum of trite or sentimental situations. First, there's Irene Dunne, as a wealthy thoroughbred who throws caution to the winds in marrying a man who has never had—and never wanted—her own advantages in life. Then there's Fred MacMurray, splendidly right as the would-be champ whose one obsession, that he can't face failure, causes him to lose the very things he values most. Charlie Ruggles and William Collier, Sr. are delightful as Fred's trainer and Irene's father. Fifth in the quintet which attempts to solve this problem of adjustment to two irreconcilable backgrounds is Billy Cook, excellent as the ten-year-old son whose unhappiness precipitates his parents' divorce.

The way it all works out is a treat to all moviegoers who appreciate truly intelligent problem drama, climaxing with a magnificent championship battle which is tense with excitement. But—don't go expecting to see an action melodrama of life in the ring, or you'll be in no mood to enjoy the preceding scenes, which would be a pity!

★ **MAN OF CONQUEST—Republic**

HERE'S some more history for you—early history, with lots of action and plenty of gunplay. Richard Dix, memorable for "Cimmarron," plays Sam Houston and he is always at his best in such a rôle. As in "Juarez," there are social implications, since the story is built on a people's fight for freedom. This time it's democratic Americans shooting it out with Mexicans. You will have a fine time watching the great drama unfold, with the last stand at the Alamo and the battle of San Jacinto as high lights. Romance is taken care of by Gail Patrick. C. Henry Gordon is Mexico's brute of a general and George Hayes is amusing as Dix's aide. The production has scope and breadth, pace and a good story.

BLIND ALLEY—Columbia

HERE'S an out-and-out cop and robber drama with the black business of murder as its motivating theme, and the psychological exposé of a criminal's mind as its climactic aim. Frankly, the whole grim affair is far from our idea of screen entertainment, but we must give praise where praise is due and declare Chester Morris one of the best portrayers of cowardly killers on the screen. His work as an escaped convict, who takes refuge in the home of a professor of psychology, is far superior to the story material provided. Ralph Bellamy, as the calm professor who holds the criminal until the police arrive, furnishes splendid contrast to Morris' more emotional characterization. Ann Dvorak, Joan Perry and Melville Cooper complete the cast.

★ **CAPTAIN FURY—Hal Roach-United Artists**

THOSE of you who like rip-roaring melodrama with no subtlety or shading will find this Western entirely to your taste. Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen are English convicts sent to an Australian penal colony to work out their sentence at hard labor. They manage to escape with much furore and Aherne forms a band to rescue settlers from an unscrupulous land baron, George Zucco. From that point on, Ahern plays Robin Hood, righting wrongs all over the place. Zucco is so villainous you wonder why his band doesn't cut his throat, whereas Aherne is so heroic you're lost in admiration. It all adds up to a grand thriller with June Lang adding the romantic touch and Virginia Field pairing with McLaglen.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Stolen Life — **It's a Wonderful World**

Juarez — **Rose of Washington Square**

Invitation to Happiness — **Union Pacific**

Man of Conquest — **Bridal Suite**

Captain Fury — **Confessions of a Nazi Spy**

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Fred MacMurray in "Invitation to Happiness"
Irene Dunne in "Invitation to Happiness"

Paul Lukas in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
Francis Lederer in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"

Gracie Allen in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case"

Richard Dix in "Man of Conquest"

Bette Davis in "Juarez"
Paul Muni in "Juarez"

Robert Young in "Bridal Suite"

Barbara Stanwyck in "Union Pacific"
Joel McCrea in "Union Pacific"
Lynne Overman in "Union Pacific"

Tyrone Power in "Rose of Washington Square"

Claudette Colbert in "It's a Wonderful World"
James Stewart in "It's a Wonderful World"

Brian Aherne in "Captain Fury"

Elisabeth Bergner in "Stolen Life"

★ **IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD—M-G-M**

IT would be a wonderful world, at that, if Claudette Colbert would just go on making comedies—one every fourteen days. That's how long it took to shoot this and it's far more entertaining than some of the epic preachments released this month. For one thing, it's gay. The suspense is held throughout, because most of the time Jimmy Stewart and Claudette are fleeing from the police; but they manage to make you laugh anyway. You see, Jimmy's a private cop assigned to watch out for a millionaire playboy, Ernest Truex. Truex gets mixed up in a murder, is framed, is convicted. Jimmy helped him hide, so Jimmy gets two years as an accomplice. But the boy's got a clue that would clear Truex, maybe—and Truex has promised Jimmy a hundred grand if he does. Jimmy escapes on his way to jail and kidnaps Claudette, a poetess on the loose, so he can use her car. He's very unkind to Claudette but golly, she thinks he's wonderful and helps him all through the rest of the picture. The action is fast and the story has plenty of new twists in it; particularly, you will appreciate the fact that Stewart is not made too much of a hero. His grammar's not very good and he's conceited and pretty rude and furthermore, when he has time and the inclination, he makes passes at Claudette, as who wouldn't under the circumstances? She looks especially lovely and is at her best, which is very good and very funny. Guy Kibbee and sundry other people have unimportant rôles.

★ **STOLEN LIFE—Paramount**

THIS could have been just another case of mistaken identity vying with sex-triangle motif for story honors. The skill of the star, Elisabeth Bergner, lifts it into the artistic-triumph class, instead. Of course, it's a Continental film, but you'll find it was designed to please American audiences, too.

Bergner, with the greatest display of talent, undertakes and successfully manages the dual rôle of twin sisters, both in love with the same man—Michael Redgrave. While both sisters love with an intensity consistent with their characters, those characters are as far apart as the poles. One is ruthless, selfish and destructive; the other is quiet and generous. Not once, in the many transitions from one character to another, does Bergner muff a single lift of the eyebrow.

The story is simple enough. Redgrave isn't really quite sure which sister he loves. He marries the ruthless one, only to find that what attracts him in her also has a repellent quality. While he is away on an expedition, his wife is drowned at sea, and her sister attempts to take her place as the wife. It all seems very easy, especially since the girls' own father cannot tell them apart, but the unfortunate girl learns that if she takes her sister's name, she must take her sister's personality as well.

Miss Bergner's performance throughout is flawless. She is ably complemented by Michael Redgrave, and the rest of the cast is perfect enough to appear to be only a necessary part of the background. *(Continued on page 90)*

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

Buzzing around the sets—Hollywood proves a busy, balmy beehive, with a bumper crop of honeys in the offing

BY JACK WADE

An orgy for music lovers—when Jascha Heifetz, the world's most famous violinist, makes his long-awaited film debut in Goldwyn's "Music School"

The treat of the month is the jungle set of RKO's "Five Came Back," where Pilot Chester Morris and Lucille Ball romance, but there's an unexpected laugh, too, the day our reporter visits it

. . . "Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Epic movies every time. . . ."

WE sincerely hope Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow doesn't whirl in his grave as we streamline his famous verse in up-to-date Hollywood style.

It's only because on our monthly stalk of elusive big pictures, we discover more and more biographies and famous lives supplying your eventual film fare.

This trip it's Abraham Lincoln who gets a Hollywood break. Our first studio stop is Twentieth Century-Fox where the number one picture is "Young Mr. Lincoln."

Frankly, we couldn't see good-looking Henry Fonda as the homely string bean that was young Lincoln—that is, we couldn't until we arrived on the set. Then the surprise!

The towering tousle-headed, mole-marked, rawboned fellow we encounter doesn't look much like Handsome Henry. Built-up boot soles have added inches. A backwoods antebellum haircut has changed his head shape. Plaster moles and wens and a putty nose decorate his face.

The wart and nose give Hank the most trouble. It takes him three hours each morning to put the make-up on, which is bad enough, but the big cheek mole falls off and gets lost in action scenes and the putty nose—"Well," says Hank, "it itches!" And he can't scratch it without ruining three hours' work and upsetting production!

"YOUNG Mr. Lincoln" is limited to Lincoln's youth. The picture ends before the great drama and tragedy of Lincoln's life—the presidency—begins.

It shows him as a backwoods philosopher, business failure, bumbling lover and legal tyro. But it climaxes the story with a murder trial in which young Abe's great gifts for law and justice emerge dramatically. The case is right from the Illinois court records, too.

For romance, both Ann Rutledge and Mary Todd get a ghost break in the picture. Pauline Moore plays *Ann* and Marjorie Weaver is the plump, nagging *Mary Todd.* Alice Brady, Richard Cromwell, Arleen Whelan and Eddie Collins (Snow White's *Dopey* model) fill out the cast.

Director John Ford has assembled the company on an outdoor set representing the ramshackle, dilapidated main street of New Salem, Illinois, *circa* 1840. On the front porch of Abe's general store is a barrel of whiskey and a dipper, around which a bunch of idlers, including Eddie Collins, are gathered. Alice Brady drives up in a covered wagon and Abe has to break up the drinkers before he can do business with her.

The warning whistle blows, the cameras turn. Abe Lincoln Fonda spies the lady in the wagon, bestirs himself from his cracker barrel, ambles lazily out and scatters his tipsy townsmen. He lifts Eddie Collins up, kicking, and hoists him over the rain barrel. He's about to dunk him in.

"Stop!" cries Eddie. "Wait a minute."

"Cut," orders John Ford. "Now what?"

"Br-r-r-r-r!" shivers Eddie. "That water's awfully wet. Can't you heat it or something?"

He looks so pitiful that Ford relents. They're warming Eddie's barrel bath as we leave for the "Second Fiddle" set, Sonja Henie and young Mr. Power.

"Second Fiddle" interests us particularly this month—not only because it's Sonja's Hollywood return picture after a long screen vacation, and the next big Twentieth Century-Fox musical extravaganza—but because it includes Irving Berlin's latest score of sure-hit tunes, dances you'll be doing soon and a mild burlesque on the "Gone with the Wind" talent hunt.

We confer about all this as we sit, very elegantly, at a table and stare down at a big dance stage, an exact replica of Hollywood's glamorous Earl Carroll nitery. Our conferee is pretty Mary Healy, a décolletté and delicious darling from New Orleans, who came to Hollywood, got a contract at TC-F, and the personal and professional attention of Rudy Vallee. She gets her first movie break in "Second Fiddle," singing the song of the very number we watch, Berlin's gay "Back to Back."

"Second Fiddle" casts Sonja Henie as a Minnesota schoolteacher who is yanked out of private life to Hollywood for one of those Cinderella parts, *à la* the "Scarlett" search. Tyrone Power is a demon press agent who must keep

Melvyn Douglas, Director Alexander Hall and Cameraman Henry Freulich watch Joan Blondell rehearse for a scene in "Good Girls Go To Paris"

her in the headlines. He builds a phony romance between great screen lover Rudy Vallee and Sonja, showers her with orchids, mash notes and what not—in Rudy's name—all the time being a lovelorn John Alden chap. In the end, of course, he speaks for himself, John.

Sonja glides only briefly on her silver runners in "Second Fiddle," with no big ice production numbers, which is almost as startling to us as the news that Rudy Vallee appears without his band. All of them go to town in their dance numbers, though—even Edna May Oliver is shaking and breaking it as Director Sidney Lanfield shoots the "Back to Back" dance number.

Sonja's a knockout in a sleek black velvet dress, fourteen pounds slimmer since her exhibition tour, although Ty Power still calls her "Chubby." She's teamed with Rudy, blushing and grinning as usual, in a tuxedo and red

(Continued on page 74)

"On Borrowed Time," that dramatic stage commentary on death, is a natural for Lionel Barrymore and young Bobs Watson, with Director Harold Bucquet (center), set boss

BRIGHT

Today, Brent of Hollywood, with the world at his feet—
yesterday, Nolan of Ireland, with a price on his head!

VICTORY

BY HOWARD SHARPE

GEORGE BRENT was born George Nolan in March, 1904, and eighteen years later almost won freedom for Ireland in the first revolution. The events leading up to that had to do with a childhood spent alternately working in peat fields, catching fish in the nearby River Shannon, and listening to his grandfather tell him stirring stories about civilization's long fight for Liberty. The boy and his sister were sent to America when their parents died, during the great war, and moody, belligerent young George kept his aunt in a perpetual stew; this was accomplished by fighting with his schoolmates, falling desperately in love with an adolescent Irish **colleen,** and running away to work in lumber mills and on farms during the summers.

An expression for his maturing ideas and his vitality came through the offices of Father Dan, a priest from the Sod, who carried on the work of Old McInnis and ultimately took George to Ireland with him. For a time the lad worked with the Abbey Players, learning how to act; then Michael Collins, rebel leader, made him a dispatch carrier. An era of danger ensued, during which young Nolan rode through fog and the dark Irish nights on a motorbike, dodging hand grenades and British raiding parties. Until at last Michael Collins was killed in ambush—and in a hiding place beneath a road-bridge leading out of Dublin, Father Dan bade his nineteen-year-old disciple God-speed. George Nolan's world, and apparently his future, lay in ruins.

FATHER DAN'S departing heels tapped a measured good-by on the road overhead, the sound fading into silence. George leaned against the base of the old stone arch, looking out of its shadow at fields chalk-white under Ireland's August moon, listening to the quiet that meant Michael Collins was dead, the rebellion over, the great plans shattered. . . .

"One hundred pounds on your head before morning." George passed his hand over his hair and swallowed hard against a rising lump of nausea in his throat. Somewhere in the swirl of panic a sane small voice said: You will get out of this. You have plenty of money, you've got that motorbike. Keep your head, you damn fool.

He climbed slowly up the bank; with deliberate movements got the motorbike out of its hiding place, primed it, started it. Kicked the tires. But his hand had the throttle lever wide open before the dust of the road had settled from his starting.

In the morning gloom, in Belfast, an old friend named O'Rourke helped cover him with evil-smelling tarpaulins in an outbound truck. "We've heard from Father Dan," O'Rourke said. "The secret service is busy already. Make haste, me lad."

At nine that evening George stood in a Glasgow alleyway, knocking on the kitchen door of a cheap café. He had bank notes ready in his hand—better than a gun. The man with the apron, and slits for eyes, gave him a slip of paper with an address on it. "Hide at this place until tomorrow. There'll be a trawler steaming down the Firth and through the Irish Sea to Liverpool. You can get a freighter there."

"Bound. . . .?"

The man shrugged. "You'll not be caring. America, probably."

The address was a rickety little rooming house near the docks, owned by a dour Scotswoman with grey hair strained close to her scalp, thin lips, a sharp nose; her eyes said plainly, "Who are you?"

But she asked nothing aloud until late in the

THE ENTHRALLING LIFE HISTORY OF A FIGHTING IRISHMAN

Brief interlude—Constance Worth as the third Mrs. Brent

afternoon, when her knock brought him uneasily to the door of his room. "Y'r an Irish laddie, hmm?" she muttered, her eyes on her work-yellowed hands.

"Originally," he said, trying to keep the rich rolling brogue out of that "r." He thought: It's a trap, maybe. He saw the corners of the proprietress' mouth draw down imperceptibly in disbelief. "If you'll just take this money," George added, "and get me a paper of tobacco at the corner shop—"

When she returned he had gone, with his luggage. She invoked the Diety aloud as she took off her apron, and was quite out of breath from running when she reached the police station. But the shadows of the warehouse George had found were deep and cluttered with waiting sealed boxes; he pried one open and put his bag and coat inside, so that when, at ten that night, the crates were carried aboard the trawler he was one of the shirt-sleeved dock hands, helping. He simply stayed on deck when the others left.

At Land's End the trawler was hailed by a small motorboat and took aboard a party of police. George, crouching tense by the pilothouse, recognized the leader of the little knot of men as they stood forward, talking earnestly with the captain. Against the boy's ribs a triphammer heart beat hard, sending excitement coursing through him; here was the hour at last, and its name was zero. He braced himself.

Then, as the captain turned, George jumped for the rail. He clambered down the ladder, bringing up in the motorboat's cockpit with a crash. The motor was thudding at ease under the long nose of the craft and George's fingers tore at restraining lines . . . He heard the shouting above him and the sharp interpolative explosions might have been exhaust—or guns. He did not look back to see.

The freighter, standing a mile or two out, was turning slowly and black smoke wisped from its funnels. It was just under way when George drew alongside, his arms frantic semaphores, his throat raw from yelling. A floppy ladder came overside as the freighter slowed; and a minute later the little police craft was bobbing, empty, in its wake.

George had had to make the jump with his Gladstone in one hand. On deck he waited, panting. The thought struck him that he did not have the least idea what this boat was, nor her destination, nor her captain's affiliations. To get so far, by such thin margin, only to find himself in irons— "Holy Mother," his heart prayed. *"Please!"*

And, "By all the Saints!" said Captain Johnny Flaugherty, striding up. "Are *you* the man? 'Twas a close one, George—that time."

Captain Johnny had been George Nolan's friend for two years.

Culver Service

A Broadway break that backfired—George with Alice Brady and Glenda Farrell in "Love, Honor and Betray" (above)

Fame and happiness—for a while—in the arms of Ruth Chatterton, former co-star and wife (right)

"YOU are one of the apostles of liberty," Captain Johnny said. He took his pipe out of his mouth and gestured with the stem at the dark smoking mass that was Montreal. "You'd be hanging from the gallows in Dublin this day except for your wits."

"And some blackguard the richer by a hundred pounds," said George fiercely. "Richer than I at that, y'know."

"Collins paid you well?"

"Yes. But escape is bought dear."

"You can have your passage money back," Captain Johnny said quickly.

George grinned at him. "I don't regret the

(Continued on page 87)

Romantic enigma—George in "The Painted Veil," with Greta Garbo

JUAREZ

The Life History of a Movie

A superfilm reaches Step Three in its fascinating career and offers an exciting lesson in how movies are made

Film editor Warren Low examines a scene from "Juarez." Note the moviola on the table. Sound track (right) corresponds to close-up of Bette Davis. (Below), re-recording scene of Paul Muni. Mixer Gerald Alexander controls the music, Composer Erich Wolfgang Korngold watches the screen

BY NANCY NAUMBURG

IF you're curious about movies, you may wonder how they're made from a brainstorm in someone's mind, step by step, to the finished film. In the two previous articles of this series we took you to Warner Brothers studio to watch "Juarez" being made. You talked to the writers, producer, casting and research heads. They told you of the year and a half of preparation before a single foot of film was shot. Then you watched the two months of shooting with William Dieterle directing Bette Davis, Paul Muni, Brian Aherne and many others.

Now, with the shooting over, perhaps you'd like to come out to the studio again to watch the post-production stage of "Juarez," in which it is edited, scored and has all additional sound effects added.

Let's go to the cutting room first. . . .

Warren Low, film editor, was completely surrounded by long strips of film hanging from nails. Having worked with Producer Henry Blanke and Director Dieterle on "Zola" and "Pasteur," he knew what they wanted for "Juarez."

"Editing is much more than pasting pieces of film together," Warren Low told us. "It's much more than putting together sequences in their proper order. You must feel how long to hold a close-up or a long shot. You always try to move into a scene gradually so that the audience is not conscious of a scene changing.

"I spend a good deal of time on the set, so that if anything is missing I can suggest certain shots be made. William Dieterle is a splendid person to work with, because he figures out his cutting while he's shooting. He moves his camera quite a bit. He doesn't take a great many close-ups, he prefers medium and two-shots (that is, a medium shot which includes two people).

"You've seen the routine of shooting—first the master or long shot, which establishes the players in their setting, then generally a medium shot or close-up, or both, to focus the action more closely. Every scene is shot all the way through in long, medium and close shots. This gives the editor a chance to use some of each and in that way break up a scene in telling his story. Of course, the actors must do and say exactly the same things in all the shots of one scene, because the editor never knows where he will cut it.

"When the day's shooting is completed, the film is rushed to the *(Continued on page 80)*

Hal Wallis, associate executive in charge of production on "Juarez"

JOAN BLONDELL

STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES' "Good Girls go to Paris"

Clever girls follow Hollywood's tip—they use all the cosmetics they wish, but they use the soap with ACTIVE lather to remove *thoroughly* stale cosmetics, dust and dirt. It's foolish to let pores become choked—cause the dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Beachcombers

Hollywood solves a sea-going situation with Indispensables, chic and comfortable, for a day on the beach

BY FRANCES HUGHES, *New York Fashion Editor*

1 . . . a sunbonnet to keep you lily-white in spite of the elements! This one's very sea-going with its marine-blue straw brim and fishnet crown and streamers. $5.00 at Saks 5th Ave., New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills

2 . . . goggles as streamlined as the Twentieth Century, with oversize lenses, oversize rims, oversize bows —to make you look fragile. In favorite colors, $3.95 at Saks 5th Ave., New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills

3 . . . a striped knit B.V.D. swim suit with lastex midriff, for stripes, you know, are streamlining the best figures in Hollywood, Paris and New York. $6.00 at Strawbridge and Clothier, Philadelphia; Hale Bros., San Francisco

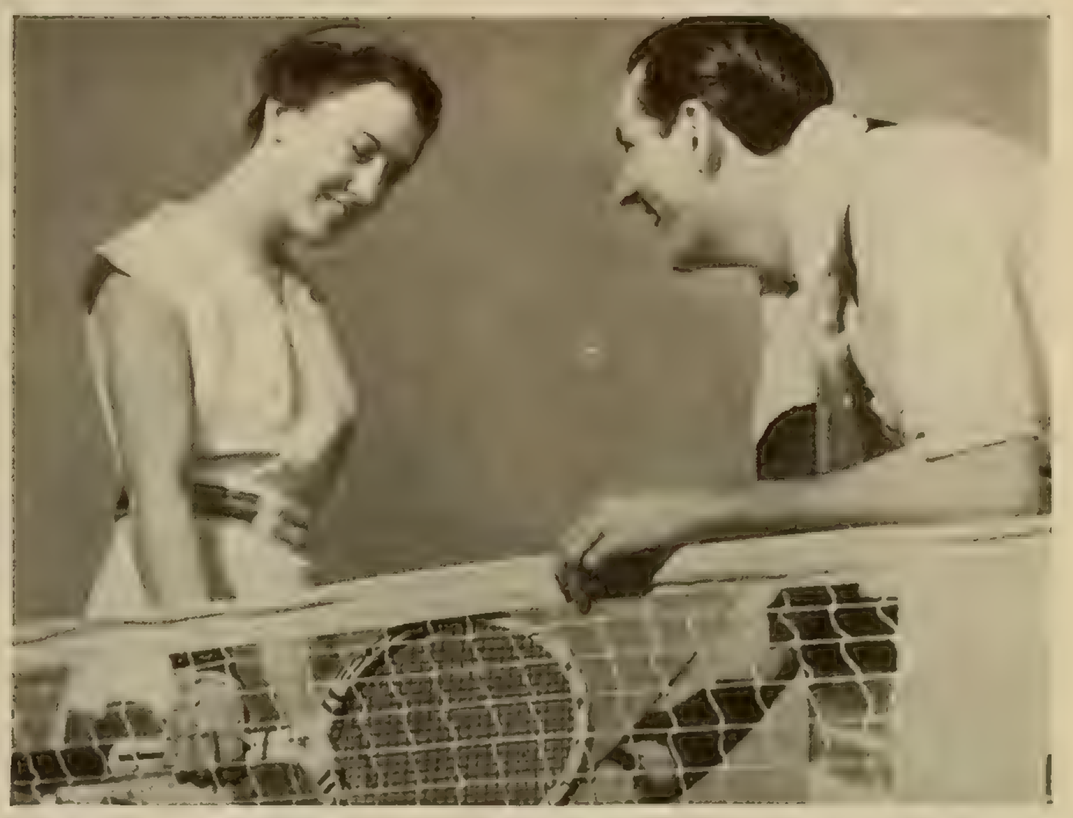
4 . . . a striped beach kit includes Antoine's famous suncream, a lipstick, compact, dusting powder, mirror, tissues, cigarette compartment and goggles. $5.00 at B. Altman, New York and J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles

5 . . . a canvas carpetbag with a fishnet pocket, for when a lady goes to sea she has to tote her beach coat, towels, slacks, shorts, literature and lunch. $4.00 at Saks 5th Ave., New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills

6 . . . wooden clogs that beat the Dutch because they're cut out at sole and heel for a fairy tread. You can change the linen laces to suit your color scheme. $6.50 at Saks 5th Ave., New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills

THEY *All Agree* ON TODAY'S NEW SKIN CARE

In England, The Lady Rosemary Gresham, daughter of the **21st Earl of Erroll,** has cared for her skin with Pond's since her school days. She says: "Pond's is as perfect as ever for cleansing and softening my skin!"



Montreal—The Hon. Ann Shaughnessy, daughter of the late **Lord Shaughnessy.** With English and American sportswomen, she cheers the new skin care—"skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cold Cream.

British and American Sportswomen

CREAM

EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"

INTO THEIR SKIN*

Titled English Horsewoman—The Lady Cynthia Williams, daughter of the **Earl of Guilford,** often visits America—one of many British peeresses who praise the new skin care.

In Canada—Mrs. Robert W. Armstrong, of Toronto, goes to Lake Muskoka for fishing. " 'Skin-vitamin' in Pond's is an added reason for banking on this grand cream!"

A Roosevelt smiles from the springboard! The former Anne Clark says: "Now that it's known 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health, it's great to have it in Pond's."

It's American to skate! Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of Wilmington, often joins her friends at a private rink. She has always used Pond's to give make-up that **winning sparkle.**

In Britain, in Canada and in the United States, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the **new** skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

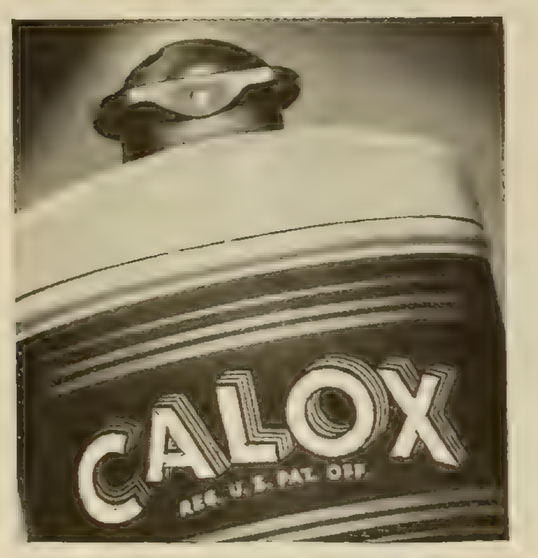
*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

"CALOX gives teeth a real high polish" says Anita Louise

Featured in "OLD GRAD" A New Universal Picture

For teeth that shine like the stars ★ ★ ★ use CALOX POWDER



Why Hollywood Stars OK Calox

1. Calox helps bring out the natural lustre of the teeth.
2. Calox has a pleasant, refreshing taste.
3. Calox is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.
4. Calox is pure, smooth, safe—no grit, no pumice. Calox never harms precious enamel.
5. Calox, a powder, lasts longer; comes in four money-saving sizes.

Here's a tip from Hollywood for a lovely, radiant smile:

Your smile is more alluring when your teeth glisten with natural, sparkling lustre. In Hollywood, where the screen demands brilliant, radiant smiles, stars are particular about the dentifrice they use. Results *show!*

Lovely Anita Louise and scores of other screen stars rely on Calox Tooth Powder to help give added sparkle to their smiles.

Important to You

You, too, can have confidence in Calox. Calox is safe—a smooth blend of five tested cleansing and polishing ingredients that can't scratch precious enamel. Calox is pure—made with prescription accuracy by McKesson & Robbins, whose products have been prescribed for 106 years.

Follow the stars. Put added sparkle in your smile. Get Calox today at any drug counter. There are four convenient, long-lasting sizes. Remember Calox... for teeth that shine like the stars'.

Accepted — 4538 — Good Housekeeping Bureau

Copr. 1939 McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 60)

Cross Roads

JOAN CRAWFORD stands today at a dangerous crossroads in her career. She knows it and is crushed and heartsick over it. Her last few pictures have been anything but the successes she had hoped. Whether the blame lies on story, direction or cutting isn't important now. The important thing is, Joan must now quickly and without delay, make a turn-about-face in pictures.

How to do it, where to turn, what to do, is the question. All her hopes were founded on "Ice Follies," in which her ability as a skater and a singer were to be exploited. At the preview, a brief flash of Joan on skates and a quick snatch of song were all that remained of the hours of work and the great hopes that had gone into the picture.

"I want to get away. I've got to get away," she says to her friends. But the bugaboo only awaits her on her return. Perhaps away from Hollywood, however, Joan may be able to see more clearly what to do. Certainly the rôle offered her in "The Women" is a mere bit, a strong bit but not worthy of Crawford's talents.

So what lies ahead now for Crawford? It's the question of the month in Hollywood. And one we all hope will be solved satisfactorily.

Hollywood at a Side Glance

AT a penny chewing-gum machine stands a fair lady waiting for her gum after dropping in her penny.

When none comes, like everybody else, she attempts to beat the machine into giving.

"Oh darn," she murmurs and finally walks away.

It's Hedy Lamarr.

An item in a paper attracts the attention of an actress, dressed as a bride for a movie scene. Searching in her bag for her glasses she peers at them a moment and then, stealing a little glance around, picks up a corner of her elaborate wedding veil and *wipes off the glasses.*

The girl? Her name is Bette Davis.

Gossip Is the Staff of Life

WE like to have lunch at Warner Brothers. The Green Room is a chummy sort of place where people stop by your table and pass the time of day and maybe tell you the latest gossip. We had some enjoyable chitchat the last time we were there.

Ann Sheridan was telling us about her new yen for ice skating. It started when they took her and Ronald Reagan out to the Ice Palace one day to pose for some publicity "stills" in fancy skating costumes. She had never been on skates before, but the idea so caught her fancy that, every single morning since, she has gotten up early (as early as five o'clock on days when she has been working) and has taken a skating lesson! She's pretty good by now; she admits it. Incidentally, Ann has a new swanky roadster. The Dead End Kids teased her so much about her old 1933 model that she finally did something about it. She calls the new job "Scarlett," for no good reason. It is coal black.

Johnny Payne stopped and had an extra cup of coffee with us and while he was there Jimmy Cagney stopped by and had a cup with us, too.

Olivia de Havilland asked us out to tea with herself and sister Joan Fontaine and we were tickled to death on account of we like them both a lot. Each has the delightful ability to *listen* during a conversation and to appear darned interested in what is being said, too.

Yes, we had a swell time lunching in the Green Room that day.

War Games

RESULTS of the far-away European unrest, have caused Hollywood time, money, headaches and heartaches in more ways than one. For instance, Warner Brothers have had to go to the terrific expense of re-sounding twenty-two of their huge stages to shut out the hum of planes being tested overhead. Where formerly only an occasional plane interfered with the delicate sound mechanism, now dozens and dozens of planes, from lighter ships to bombers, are daily flying over the Burbank studio, making it necessary to reshoot almost every scene.

Added to this trouble is the fear that many of the English stars may be called home at any moment.

Yes, Europe reaches out these days, even to the land of make-believe.

Livvie's Last Laugh

CLARK GABLE was doing a scene in which, as *Rhett Butler,* he was required to carry the lovely Olivia de Havilland down a long flight of stairs. While the cameras clicked, he teased Olivia about being such a featherweight. So, come the seventh take, Olivia secreted a thirty-pound weight from the camera boom under her voluminous frock—and Clark, after picking her up with a flourish, gave her a startled look and staggered on. Olivia smiled rather smugly—but last.

New Orleans Belle

MARY HEALY, the lovely little lady from New Orleans and the most recent newcomer to get her break at Twentieth Century-Fox, has an interesting bit of background connected with her "discovery" and subsequent trip to Hollywood for a screen test. Mary has always been talented and for a time she earned money now and then by singing in night clubs in New Orleans. However, when circumstances rose that made her the main support of her family, Mary decided that, while such an income was all right in its way, it was sketchy and very unreliable and that a steady income was the thing to try for. So she studied stenography and got a job in the Twentieth Century-Fox exchange with the specific understanding that she was *not* to have any aspirations towards movie work. When a talent scout checked into the office she evaded him and conscientiously kept her nose in her work. But, just to show that you can't control things like that, it was Mary that the scout saw one evening the following week end while out dancing—and it was Mary to whom he wangled an introduction. And when he asked if she'd like a test, she figured that as long as she wasn't on the job she had a right to accept her chance—with the result that she was one of the two girls chosen out of the group sent to Hollywood. Mary will have her big chance as the second lead in "Second Fiddle," a dramatic as well as a swell singing rôle.

Young Fry Society

(Continued from page 24)

"Billy Halop," says Leo proudly, "is a born social leader. Now me, I couldn't qualify 'cause I used to be a plumber's assistant when I was a kid.

"Anyhow, Billy seems to have more of that manly hero stuff at parties, like the one Miss Gale Page gave for us at La Conga after 'Crime School.' Billy got up and did a swell job master-of-ceremonying. But it's a funny thing about Billy, too. He can't keep a girl. Just too downright chivalrous. When he sees a pal admire his girl, he just naturally gives up. He 'gave up' Judy Garland to Bobby Jordan who admired her and he 'gave up' Alice Preston to Gabriel Dell when Gabriel fell for her. But he's still a grand leader and way out in front."

There was a moment, an awful moment, when it seemed the dashing, black-haired Billy would have to relinquish his place of honor to blushing Bobby Jordan. It happened after a preview of a picture. Standing in the midst of the milling after-theater crowd, the car announcer called in a loud voice: "Miss Constance Bennett's car;" and then: "Mr. Bobby Jordan's car," amending it to, "Mr. Robert Jordan's car" and Bobby and Judy Garland stepped into the chauffeur-driven flivver and drove away.

Nothing a member of the Dead Enders had ever done surpassed this moment. But Halop cinched his social leadership by instantly purchasing a hemorrhage-colored car that flashed before the astounded eyes of the natives for all the world like a tomato surprise on wheels.

Another factor in Bobby's favor as a leader is (and here's where boys elsewhere are liable to drop over) the fact that he still consults his mother concerning his dates—where he's going and with whom.

Hollywood mamas dote on decorum; insist on it for their movie daughters. Bonita Granville, for instance, is not permitted to attend a dancing party in a night club, unchaperoned. Nor is Deanna Durbin or Georgiana Young, Loretta's youngest sister. Deanna may go dining with a young man, but no night dancing without mama or papa, or her director, Edward Ludwig.

To be honest, the Young Fryers (except occasionally, as when Judy Garland sneaked out for a moment of deviltry at the Victor Hugo) seldom attend night spots unless in a large group. And at least one chaperon accompanies the group.

Incidentally, there is little or no public rowdiness among the Young Fryers—an object lesson some of the oldsters could well copy in their rounds of gayety.

EQUALLY loyal to their leader are the members of the Jackie Cooper group. A little more sedate, perhaps, than the Dead End socialites, Jackie leads the group that entertains at home parties. To this group belong Deanna Durbin, Marcia Mae **Jones, Bonita** Granville, Dick Morris **(Wayne's kid** brother) and Peggy Stuart, Jackie's latest romance.

"The proof of a good home party," says leader Cooper, "is, first of all, the eats. Deanna's parties are somethin' when it comes to food. Then, of course, there's music. Sometimes we have a real orchestra but most of the time we use the radio or victrola records."

The rules and regulations governing dress among Young Fry parties would cause Emily Post many an anxious moment. For instance, formality is strictly taboo among the males, but the girls nearly always appear in floor-length dresses and fancy coiffures, with a corsage (tired, maybe, but still a corsage) pinned on the shoulder.

The question of a new dress for each new party is a problem between mother and daughter and one we leave strictly to mother and daughter and the tears that are shed and the cries of, "Well, I simply can't wear that old blue taffeta again. Jackie Cooper must be sick of the sight of it and, anyway, Deanna had a new dress last time."

NOW, what goes on at these home parties?

Well, there's dancing and games and stuffing " 'til you just can't eat another bite—'cept another sandwich and a piece of chocolate cake and more ice cream. And after that, not one more bite, except—"

Charades and games called "Quotations" and "Cartoon" are played for a while, but their first and last love is dancing. Games are something to fill in with until dancing begins.

"I've got to admit," says young Cooper, "that the Dead End kids are tops in dancing."

When a large group party includes members of all social cliques, the undivided group stands by to admire the terpsichorean ability of Billy Halop's rhumba or Huntz Hall's waltzing. Leo is practically the only jitterbug in the group—and can he jitter!

"But what about kissing games?" we asked a fifteen-year-old member of Cooper's little band. "Don't you play post office, for instance?"

She drew herself up proudly. "Kissing was all right when we were fourteen," she said, "but we've certainly grown beyond that now. Besides, dancing is more dignified."

NOT to be overlooked is that other band of Young Fryers, "The Little Tough Guys," who acknowledge as their leader good-looking Frankie Thomas, who vies with all other leaders for top billing. And don't think the struggle for supremacy isn't terrific.

Just as the handsome football or basketball star may lead his own high school group in other towns, so do the biggest movie successes, such as Mickey Rooney, Billy Halop, Jackie Cooper and Frankie Thomas, lead their groups. But when these leaders start struggling for the top social rung, look out!

Mickey scored with his organized football team and song writing. Jackie Cooper came back with a trump in his own orchestra in which he plays the trap drums. (Recently, the orchestra moved into the Victor Hugo for one glorious night.) Mickey came back at Jackie by beating them all at bowling and Frankie Thomas shows them all up by his prowess as a skater.

After the Roller Bowl (a common meeting ground for all cliques, groups and clans), the high spot is Eaton's Drive-In-Stand on Fairfax and Wilshire Boulevard. With horns honking to summon the slack-clad waitresses, the Young Fryers sit in their cars, gorging on root beer, hot dogs and hamburgers *with onions.*

"With onions" is the last word in Elsa Maxwellish behavior with Young Fry Society in Hollywood.

P. S. To prove that you just can't keep up with the Young Fryers . . . word comes, as we go to press, that Leo Gorcey will soon desert Young Fry Society to join the Young Married set with blond Catherine Marvis as his bride.

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

Cashmere Bouquet

10¢—3 for 25¢ at drug, department and ten-cent stores

THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

There I stood—staring at the rows of medals on the General's chest—too dazzled to speak. Suddenly—"Can that be a package of Beeman's in your hand?" whispered the General. His smile outshone the medals when I managed to stammer, "Y-yes! Have a stick?"

"That flavor's refreshing as a cool shower after a hot march!" the General declared. "Snappy as a band on parade! Give me Beeman's every time for real pep and tang! Miss—you deserve a medal!" And he made me one then and there—out of Beeman's shiny foil!

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 65)

carnation. Ty dances with Edna May Oliver and a hundred tail-coated and bare-shouldered extras fill out the floor. The band swings it—"The Back to Back."

This dance might turn out to be one of those Lambeth Walk affairs. It's the kind a whole floor full of dancers do, and it looks like fun no end. Partners back into each other, stick their arms out and rock them up and down, hot-footing it about meanwhile.

We back away from the "Back to Back" to Samuel Goldwyn's, where, inspired by Jimmy Roosevelt or something, the lot is busy shooting the Jascha Heifetz picture, "Music School."

It's about a slum district boys' symphony and, you guessed it, Jascha Heifetz steps in at the eleventh hour to make their concert a big success. Nothing new, but packing enough suspense and heart throbs to keep you interested between the marvelous violin melodies of the master.

Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds go along with Jascha for a movie ride, so to speak. The real dramatic parts go to Walter Brennan and a curly-headed youngster named Gene Reynolds. Maybe you remember him as the crippled kid in "Boys Town."

The set is the room where the poor kids' orchestra practices. The walls are covered with battered secondhand instruments. It's the cellar of a settlement house presided over by Walter Brennan. On another stage near-by, fifty child members of the California Junior Symphony are making music, but here only Gene Reynolds and Walter hold forth under the expert eye of roly-poly director, Archie Mayo. Everything is hushed. People speak in whispers. They're trying to get a sad scene. Our shoes squeak.

Poor Gene has lost his dog, his best pal, and Walter Brennan is trying to be sympathetic. Gene bursts into tears.

They rehearse the scene several times. Then Archie Mayo puts his hand on Gene's shoulder.

"Do you feel the urge, Gene?" he asks.

"In a minute," replies the boy.

"Let me know when you're ready," says Archie.

Gene stands looking at the wall. Suddenly he turns around, his eyes glistening in the arc lights.

"Okay," says Archie Mayo softly, "let's do it."

One take—that's all—and it's a long, tearful scene. At the end Archie Mayo booms, "Couldn't be better!"

AT Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, "On Borrowed Time," that dramatic stage commentary on death, gets the production spotlight.

Lionel Barrymore stars, with another new boy actor, Bobs Watson, running a close second in the rôle Peter Holden made famous on the stage. M-G-M wanted Peter for the part originally, but, to their surprise, they found he'd grown too big in a few months, so eight-year-old Bobs got the job.

Lionel Barrymore is *Gramps*, an old man with a great love for his grandson, Bobs. The drama is an old man's fight to ward off death until he can assure the boy's future which wicked relatives threaten. Sir Cedric Hardwicke personifies *Death* and Lionel gets him up an apple tree, but when he realizes that *Death* is a blessing he lets him get down again.

Lionel has a day off, but we watch Bobs, a chubby, freckle-faced kid, Una Merkel and that stony-faced screenie-meanie, Eily Malyon, do a street scene under the direction of Harold Bucquet.

The scene is a traveling shot, a good city block long. Eily Malyon stalks grimly along the village street, while Una dashes in and out of the scene. When Eily gets going, a sound track follows beside her talking merrily along, although Eily doesn't open her lips. It's her thoughts, told in "asides," as in "Strange Interlude" — remember? The sound track talks and Eily stalks—things are going swell and then—

Around the corner of the street, smack into the scene comes, of all things, a baby elephant led by a chimpanzee! They're fugitives from a "Tarzan" picture shooting on the same lot.

Also in work at M-G-M are "6,000 Enemies" and "Maisie Was a Lady." The latter, with Robert Young, Ann Sothern, Ian Hunter and Ruth Hussey, is a ranch romance between a honky-tonk dancer on the loose and one of nature's western noblemen. But it's 'way out west on location at Chatsworth—so Walter Pidgeon and Rita Johnson catch our eagle eye on the "6,000 Enemies" set.

THE general idea of "6,000 Enemies" is love laughing out loud at locksmiths, with a bit of forgive-thy-enemies thrown in. Walter is a militant district attorney who sends a lot of people to prison and then gets framed and eased behind bars himself. There he meets his former victims and one of them, Rita, also framed, puts his heart in jail, too.

We watch Walter and Rita in a prison laundry. The whole set is clammy and stifling with steam they're piping in from a boiler near by. Giant wrench in hand, Walter, one of those handy men around the pen, is supposed to be fixing the pipes. Each time he twists a bolt prop men pump steam at him and he ducks back. Finally they get just the right amount of it and the scene gets rolling.

We roll on, too, right past Walter Wanger's sleeping studio, where "Winter Carnival," the Dartmouth ski epic, is still hammer locking production without a suitable script, out to Pasadena and the famous Rose Bowl where Warner Brothers are already making your next fall's gridiron entertainment—"Lighthorse Harry."

This is Bert Wheeler's first picture since his pal, Bob Woolsey, died. There's no doubt Bert misses Bob tremendously, but personal feelings have nothing to do with show business. Bert's a comic and comic he must be. For "Lighthorse Harry" is aimed at laughs.

The entire Southern California football squad is filling the air with pigskins and grunts as we emerge on the Rose Bowl turf. It's hottish in Pasadena, but Bert is standing around in a fur coat, one of the "benny" variety.

What a football game! Plays resemble a cross between the Statue of Liberty, Minnesota Shift, Dipsy-Doodle and the Lambeth Walk. And through it all streaks Bert Wheeler, wrapped up in his fur "benny," with the sun at ninety-five degrees! After he has made five acrobatic touchdown runs through the entire USC squad, we have melted away five pounds in sympathy and Bert looks like a wet cat. We decide to postpone our football until the proper season and head for Hollywood.

"Give Me a Child" is the other Warner Brothers production of the month. If you remember "Life Begins," you've got it. Loretta Young and Eric Linden did the first filming of this maternity ward drama, seven years ago. Now Geraldine Fitzgerald, the Irish colleen of "Dark Victory" and "Wuthering Heights," makes a pass at Hollywood stardom, via the lying-in hospital. Jeffrey Lynn essays Eric Linden's part and the other blessed eventers are Gladys George, Spring Byington, Jean Sharon and Gale Page.. Johnny Davis, a recent prospective first-time papa in real life, gets money for his nail-biting, in the same kind of part.

The story is about a girl in prison, sent to a maternity hospital to have her baby. There are really two divisions of the story—the mamas in the ward, the papas sweating blood in the halls. All action is in the hospital, where the types—the tough mother, the young unmarried mother, the mother who has a baby every year, the nurses, doctors—all mix up in a "Grand Hotel" type of story.

The set is the white cot-dotted maternity ward. All the actresses are in bed. We watch a few scenes, meticulously checked by two technical adviser doctors. The place is alive with real babies, some crying, others asleep.

Geraldine, Jean, Spring and company all stay in their cots and chat away as the cameras line up, time when stand-ins usually work. "It's easier than climbing out of bed," says Jean lazily. "And we mothers have to conserve our strength."

COLUMBIA is a beehive of excitement with Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas, Walter Connolly and Alan Curtis cavorting in a comedy with the marquee-murdering title of "Good Girls Go to Paris." When we look in on a gaudy set patterned after El Morocco, the New York nitery, three rhumba teachers are slaving to teach the stars the latest Cuban jitterbugging. They look so wrapped up in their work that we pass quietly on to RKO, noting mainly that Joan is wearing the new knee-length skirts in this one. And that Dick Powell, as usual, is hanging around the set watching his wife work. They're still honeymooning, those two.

The aviation entrée of the month is cooking at RKO. "Five Came Back," it's called. "The Dove," that old standby which Noah Beery and Norma Talmadge did years ago, is also up for a remake at RKO, with Leo Carrillo and Steffi Duna.

"Five Came Back" is the dramatic record of an air transport full of passengers forced down in a South American jungle. Five can ride the limping ship back to civilization; the rest must perish in the jungle.

Stages Nine and Ten at RKO have been joined together to house a jungle, with space big enough for a plane's runway, five hundred trees and two thousand shrubs, vines and creepers, with artificial streams, swamps, lagoons and waterfalls. In one corner is parked a real transport plane, slightly cracked up. In another, a plane's cabin is hoisted on rockers. The camera peeks in the windows of this where the big cast is grouped for the scene. The cast: Chester Morris, pilot, Patric Knowles, steward, Wendy Barrie and Kent Taylor, eloping couple, Lucille Ball, easy lady, Allen Jenkins, mugg, C. Aubrey Smith, archeological lecturer, and Joseph Calleia, detective, with his pris-

oner; John Carradine, in unwilling tow.

Grinning Director John Farrow, says "Rock 'em," and we notice a dozen huskies grab levers and roll the cabin back and forth. They're supposed to be flying. When the "Cut!" sounds the stars stagger down a ladder and weave across the set like drunken sailors.

A couple, and we won't give them away, hustle outside with a pale green look. "Airsick?" we inquire innocently. They give us dirty looks.

"Setsick," they answer. "This is the third day of this rockaby baby stuff. O-o-o-o-o—here we go again—"

Youth is rampant at Paramount as "What a Life," the scholastic comedy that amused Broadway for a year, gets transferred to film with Jackie Cooper, Betty Field, John Howard, Janice Logan, Lionel Stander and five hundred Los Angeles High School kids.

We look in on a high-school dance in a gymnasium set. Immediately a hundred couples speed past us having something resembling epileptic fits and, when the food appears, there is a rush like a cattle stampede. Before we know it, we're outside. We should have known better. We'll never crash a high-school party of five hundred kids again, even if it is only make-believe. Too dangerous.

The "Heaven on a Shoestring" set next door takes us backstage at the Bijou Theater for an always interesting and colorful set atmosphere to us—a vaudeville house. Theatrical trunks, costumes and gaily painted vaudeville paraphernalia clutter the long corridor beneath the curtain ropes.

Through all this Pat O'Brien weaves his way, drunkenly, singing, reciting lines, cracking jokes. He climbs an iron spiral stairway, goes along a balcony upstairs and inside a door with a star painted on it. All the time the camera, perched on a large crane, follows him.

"Heaven on a Shoestring" brings Pat, George E. Stone and Director Lewis Milestone back together for the first reunion since "The Front Page." It is the story of a brilliant Broadway producer's rise and fall and rise again through the talent of his daughter, Olympe Bradna.

We're about to move on when a boy comes in—"Telegram for Mr. O'Brien," he says. Pat rips it open. It's from his pals at Warner Brothers, congratulating him on starting the picture at Paramount. It reads:

"Twinkle, twinkle, our favorite star.
"Now we know just where you are.
"You're at Paramount with Bradna,
"But don't forget the gal's your daughter!"

Well—it doesn't seem to rhyme very well—but the advice is good. We'd hate to have to stick to a paternal complex, though, around lovely Olympe.

THAT old stage thriller, "The Cat and the Canary," is our last stop. Laura La Plante did the first Hollywood version in 1926. Elliott Nugent played it on the stage; now we find him directing Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, Gale Sondergaard, Douglass Montgomery and John Beal. Producer Arthur Hornblow looks on critically.

The set is a gloomy, vaulted mansion. The relatives, says the script, are gathered around to hear the reading of a rich eccentric's will, ten years after his death. Paulette inherits the money, then mysterious meanies try to frighten her out of her wits so they can take it away from her. There are plenty of dark doings and much sinister stuff.

Alligators swarm in an artificial swamp near by. One of them is yawning (we hope he's yawning) as we pass.

Paulette is togged out in a black and white checked dress. Seems they had a hard time finding the dress. They tested thirty or forty, but Paramount designers failed to hit the right pattern.

Then, one day, Paulette showed up at the studio in this checked number.

"Migosh!" cried the high-priced studio designers. "That's it! That's the dress—exactly what we've been trying to find. Where did you get it? How much did it cost?"

"It's my mother's," confessed Paulette. "I borrowed it. It cost fifteen dollars at a bargain counter!" The bargain-counter dress got the job.

LEAVING the movie lots to their fate, we change the scenery for a look at the ether temples of Radio City.

Three new developments in the Hollywood radio picture strike us at once. First, the big program boom in dramatics; second, the simmering down of movie star bookings to a tested few; and third, preparations for summer air vacations.

As we wander around the modernistic rehearsal studios we learn that star interviews on the air are passé. Good actors and actresses are all radio wants out of the Hollywood studios now.

As a result, radiogenic stars get repeat calls week after week. Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck, Madeleine Carroll, Spencer Tracy, Robert Montgomery, Lionel Barrymore, Virginia Bruce, Errol Flynn, Edward Arnold and Basil Rathbone are a few who are in radio to stay.

Basil Rathbone, we learn, has rescued "The Circle" since taking over from Ronald Colman. His dramatic sketches have done it. Good News has vastly increased its emoting spot. So has Chase and Sanborn with Don Ameche and his movie guests. Charles Boyer's dramatic ten-strike is the talk of Sunset and Vine. After three years, Cecil B. DeMille's Lux Radio Theater is still at the top. Rudy Vallee, always attune to radio trends, is now spending more money on his air playlets than on any other part of his show.

On the summer slump side, Jean Hersholt has joined Joe Penner and Jack Haley. Dick Powell follows soon when Tuesday Night Party leaves for the vacation months. Bob Hope, the Good News Show, Charles Boyer's Woodbury Playhouse, the Lux plays and Jack Benny all are set to vanish when it gets hot. Rudy Vallee, the Screen Actors' Guild Gulf program, Chase and Sanborn, The Circle and the Kraft Music Hall plan to stick it all year.

Hollywood Radio City chatter: Jack Benny hasn't suffered in popularity from his smuggling mixup . . . the reason, they say, is that he's always the poor boob in his scripts! . . . Jack's sponsors are solidly behind him and won't hear of his resignation. . . .

The golden voice of Marian Anderson, the Negro prima donna, broke down the "no applause" rule on The Circle and kept it down . . . Deanna Durbin is the godmother for Jimmy Wallington's new baby boy. . . .

Fannie Brice has a complete beauty treatment across the street from NBC a couple of hours before she does a Good News Snooks . . . Miliza Korjus always brings her daughter along to cheer her singing on Good News. . . .

Ned Sparks is planning "surprise appearances" on all Hollywood air shows . . . CBS ushers call all bad days "Gable Days," because when Clark is on a show the crowds are terrible . . . Bing Crosby is so lazy he now wears zipper shoes to broadcasts . . . Bing's "new" panama is eight years old.

And the radio insult of the month comes from Groucho Marx. Introducing Alexander Woollcott to the studio audience on The Circle, Groucho cracked. "The fat man is Alex Woollcott. Double-o, double-l, double-t—and double-chin!"

NOBODY'S SWEETHEART BECAUSE SHE'S NOT SWEET

"She needs a long-lasting Deodorant

ONE THAT NEITHER BATH NOR EXERCISE CAN RENDER INEFFECTIVE"

Dorothy Dix

SHE spends hours grooming herself for an important evening and yet neglects the one essential to *long-lasting* daintiness!

She hasn't learned that *every* girl needs a long-lasting deodorant—one that cannot wash off in a bath or fail you after tennis, an afternoon of shopping, or one or two dances.

You may think because you start out sweet, you'll *stay* sweet. You may think you don't perspire enough to matter. *Every* girl does . . . after exercise, when you're nervous or excited—just when you need to make your best impression!

Test Yourself!

If you don't believe it, smell the armhole of the dress you are wearing when you take it off tonight. You may discover *why* no one calls you "sweetheart."

You'll understand, too, why so many thousands of women rely on Liquid Odorono to guard their feminine appeal. Liquid Odorono keeps your underarm dry from 1 to 3 days. Perspiration *can't* collect on your dress and grow more offensive every time you wear it!

Perspiration is simply diverted to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. A doctor's prescription, a true perspiration check—Liquid Odorono scientifically controls dampness, odor, staining.

Easy to Use

Two applications of Liquid Odorono a week are usually enough. No dread of dampness or offensive perspiration odor for as much as three days!

No fear of ruining your favorite frocks with ugly stains. How easy that makes it to be dainty *every* day, *all* day!

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. The large size is more economical. Buy a large-size bottle or jar today! The Odorono Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.

Jones

Jones

Vera West, designer for Universal Studios, who creates all of Deanna Durbin's screen clothes and advises Deanna on personal wardrobe problems as well. Read about the exciting vacation wardrobe pictured here which she planned for Deanna

Fashion LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

YOUTH loves to play. The inclination to make a career of playing is aided and abetted in California with its everlasting sunshine and blue skies and the dozens of its unmatched outdoor play spots.

"What shall I wear?" gets a very definite answer. Time was when just about anything would do for knocking about on beaches, climbing over boat sides, the country club golf course, or wherever "having fun" is the chief order of the day.

But it is all different now, particularly this year. If a girl doesn't expend as much care in the choice of a play wardrobe as she gives to her dress-up for that swanky party, she will be sorry indeed. For all around her will be worn the best-looking play clothes you can imagine, smartly designed both as to fabric and cut and precisely planned for the whole dizzying round of intensive playing from sunrise to sundown.

Because Deanna Durbin, Universal's sixteen-year-old singing star, is one of the screen's hardest-working players, her play hours are all the more precious. Her vacations, which come only between pictures, are planned so that she derives the maximum of fun and relaxation from them and her playtime wardrobe is selected with special attention to what is young, cool, pleasant to wear and good to look at.

Vera West, Universal Studio designer, knows Deanna, her tastes, the colors and styles suitable to her age and figure, as perhaps no other woman does, not excluding her mother. From the time when Deanna, at thirteen, came to Universal to make her first picture, "Three Smart Girls"—which was an instantaneous hit—until today, when that charming youngster has registered her fifth hit in a straight row with "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," Vera West has designed and created everything which Deanna wears on the screen. In addition she puts the stamp of approval on Deanna's personal wardrobe. It is no uncommon sight to see the star of what has been called the most amazing series of hits in box-office history and Miss West, their heads together, poring over sketches, surrounded by bolts of fabrics and knee-deep in feminine gadgets. You can be sure some holiday jaunt or party or what-have-you is in the wind.

MISS WEST has just planned a play wardrobe for Deanna which she will put to good use the instant her sixth and current picture for Universal, "After School Days," is finished.

Miss West started with a slacks suit, because no holiday can be thoroughly enjoyable without one. The ease and comfort with which that type of garment is worn makes it a "must" in any play wardrobe.

This year slacks suits take on an added importance by virtue of the fact that they are no longer limited to just blouse and trousers. There must be the accompanying jacket, whether of the same fabric or a contrast.

Deanna's slacks suit, shown in the upper left-hand corner, is of apple-green crepe, the tailored trousers wider this year than last, in keeping with the feminine trend in all clothes. A cuff trims the trouser leg at the hem. The tailored blouse has a convertible collar, worn open at the neck. To wear over this suit Deanna has selected a beige camel's-hair jacket for cool days, and they do come, even in California. In length, the jacket comes well over the hip, with two huge, saddle-bag pockets. These are a joy for caching a hanky, powder puff, or anything

(Continued on page 79)

What American Women Think of Hollywood Women

(Continued from page 21)

affair out there is wrecked because one or the other partner put his or her career ahead of family life. This fact in connection with a Hollywood divorce carries less blame, curiously enough, than it does in the ordinary community. What else can they do? They have to work hard, keep make-up on their faces all day, be massaged in their free moments. My Tom or Dick, thinks the average woman, wouldn't put up with that!

But, of course, we don't believe that the Hollywood woman would marry Tom or Dick, any more than she would cook the dinners or count the laundry or exchange recipes. If she does such things at all, they are as publicity stunts. So we think. So we say. One very possible injustice that the average American woman does the Hollywood woman is to believe that she does, and must do, everything for publicity. And doesn't mind it.

AS we learn more about the Hollywood woman, we respect her for various qualities. We know that the Hollywood woman who achieves success works hard, counts her calories and watches not only her morals but every appearance of evil. The fact that Hollywood life has plenty of attendant discipline is generally known and believed. Sometimes the average woman, comfortable in her velvet chair in the dark of a movie house, realizing the amount of labor that goes to the making of a picture, wonders if it's worth it, in spite of the glamour, and if it isn't better to be one of the audience and not have the strain.

We feel, too, that the Hollywood woman is relieved from many of the responsibilities of ordinary citizenship; that, in fact, such things don't exist in Hollywood. Almost every average American woman has some civic responsibility. She either seeks it or can't avoid it. She belongs to something, the League of Women Voters, the Musical Society, the Woman's Club, the P. T. A., the Junior League, the Farm and Home Club. She can't imagine a Hollywood branch of any of these organizations. Hollywood isn't a place where you grew up with the man who runs for mayor.

Looking around at the women in a P. T. A. meeting, conscientious and serious, whose faces are often tired and who aren't made up more than very sketchily, who may look as if they've been up all night with the baby, it seems a far cry from Hollywood, so far a cry that it would never be heard there. If women got together in Hollywood to discuss child problems, we imagine that the discussion would be one of child custody or child salaries. Fair or not, that is the impression. One can't imagine Carole Lombard being interested in the social welfare clinic, or spending her hours there like the ordinary debutante. One can't imagine Bette Davis giving a paper on foreign affairs to the Tuesday Morning Study Group. The Hollywood woman wouldn't make a practice of lunching at the club on Friday. Besides, she is always on a diet.

They haven't the time for these things. The American woman somehow exempts the Hollywood woman from the responsibilities as well as the pleasure of simple leisure. We know—because we read it over and over again—that there are quiet women and normal children in the Hollywood of today. We know that there must be friendships there as well as love affairs. We know that there are all the usual sports. But we feel that the bright light which is partly klieg and partly California sun makes these things different from our sports and our friendships. And then, too, there is the cost.

THE Hollywood woman is again set apart from most ordinary women by the report of what she spends. In Hollywood everyone seems, from what we hear, to be either rich or starving, building a big house or going into bankruptcy. No one gets along and saves money on three thousand a year. If they do, we don't hear of it. Everything is reported to be expensive. There are rumors of what houses cost to rent, to buy; of how they are built for entertaining on the grand scale. We have no doubt that these entertainments are splendid and glamorous. But we can't believe that the Hollywood woman just asks somebody in for dinner, as we do. It's hard to believe that Norma Shearer says, "I must have the Coopers over for dinner. Did we have a marmalade soufflé last time they were here?" No, when the Coopers come, so does everybody else and they take motion pictures of the guests as they come in the gate.

They are out of scale. They are out of reach, these Hollywood women. We feel that. Then, what is it that keeps average women poring over movie magazines, studying pictures of stars? Most of them do. They don't admit or even realize how much they do of this, but the man at the magazine stand or the hairdresser could tell you. Every beauty shop provides movie magazines for women who "never read them." Why are they read so constantly and with such interest?

Because we copy the Hollywood woman. Sometimes it is done with obviousness, sometimes subtlely. Walk down any street, come up behind a country girl studying herself in her mirror, and you'll see. If the average girl or woman is told that she has a resemblance to Luise Rainer or Clauette Colbert, quite definitely she is marked for life. She slants her eyes, lifts her eyebrows, reaccents herself until it's sometimes hard to bear.

We copy the stars' swift bright talk, their modulated voices, their wisecracks. There was a great speed-up in suburban dialogue after "The Thin Man." We like the way they talk, quick with a comeback, perfect in the expression of emotional feeling. Maybe it's taught to them—but they learned it. For that we admire them. We try on a hat that is extreme in style, a coat very extravagant with fur, and say, "That makes me look like Hollywood—I couldn't wear that!" We decide not to buy it but, then, we often do buy it just the same.

For she isn't like us, the Hollywood woman. That's why it is so tempting to be a little like her.

"YOU MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY—" This might well be Hollywood's theme song when it confronts its studio beauticians! Did you absorb all that fascinating advice from leading make-up artists in this month's "Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier"? Then you'll be doubly eager to scan the next instalment for its easy-to-follow tips on hair-styling, in August PHOTOPLAY!

Beauty swims at the Fair—

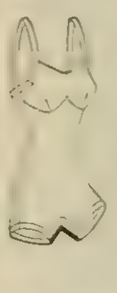
in the new Silhouetting Swim Suits designed by *B.V.D.!

True daughters of Neptune, the lovely young girls who star in "Billy Rose's Aquacade—New York World's Fair 1939." And every one of them wears **B. V. D. Suits exclusively!* The reasons—form-fitting glamour and figure control...flexible, buoyant fabrics and sparkling aquatic colors. Wear them—and see for yourself!

Uplift Control—There's silhouette sorcery in the bustline control of B.V.D. suits. It's done with clever cut and exclusive elastic design that raises and slenderizes the bust.

Midriff Sculpturing—Figure magic is yours in every B.V.D. fabric—in every B.V.D. suit that holds you firmly, comfortably at the waistline, makes you look slim-as-a-stalk.

Evening Gown Brilliance—From the ballroom to the beach go the latest, loveliest evening gown lines in these stunning new B.V.D. swim suits—distinguished for their beauty and comfort.



Trunkline Triumph—B.V.D. trunks are carefully cut, smoothly tailored with a fullness that gives you ease and comfort—assures good looks—whether you are active or indolent.

Half-Skirted and "strapless," this new swim suit in lovely *B.V.D. Stitch features a high, tucked bustline for flattery, and cleverly hidden straps that tie, halter-fashion, for active wear. **$5.95**

*B.V.D.

SWIM SUITS

Eleanor Holm, lovely star of Billy Rose's N. Y. World's Fair Aquacade 1939, wears a swim suit of lustrous *"Sea Satin" by *B.V.D. in a lovely Dogwood print. **$6.95**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

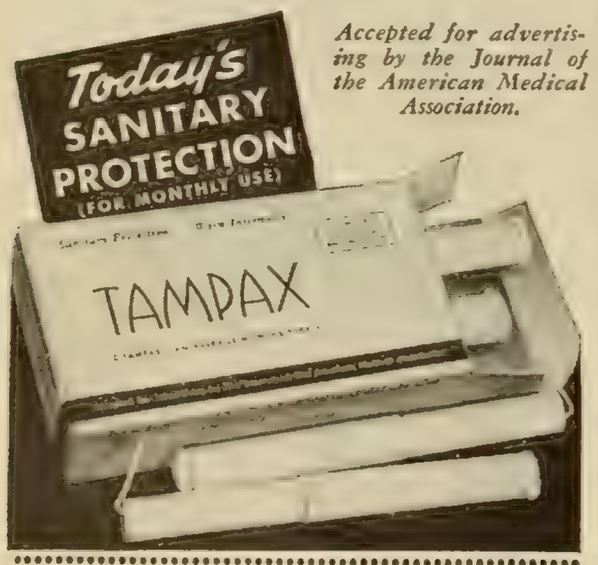
THE B.V.D. CORPORATION, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

THERE is no mystery about Tampax. It is simply a kind of monthly sanitary protection *worn internally*. Each individual Tampax is sealed in a hygienic container which allows you to insert the Tampax neatly and daintily.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor and more than 133,000,000 have already been sold. It brings new comfort and freedom to club women, office workers, athletes, students, housewives. It does away with chafing, odor and "bulking," providing a smooth costume-profile even in swim suits or sheer evening gowns. No belts or pins. You really forget you are wearing Tampax!

Made of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton, highly compressed. Tampax is extremely absorbent and efficient. No disposal problems. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. Introductory package, 20¢. An average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of 40.

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED P-79
New Brunswick, N. J.

☐ Send introductory box; 20¢ enclosed (stamps, coins). Size checked below.
☐ Regular Tampax ☐ Junior Tampax
☐ Send Tampax booklet with diagrams—free.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Lackadaisical Lothario

(Continued from page 19)

The war in Europe, which had up until now been merely something older folks talked about at the dinner table, suddenly became an immediate, personal thing that spring. For, within a week after America joined the Allies, Alec Stewart applied for a commission and was given a captaincy in the Ordnance Department.

"The war brought an early sense of responsibility to Jim," Mrs. Stewart declared. "Alec was sent to Camp Dodge in Iowa and Jim immediately became the man of the house. His concern for me was most comforting. I remember, for instance, how every night he would go around locking all the doors and windows as his father had done. It's a funny thing but, when Jim is home now, he still makes the rounds the last thing before he goes to bed.

"Jim took the war very seriously. He used to wear a soldier's suit with a little trench cap and on the slightest provocation he would salute. He'd kiss me good-by, as he went off to school, and then salute. He'd salute the postman, the grocer, the baker and, I'm sure, his teachers on arrival at school.

"His play took on a martial manner, too. The back yard was turned into a No Man's Land. Trenches were dug, battle lines mapped out, copied carefully from the newspaper reports from the front, and 'Doddie' and 'Ginny' (Jim's pet nicknames for his sisters) were made Red Cross nurses."

WHEN Captain Stewart sailed for France in the spring of 1918, Jim's mounting spirit of patriotism found expression in the presentation of a blustering play called "The Slacker." Jim was the author, star, director and stage manager. The piece was given in the spacious basement playroom where the children had built a stage, rigged up footlights and strung a very professional curtain.

Virginia recalls the dramatic debut of Indiana's favorite star.

"Jim was terribly intense about that play, just as he is about everything he gets interested in. He's either wrapped up in a venture to the exclusion of all other interests or completely indifferent. There are no halfway measures with Jim.

"We rehearsed and rehearsed that play. I remember I had just one line, 'War is declared,' but Jim had me practice that scene four and five times a day for the whole week before the great matinee. Each night before I went to bed, he'd say, 'Now you're sure you've got your part? Let's hear it again.' And over and over, in varying inflections, I'd recite, 'War is declared!'

"At last the eventful day arrived. All mother's friends and the parents of the other children in the cast were gathered for the première. Jim was in a flurry of excitement, superintending the costuming of every member of the cast, testing the footlights, making sure the curtain would work right and finally, with a toot on a trumpet, starting the show.

"Jim, of course, was the slacker of the story. His reception of my ringing news that war was declared established a new high in sneers. The next scene showed Jim being drafted. Then came the battle scene and our masterpiece of scenic lighting in which red paper over the footlights was supposed to establish the effect of gunfire and shells bursting. The slacker proved a hero in an emergency and the last scene found him being decorated by General Pershing.

"We felt it was really a powerful drama with a gripping message and were extremely pleased with our performance. But the audience somehow seemed to regard it as a comedy, for even the most tense moments of the play were met with howls!"

The next production of the Stewart Basement Players was another war sketch, titled with simple dignity, "To Hell with the Kaiser." Then, really bitten by the bug of showmanship, Jim branched out with a series of movie matinees. In return for doing odd jobs for the proprietor of the local picture palace, Jim often was able to borrow a projection machine and a reel of the current serial for his home screenings.

WHEN Captain Stewart returned from France the following spring, the house on Vinegar Hill became the favorite haunt of every boy in town with even a nodding acquaintance with Jim. For the tall, rangy Ordnance officer had brought home enough souvenirs to stock a small museum; helmets, bayonets, gas masks, rocket pistols, in fact just about everything but a mast from a German battleship scuttled at Jutland or a piece of one of the Big Berthas that had belched at Paris.

New trenches were dug with spades that had actually scooped up contested ground in France. Uniforms, if not complete, now were authentic in at least one item for every warrior. And battle now had some purpose, for to the victors went the spoils of prized trophies, returnable, of course, at the end of every engagement to the Stewart attic armory.

The rest of the world might be sinking contentedly into the welcome ways of peace, but the Battle of Vinegar Hill raged on through the spring and summer and, by fall, the novelty of the war trophies having worn off, Jim and Bill Neff and Hall Blair produced a bit of war equipment all their own. It was a tank, a sort of freehand adaptation of a regular army baby tank. Wheels from pushmobiles of younger, more innocent days were utilized for locomotion. The sides of the tank were built of packing boxes. A cheese box served as turret and pieces of two-inch pipe made excellent armament. The illusion of gunfire was achieved by blowing flour in bursts through a funnel.

"So brave a sight did our tank make," recalls Hall Blair, "that we were invited by the mayor to head an Armistice Day parade. Everything went fine until the wheels of the tank got caught in the streetcar tracks right in front of the reviewing stand and the parade had to detour around us."

"Jim was always building things in those days," his sister Mary remembers. "Most memorable was the boat he and Bill Neff and Hall Blair built at Two Lick, a little cluster of summer cottages beside a creek about four miles from town.

"All through the spring the boys had worked every week end on the boat, a twenty-foot flat-bottomed scow which was to be propelled by two side paddle wheels. All through the early summer they had hammered and sawed and painted and finally, late in July, they were ready for the launching.

"It was a momentous occasion and Ginny and I and some other friends accompanied the boys to Two Lick to christen the craft. Jim climbed in and grasped the handles of the paddle wheels. With a shout, Bill and Hall shoved the scow into the water. Jim began to paddle furiously but the moment the boat hit the water it started slowly to sink. There was Jim paddling away for dear life, headed toward the far shore, but instead of moving across the stream, the boat just sank lower and lower until finally Jim was up to his waist, still paddling!"

The next fall brought a new interest as station KDKA in near-by Pittsburgh began the first radio broadcasts. Bill and Hall and Jim immediately turned their inventive activities to the construction of receiving sets.

"For the next few years," said Blair, "most of our time was spent building radios. In fact, we were so busy those days keeping up with each new improvement of that fast-growing science that none of us had any time for dates with girls. I don't believe Jim paid much attention to girls anyway, until he went away to college."

IN addition to his enthusiasm over radio, Jim acquired another hobby about this time which was to pay rich dividends a few years later.

For several months Virginia had been urging her father to buy her a toy accordion that had captured her fancy in a store window. Finally, at Christmas, Alec gave her a real full-sized accordion. It was too heavy for Virginia, however, and Jim began fooling with it. Soon he could pick out a few tunes and after several lessons from an Italian barber who was the accordion virtuoso of the community, Jim was able to perform well enough to play with the Boy Scout band in their weekly concerts on the steps of the town hall.

The spring of 1923 brought graduation from the Model School and with it the commencement play, an ambitious little venture into fantasy called "The Frog Prince." It would be pat to record that Jim distinguished himself in the leading rôle, revealing the promise of future triumphs. As a matter of fact, his part was that of the proverbial spear carrier, a spear carrier none too sure of his footwork in the mass scenes.

The pictures in Mrs. Stewart's album of Jim, the spring he was fifteen, show a thin, gangling youngster in his first pair of long trousers, proudly purchased for commencement. Alec was worried at the boy's failure to fill out fast enough and arranged for Jim and Joe Davis to work that summer with the crew of a lumber camp.

Jim returned from the camp, fifteen pounds heavier, tanned, swaggering a little at having held down a man-sized job for a month. He was greeted with important news. In the fall, he was to go away to school, to Mercersburg.

A whole new world suddenly opened up to the boy, whose life had been bounded by ties of a closely knit family, the well-ordered routine of school days, and the safe adventures of a small town.

Just ahead lay Mercersburg with all the new, unexplored opportunities of a prep school rich in prestige and the tradition of fabulous figures like Ted Meredith, of Olympic fame, and Ed Wittmer, of All-American football renown.

And beyond, beckoning him into a bright, glorious future, gleamed the distant, romantic towers of Princeton.

A gangling Galahad with a purpose, Jim Stewart found—and held tightly to—his own theme of simplicity in the discordant cacophony of the Jazz Age. Athletic laurels at Mercersburg, social success at Princeton were sweet triumphs to this Penrod from Pennsylvania, whose appealing life story continues in next month's PHOTOPLAY.

Best-Filled Stockings

(Continued from page 43)

"Stocking heels are particularly deceptive. Low heels give the impression of height and width, while pointed ones detract from an ankle that is too chunky. A perpendicular-line stocking should be adopted by the short, stout woman. Fat legs also benefit by wide clocks which carry the eye to the slender tip and thus break the actual width. Long thin legs need stockings with circular weaves and horizontal treatments."

Willys counsels against buying cheap hosiery, declaring there are bound to be imperfections in cut-rate stockings that result in false economy. A dollar a pair is the lowest you can pay with safety for stockings, he argues.

Surprisingly enough, for a man who turns out stockings as high as $2500 a pair, Willys believes the average girl can keep her legs trim looking for twenty-five dollars a year and recommends the selection of nine pairs of three-thread stockings, nine pairs of four-thread and three pairs of two-thread for the wardrobe that must be purchased on a modest budget.

To prolong stocking wear, Willys advises: never wash them in hot water; use as little soap as possible; rinse with water to which vinegar has been added in a proportion of a teaspoon to a quart; never hang up stockings to dry, spread them flat on a towel; never dry them in the sun or too near a radiator; and, in donning a stocking, turn it inside out and roll it over the foot and up the leg without pulling.

Short stockings are even more harmful than tight shoes, declares Willys, who says a stocking should be at least half an inch longer than the foot. In this connection, he scouts a myth of long standing in Hollywood, namely, that Greta Garbo has big feet. The Swedish star, says the man who supplies her stockings, takes only a nine and one-half size and, incidentally, wears only sheer black chiffon.

Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 76)

else a girl thinks she can't have a good time without.

The jacket hangs loose at the back with two side seam vents, and its fairly full sleeves are gathered in at the wrist by a two-inch cuff. The front fullness is held in place with a tie belt of the same fabric, which comes from the side seams. The whole business has definitely been thought out with the dual purpose of making a lovely girl lovelier and comfortable at the same time.

ANY vacation which doesn't take water sports into account wouldn't be much of a treat for Deanna. She loves to be in the water, as well as on it. For chug-chugging along on blue waters in a motorboat she has a three-piece shorts outfit (page 76, top, center) of blue denim, a fabric which entered the fashion picture by way of the railroad locomotive engineer.

The blouse is the middy style with open neck and two breast pockets. Both collar and pockets are trimmed with narrow parallel strips of white leather. The shorts fasten at the center panel with two rows of white buttons and white leather stripes the side seams. A below-the-hip-length jacket with short sleeves and matching leather trim completes this charming boating costume.

Just as capes have invaded the fashion scene for street wear once again, so have their graceful lines made a like appearance on beaches and at swimming pools at California resorts.

Deanna's cape (page 76, upper right) is of white chenille, knee-length. The chenille stripes run horizontally and there is nothing haphazard about the cape's design. The shoulder line has been manipulated into a series of seamings to give it the squared effect so desirable this year and the snowy whiteness of the fabric is offset with a blue chenille banding. The same blue has been used in the large sailboat pattern which decorates the back. All the sails have been outlined in a contrasting shade of blue. White satin beach sandals with platform soles complete this attractive picture.

On any holiday there are times when one just sits and watches the others in action. And it is important that a girl look just as charming in that phase of having fun.

For spectator sports wear, when others are exerting themselves at tennis, golf or darts and Deanna is just an interested and lovely onlooker, Vera West selected a charming two-piece frock (page 76, far left) in the new and exciting color combination of clay beige and strawberry red.

The simply styled dress with six-gore skirt, short sleeves and high neckline is worn beneath what one might term a ladylike version of the lumber jacket, blousing full over a snugly buttoned waistband. The jacket boasts a squared neckline cut low enough to reveal the high neckline of the frock, a large, square patch pocket and composition buttons in the shade of the frock.

A pillbox hat of suède in strawberry red—and this shape of hat for sportswear is finding increasing favor this season—is worn with this costume. Several petal-shaped ends forming a perky ornament and set smack on top add to the chic of the hat.

The accompanying reticule, carelessly slung over one shoulder by its long strap, is of natural monk's cloth, is canteen-shaped and the famous "sleepy Mexican" scene is painted on its side in the soft colors of the natural landscape.

THESE costumes from Deanna's play wardrobe represent the chic individuality, gay color and dressed-up casualness so important this season.

The same originality should be shown in the bathing suits you select for your warm weather wardrobe and in the little occasional cotton frocks that are a "must" for summer playtime.

As final wardrobe prescription, complete each costume with the many gadgets that the opposite sex adore, but would proclaim nonsensical—such as string hair snoods, seashell jewelry, lapel pins in animal, bird, floral or comedy motifs, yard square chiffon kerchiefs that introduce still another note of color, fantastic shoes, enormous cartwheel straws presumably fashioned to hide the sun from your brow but really to flatter your beauty, enormous goggle glasses to defeat the glare—all these and many more little giddy accessory tricks that will add a final fillip to a play and vacation wardrobe.

The gift she'll treasure through the years

King Edward

EXQUISITE SILVERPLATE

LUCKY the bride who gets this gift of lasting loveliness . . . the new 99 piece service in exquisite KING EDWARD SILVERPLATE. It has everything she'll need to start her career of gracious entertaining. She'll love KING EDWARD's graceful lines and classic charm — and cherish the handsome chest with its engraving plate for her name.

See KING EDWARD today, wherever fine silverplate is sold. Choose a service for every bride you know . . . and for yourself. To let you judge KING EDWARD's beauty we've specially priced the Nut and Bonbon Server at 20¢. Ask your dealer for it or mail the coupon.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein

NATIONAL SILVER COMPANY

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES

Where wear is greatest, most-used spoons and forks are extra plated.

99 PIECE SERVICE FOR 8 . . . with luxurious hollow handle knives . . . in tarnish proof chest . . . Featured at $37.50

Open Stock Price without chest, $43.60

Other services for 6 and 8 at $14.50, $19.50 and $24.50, tarnish proof chest included.

UNLIMITED SERVICE GUARANTEE

NATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, 61 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is 20¢ for genuine King Edward Nut and Bonbon Server (list price, 75¢)

NAME.....ADDRESS.....P7

Everybody
LOOKS AT
YOUR LEGS!

RINSE OFF
UNSIGHTLY HAIR
This Quick, Easy Way!

Well-groomed legs are hair-free legs . . . dainty, smooth and feminine! Keep *your* legs and arms always *lovely*. Remove ugly hair as millions of women do—the easy NEET way.

NEET is the famous cream that you spread on unwanted hair . . . then simply rinse it off with water. That's *all* you do. NEET gently, quickly removes hair—and leaves your skin soft, smooth as satin.

NEET *leaves your legs like velvet*

Avoid Bristly Razor Stubble

There are no sharp hair stubs to snag your stockings, and no danger of cuts with NEET. The new knee-length skirts make legs more important than ever. With stockings or without . . . *your legs look lovelier when they are free from hair.* Get NEET *today!* At drug and department stores. Generous trial size at all ten-cent stores.

NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

Juarez—The Life History of a Movie

(Continued from page 68)

laboratory, where it is developed, printed and inspected. It is sent to me the next afternoon. Now Dieterle, together with the cameraman, sound mixer and the rest of the technical staff, comes into the projection room and looks at the 'rushes,' or previous day's work. Dieterle and I pick out the best 'takes' of each scene.

"No one else sees the rushes that night. The next morning, Major Levinson, the head of the sound department, checks the rushes for sound. In the afternoon, Hal Wallis, executive associate in charge of production, looks at the rushes to see that the picture is progressing to his satisfaction. If he has any comments to make, he dictates a letter to the director.

"Now I dash back to the cutting room and run the rushes once more to get the feeling of the sequence and start to assemble the scenes. But I never cut a sequence until all the scenes in it are complete."

While he was speaking to us, Warren Low put a strip of film under a machine called a moviola, which is really a miniature projection machine. It magnifies the picture and its loud-speaker enables you to hear the sound track. And when our editor ran the film backwards, the actors sounded like animals making unintelligible noises.

"I'm running the film backwards so that I can go back to a certain scene and not cut it in the middle of a sentence."

WE asked Mr. Low something which has always mystified us—how he cut sound.

"It's all done by numbers," he said, smiling. "When a scene is photographed, a slate is photographed, showing its number before it begins. At the same time, a spring is released which makes a sound and marks the start for picture and sound. When I cut a scene, I remove the slate, but by that time the film has been identically numbered on both picture and track and so I know they will synchronize. When I run the film through the moviola, I see it and hear it just as you do on the screen.

"Let me show you how we cut a sequence in 'Juarez.' This is the sequence where Bette Davis as the *Empress Carlotta* first begins to lose her mind. We start with a long shot as she enters the council chambers of *Louis Napoleon III,* dictator of France (Claude Rains). She moves around the table to condemn *Napoleon* for the betrayal of her husband. We hold on a two-shot of her and *Napoleon.* In a long shot we watch him get up from the table and start to go out of the room as she runs after him, then falls unconscious on the floor. We cut to a close-up of *Napoleon* to show his fright, then a medium shot of one of his ministers bringing her a glass of water. In a two-shot we see *Napoleon* trying to make her drink it. In a close-up we see *Carlotta* opening her eyes, then we cut to a close-up of *Napoleon* and, by using trick lighting, show that she believes him to be the devil. Now we go back to a close-up of her as she says, 'He is trying to poison me.' Then we pan, moving the camera horizontally, as she jumps up, goes to the group of ministers standing around the table watching her, then rushes out of the door into the darkness."

A picture must be completely cut before it is scored, because the composer must know the exact length of each scene for which he will write the music.

In the music building, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, the composer of "Juarez," paced up and down the room talking excitedly about the film.

"If a picture is good, I'll have the music for it in five minutes. If it's bad, I work for days and days and still can't get it. 'Juarez' is a pleasure to score. It has quite a bit of background music, especially in the battle and love scenes. When it comes to political scenes, we don't have music.

"I started the real scoring of 'Juarez' after I saw the picture three times and from then on I lived with it. I sat down at my piano in the projection room and wrote the music as I saw each scene on the screen before me.

"I had holes punched in the scenes where I wanted music."

AFTER some persuasion, Mr. Korngold agreed to play some of the themes he had composed for 'Juarez' on the piano. "This is the part where Bette Davis goes insane," he said.

As he played the eerie music he spoke Bette Davis' lines softly. Then, as a contrast, he played the tender love music for *Carlotta* and *Maximilian* (Brian Aherne).

"The music for this picture is very simple," the composer explained. "I've used the Mexican, Austrian and Napoleonic national anthems because of the historical background of 'Juarez.' Also *La Paloma,* which was the favorite Mexican song of the real Carlotta and Maximilian. As a matter of fact, it was used symbolically as a bond between the two lovers.

"When I wanted to get authentic Mexican music for the 'Juarez' part of the story, we hired four Mexican musicians. They played a polka of 1870 written three years after Maximilian was executed in Mexico. It sounded exactly like Johann Strauss. So did everything else the Mexicans played, and some of it even sounded like Chopin. You see, Maximilian brought with him the Viennese waltzes when he came from his native land to Mexico. And the Mexican composers were evidently so much impressed that they all tried to imitate Johann Strauss. So I thought if Strauss and Chopin were Mexican, I'd make up my own Mexican music.

"As a matter of fact, the music of Vienna was a form of dope. Everyone was poisoned by it, even Maximilian. My music makes him a little weak, because he was a weak character. But now you take Juarez (played by Paul Muni), there was a man with a relentless will. The music I composed for him doesn't make him great, and he was a great statesman. It makes him lovable. Muni rarely has music in his scenes—his first scene is played in complete silence."

As we said good-by to Erich Korngold, he told us: "I'm so glad I'm not in a factory. Here I can believe that I'm an artist and that means so much to me."

A MONTH later, after Korngold had completed the score, two musicians arranged it for orchestra and he went over every bar of it with them.

They were rehearsing part of the score, which is always recorded in sections.

Korngold wanted a higher tone from the cymbals. "Am I closer, now, Professor?" the cymbalist called out. Everyone calls Mr. Korngold, Professor. He wasn't satisfied with the trumpets. "More trills, trumpets. Like this. Ra-ta-ta-ta-tum," he sang out to them from the podium where he sat, his score in front of him.

"All right. Let's rehearse with the picture," he said.

The room was darkened except for a single spotlight over Korngold's score. On the screen suspended over the musicians' heads, we saw a series of battle scenes in quick succession—horses rearing, cannons exploding, a Mexican town toppling. At a given cue from Korngold, the orchestra started to play the exciting battle music.

"How was that, Mr. Forrest?" he called to an unseen person. The unseen person's voice came through a loud-speaker, "It was all right to me."

It wasn't a spook. It was Dave Forrest, the special music mixer, speaking from the monitor glass booth built high in the wall of the recording room, where he controls the tone of the instruments coming to him through six microphones on the stage.

Now, the conductor put on a pair of headphones to hear the dialogue of the next scene. We saw Paul Muni's lips move, but we heard no sound. The picture is projected without sound so as not to interfere with the playing of the musicians. Suddenly Korngold signaled for them to stop. He explained to us that he had determined exactly where he wanted music as a background and where he wanted no music.

That day, the orchestra worked fourteen hours. It would be another two weeks before they would be finished recording the score. Ordinarily, the music takes only three or four days to record, but in a big production like "Juarez," it takes much longer.

AS soon as the reel of the battle scenes was scored, it was taken up to the "dubbing" or "re-recording" room where all additional sound effects would be added.

The following afternoon, we were ushered into the dubbing room, where we saw our friends Warren Low and Erich Korngold, who are always present at the re-recording. In the dim light we could see a man at a huge console turning a number of little knobs. Yesterday's battle scenes were being projected on a screen and now we heard the music recorded yesterday and all the sounds of battle as well.

To the right of the screen, numbers were changing constantly, giving the exact number of feet of film. The man at the console watched these numbers and turned his little knobs. But we did not understand these mysterious goings on until Major Levinson, head of the sound department, started to explain.

"The man sitting at the console is Gerald Alexander, the effects mixer. Each of the dials he turns controls a separate sound track," Major Levinson whispered.

"The mixer is using nine separate tracks for the battle scenes: the horses, the battle shots, the explosions, men fighting, swords clashing, a drum beating, cannons roaring and two separate tracks for the music, because the battle music blends into softer music for the Paul Muni scene. Some of these sounds were recorded while 'Juarez' was being shot. Others were taken from the sound library."

When the sound track with the dialogue, music and effects has been re-recorded, it is sent, together with the picture, to the laboratory. Here girl negative cutters match the negative from the editor's print, frame by frame, each girl working on a separate reel. From this negative are made the two hundred and fifty release prints for theaters all over the country. Another negative is sent to Canada and one to Australia. A duplicating print is sent to England and prints are made for the British Empire.

Infinite pains are taken to see that the film is flawless. The laboratory is as spotless as a hospital. Every trace of moisture is removed from the air. The temperature of all solutions are automatically controlled. The film is waxed and polished. Men peer through microscopes to see that the sound track is perfect. Others press little buttons in darkened rooms to give each printed scene the correct light exposure.

All this for a single piece of film, which, in the final analysis, is all there is to show for two million dollars and two years' work on the part of hundreds of people. This particular film is valuable not only because of the intelligence and artistry which have gone into its making, but because it marks a trend in Hollywood production—a trend which should be followed by other studios. It presents a problem of vital importance today—the conflict between dictatorship and democracy with the final victory of democracy, a conflict which we cannot escape unless we close our ears and our eyes to what is happening around us.

It was a vivid experience to watch "Juarez" being made. If you've shared it with us in the two previous articles of this series, we hope you'll agree. But if you haven't, by all means see it. For the two hours you'll spend watching it, you'll probably have a greater respect for what motion pictures can do.

THE END

Distance Ends Enchantment

(Continued from page 32)

the tendency of the public to think of him as Mr. Lamour, and the impossibility, to Dorothy, of allowing any such setup as that. All the guests knew about the money troubles, too, being Hollywood people—about Dorothy Lamour's big salary, bigger than Herbie Kaye's, and the allowance he gave her until she insisted he cut it off.

"Get on with the rest," commanded the listeners, lighting new cigarettes.

WELL, it was about that time that Herbie finally managed to get an engagement at the Catalina Casino and the marriage came within an ace of breaking up then and there. Oh, yes. There was that evening between dances, when Herbie and Dorothy sat at a table in the Saint Catherine dining room, and he suggested they give the whole thing up. Dorothy had just told him how miserable she was during the long months of separation and how she missed him. "Just these few days together have made me realize I'd rather be with you than be the biggest star in the industry," she'd told him.

His face had been very white and strange for a moment. But when he answered, with sudden despair, her eyes held a terror that made him grab her hand and take back his words. "I must have been crazy. . . ."

That was the night the two of them decided Dorothy had better go out a little, with other men. ("Ah," said the guests at the party, settling back in chairs. They knew this portion of the story also, but they wanted to hear it again. It could stand repeating. "Go on," they said.)

It had sounded like a great idea. Mainly, Dorothy would go dancing or out to dinner and the theater with fellows who were mutual friends—men Herbie knew, too. Of course, there would be gossip. Bound to be. But each time, if Herbie would promise to wait and believe nothing until she could call him about it— "I'll never lie to you," she vowed solemnly, watching his face.

Herbie smiled. "That's the way it'll be, then."

And that's the way it was. How well the ladies at the party knew, as they hashed it over now. "Randy Scott!" one girl said, her eyes amused as she looked around the room.

"Dozens," added another simply. And that summed it up.

In the following silence the ladies all stared into their glasses. "But it might have worked," a woman said finally. "Logically, it might have."

"It never works." The girl who answered was blonde and lovely and famous, with a notable Past. She knew whereof she spoke; wherefore the others listened respectfully. "Given a guaranteed status quo of all circumstances, it might just possibly work. But people change and the setup changes. Dorothy's not the same girl who married Herbie Kaye four years ago. Then she was an elevator girl with nothing in her experience but a dirt-poor childhood and a lot of hard luck. She believed in glamour, just as she believed all the magazine stories she read and all the movies she saw. Herb was terrific in her eyes, then. And she hadn't been exposed to the Hollywood virus. She wanted a house and a husband and kids. Maybe she still does—but not as much. You always have to make a choice, in a case like this. Husband or career. Home and anonymity or success, money, fame. The answer's almost always the same." The girl paused, and smiled. It was not entirely a pretty thing to see. "Mine was, as you all remember. And I'm not surprised at Dorothy's."

"But last year she told people she'd quit pictures before she'd let anything interfere with her marriage."

"That was last year. She was just starting her house, then—the one on the sunny side of a hill. With a nursery in it. But then she still thought she'd take a year off and have a baby. It was before so many things happened. It was before Randy, for instance—or any of that. And it was before she began going around with Charlie Barnet. She likes Charlie, you know. Maybe even enough to marry him. I wouldn't be surprised if she did after Herbie gets his decree . . . Still, Charlie is a band leader, too, and will certainly have to be on the road and away from Hollywood at least as much as Herbie was. So why does she go from the frying pan into the fire? Oh, well—"

THE nods of the ladies were simultaneous and unanimous again. This was clear thinking. There was one thing not yet settled, though, one fact not explained. "But she really loved him!" the woman-who-thought-it-might-have-worked put in. "She still does. And that should have offset everything else."

• If you want lips of siren softness . . . lips as smooth as satin . . . choose your lipstick wisely.

Don't risk a lipstick that may dry or roughen your lips. Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick does *double duty*. It gives your lips warm, ardent, exciting color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades; 50¢ or $1.00.

For an "Air-Spun" Make-up . . . use Coty Lipstick with "Air-Spun" Rouge and "Air-Spun" Face Powder. Textures blend magically. The colors of your skin, cheeks and lips *harmonize*, as Nature intended!

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

The blonde girl was impatient now. Her case was so nearly finished—"Listen," she said scornfully. "Could you keep on being in love with a name, a photograph, a voice on long-distance? Could you tie yourself down to as little as that? Remember last Christmas—and all the big plans about Herbie coming out here to be with her. Something turned up, just as it always did, and he couldn't make it. And Dottie sat there in that new little house with the Christmas tree and the presents—I can see her now. She was crying. She said, 'I've looked forward all year to the holidays. Now he can't come after all. I've never in my whole life had a happy Christmas—but this was to be the first.'" The blonde girl paused to light a cigarette hurriedly, waving her free hand to signify she wasn't finished.

"And then the final straw, this spring. Herb signed at the St. Francis, up in Frisco. Dottie was going to fly up and stay with him. So what happened? So her show moved to New York just then for two broadcasts and, according to her contract, she had to go along. It was the end, that's all. Herbie must just have told her to make up her mind, that he couldn't give everything up to come here and be Mr. Lamour and that she'd have to choose between him and her job. It always comes to that. She chose. Or she quibbled so long he gave up and filed that divorce on desertion grounds."

She was finished now, the blonde girl. She relaxed, sighed, reached for her cocktail. And there was no dissenting voice, nor any further argument. The assembly was convinced.

"That's the way it goes," someone said, adding a note of philosophy to the buried topic of Dorothy Lamour's ruined marriage.

"But I still think," persisted the woman-who-thought-it-might-have-worked, "that it's a *shame*."

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 8)

lady is crazy, saying Friday and Saturday and Sunday nights I kept the other roomers awake with a muffled sound like crying. Say, if you suffered from a toothache like I did, you'd cry, too. Honest, I hurt all over. But not about no guy named Nelson. Not me.

JULIE SHERMAN,
Chicago, Ill.

LONG-FELT WANT

"BREATHES there a gal with soul so dead
She never to herself hath said—

Thanks, Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Bonita Granville, Marcia Mae Jones and others, for tips to the teens on 'How to Wear Clothes and Influence People'"? Not only do we owe you fellow "in-betweens" thanks for showing us *how* to wear clothes, but *what* to wear, *when* to wear it, how to comb our hair to keep it from looking like Old Man Hicks' haystack, or whether younger sets wear fingernails like old Dobbin's toenails or the Carole Lombard digits.

Let me recall that, before the Reign of the Adolescents, there was a primitive idea—at least in many small towns—that the minute we girls graduated from the cradle, we were ready for skirts like Ma's, hair-do's like Aunt Frizzle's bangs, and make-up like the village vamp's—the latter making us all look like "Angels with Dirty Faces" and the former, inexpressible!

The appearances of these young girls in the cinema industry have not only enlightened us small-town girls so that there need be no such thing as a "hick" any more, but have proved to us and our elders that we look better when clad in clothes to suit our own age, and these *à la* modern.

MAXINE BELLEW,
Lexington, Neb.

Here's one reader we know *is going to get an extra-special thrill out of "Young Fry Society," on page 24 of this issue! (Not to mention the Deanna Durbin Fashion Letter on page 76!)*

ENGLAND TOSSES A FEW BOUQUETS

NEVER having visited America, but having seen a great number of your films, I now feel as if I have approached the New York harbour on a liner and seen the Statue of Liberty with its hand in air, New York with its slums, the children in the streets, the overcrowded tenement houses, the subway, and the streetcars. Main street, Broadway, the lights and the traffic, Park Avenue—I know them all.

Washington, the White House, Philadelphia with its colleges, and the smaller towns with their tree-lined avenues and Hardys and Joneses. All these are familiar scenes to me, and all on account of the wonderful way in which they are brought to us on the screen.

I often wonder if our British films help make the American public acquainted with our different towns and people. I doubt this, for what I have seen of British films has usually left a poor impression of exaggerated characters, either speaking with a plum in their mouths, or with cap on side and scarf tied on neck, speaking with an appalling accent supposedly "cockney."

I would doff my hat to all the American producers for giving us the hills 'way out West, California, the sidewalks of New York, the good and the bad, gangsters and national heroes, and making me love the Americans as if they were my own countrymen.

Thank you, America.

SANDRA SADIE LEWIS,
London, England.

THE cinema, as you probably know, has to contend, especially in this rather archaic country, with biased and stupid criticisms.

This being so, I find it most interesting to record that, through the extremely trying time that Europe is now passing, the people of the Old World seem to be flocking to the cinema in larger numbers than ever before.

Here, for a while, they forget the horrors abounding in Central Europe. They enter the theater, jaded and dazed with sensation piled upon sensation and, for a while, enter into a make-believe world free from the expectations of war.

If only for this very valuable humanitarian reason, I feel that the worth of the cinema is proved beyond prejudiced spite and, by reason of its far greater possibilities, is immeasurably superior to the theater.

How often have I heard people in the past few months wish that they dwelt in the distant safety of America, with the soothing urbanities of its modern civilization, blessed by its cinema, that crystallization of the hopes and desires of everyone for freedom, romance and adventure.

And so, to the motion-picture industry I, and millions more, express grateful thanks.

JOHN A. PETTY,
Walsall, Staffordshire, England.

—BUT ENGLAND ALSO BOOS

"LOVE the little trade which thou hast learned, and be content therewith."

But how many film stars are content with such a course? Robert Montgomery, a brilliant light comedian, hankered after tragedy, and "Night Must Fall" proved a commercial failure. George Raft desired to be a sympathetic saint in pictures and has practically disappeared from the screen.

And now we hear of Sonja Henie's ambition to become a dramatic actress, her superb skating consigned to the limbo of forgotten things. Carole Lombard making a "weepie" and Akim Tamiroff frolicking as a comedian. I quite understand the reluctance of film players to become "typed," but the frenzied leaping from comedy to tragedy shown by certain actors reminds me of the small boy who insisted on playing every part, including Henry VIII, Wolsey, Anne Boleyn and the executioner. He ended up by saying a prayer to his ambitious self as he cut off his own head.

PETER GORDON,
London, England.

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE HE'S IN LOVE?

ALL the bouquets in the world to Don Ameche, Sonja Henie, Cesar Romero, Annabella, Loretta Young and all the other stars who came to the Treasure Island première of "Alexander Graham Bell." They were one fine troupe of stars, smiling to all their fans and letting us see what really fine people they are. Don Ameche and Sonja Henie are to receive extra bouquets for being the most jovial of the group. They smile so naturally; they really make you feel like one of their close friends.

Now, I'm sorry that I can't include Tyrone Power in the above. I was really disappointed in my screen king. Everyone has had his Clark Gables, Robert Taylors, but mine was always Tyrone Power—and still is, though I've suffered a bitter disappointment. Why, the poor fellow never smiled once that I could see. I thought that perhaps he was shy, for he did sort of hide behind Annabella. Then, perhaps, I thought he was scared. But scared of what? The only reason I could think of was that he was afraid that San Francisco women would tear him apart as the South American women almost did. I really can't figure it out. Was he shy? Was he afraid of San Francisco women? Didn't he like Treasure Island or San Francisco? Or was he disgusted because Don Ameche got the greatest ovation, and couldn't take it? I wish I knew. Perhaps you other readers know. Won't someone add something to this criticism?

A POWER FAN,
San Francisco, Calif.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Joy Hodges, starlet of Universal's "Family Next Door" series

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 87.

1. This redheaded star twinkled her toes in a chorus line before she discovered her voice was her fortune:

Miliza Korjus *Jeanette MacDonald*
Ethel Merman *Frances Langford*

2. She has two "Oscars" to her credit, yet this temperamental actress had been absent from the screen for many months:

Greta Garbo *Luise Rainer*
Janet Gaynor *Bette Davis*

3. The state of wedded bliss is so popular in Hollywood that, among these four actors, there is only one bachelor:

Ray Milland *Cesar Romero*
Mischa Auer *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*

4. In bursting into screen fame recently, this youngster is merely following in the career footsteps of eight brothers and sisters:

Dickie Moore *Johnny Sheffield*
Gene Reynolds *Bobs Watson*

5. One of the screen's early "strong silent men," he will speak for the first time on the screen in the prologue of a revival of his famous "Tumbleweeds":

William S. Hart *Hobart Bosworth*
Jack Holt *William Farnum*

6. Some of her fans waxed indignant at the casting of this "perfect wife" as the sirenish Lady Esketh in "The Rains Came":

Maureen O'Sullivan *Irene Dunne*
Madeleine Carroll *Myrna Loy*

7. Another famous musician will become immortalized on celluloid when he makes his screen debut in Bing Crosby's "The Star Maker":

Yehudi Menuhin *Walter Damrosch*
Jascha Heifetz *Arturo Toscanini*

8. Three of these actors are separated from their wives but, should they wish to, are not free to middle-aisle it again:

George Raft *Lew Ayres*
Walter Pidgeon *Fred Astaire*

9. She's a movie veteran from 'way back, for the start of her latest film, "Career," on her twenty-first birthday, marked her eighteenth year before the cameras:

Betty Grable *Anne Shirley*
Joy Hodges *Madge Evans*

10. Although she's only in her late twenties, she's almost consistently played mother rôles, including that of Scarlett's O'Hara's mother in GWTW:

Barbara O'Neil *Fay Bainter*
Gloria Holden *Barbara Stanwyck*

11. He played a drunken doctor in "Hurricane" and "Stagecoach":

Alan Hale *Akim Tamiroff*
John Barrymore *Thomas Mitchell*

12. This actress, once reported engaged to Henry Fonda, recently married her agent, Ken Dolan:

Lucille Ball *Margaret Tallichet*
Lynn Bari *Shirley Ross*

13. Although this blonde comedienne was considered Grand Opera material when a young girl, her first chance to sing on the screen will be in "The Magnificent Fraud":

Mary Boland *Alice Brady*
Louise Fazenda *ZaSu Pitts*

14. She is the screen's youngest male impersonator:

Ann Miller *Sandra Lee Henville*
Sybil Jason *Juanita Quigley*

15. Two of these actresses have found that moving-picture producers make grand husbands:

Sally Eilers *Margaret Sullavan*
Jean Parker *Virginia Bruce*

16. He is Joan Crawford's current beau:

Walter Wanger *Charles Martin*
Howard Hughes *David Niven*

17. Besides being one of the first ten box-office favorites, he is also a song writer, having composed the popular "Have a Heart," with two others hot on the griddle:

Spencer Tracy *Richard Greene*
Mickey Rooney *Robert Taylor*

18. There's "Music in the Air" for this actress, for she is married to a band leader:

Benita Hume *Mary Pickford*
Claudette Colbert *Annabella*

19. They rank high in Hollywood society, for two of these stars are married to members of the nobility:

Charles Boyer *Constance Bennett*
Joan Bennett *Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.*

20. Only one of these stars has no relatives in the moving picture business:

Russell Gleason *Margaret Lindsay*
Charlie Ruggles *Norma Shearer*

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not harm dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabrics.

39¢ a jar

Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars

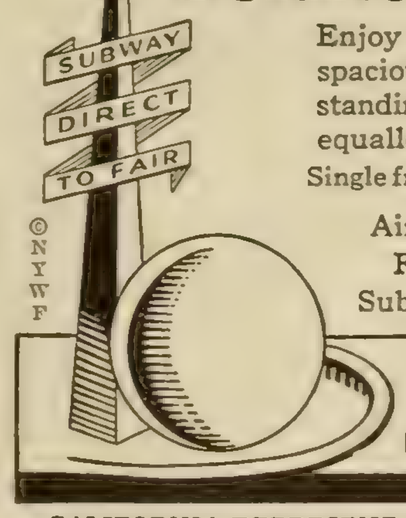
15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold . . . Try a jar today—at any store which sells toilet goods.

ARRID

YOUR NEW YORK HOME DURING THE WORLD'S FAIR

SAVOY-PLAZA

NO INCREASE IN RATES DURING THE WORLD'S FAIR



Enjoy living at the Savoy-Plaza with its spacious tastefully furnished rooms, outstanding service, delicious cuisine and unequalled location overlooking Central Park.

Single from $7 Double from $9 Suites from $15

Air-Conditioned Rooms Available.
Fine shops and theatres nearby.
Subway to World's Fair at the door.

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager
FIFTH AVE • 58th TO 59th STS • NEW YORK

CALIFORNIA REPRESENTATIVE—GLEN W. FAWCETT & ASSOCIATES
Complimentary 24-hour Telephone Information and Reservation Service
510 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles — Trinity 3671
Russ Building, San Francisco — Sutter 5937

LOLA LANE
star in
"Four Daughters"

Any famous movie personality knows that beautiful eyes are one of her greatest assets. On the screen or off, she'd never risk a garish, too-made-up look. So of course she uses Maybelline—the modern, flattering eye make-up in good taste.

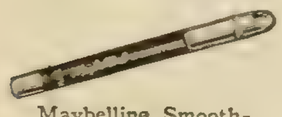
"You never see me without correct eye make-up!" Says Lovely LOLA LANE

You can have eyes like stars this same easy way. A soft blending of Maybelline Eye Shadow over your eyelids does things for your eyes—makes them look larger, wider-set, more luminous. The Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil is perfectly pointed to form graceful, expressive brows. Maybelline Mascara darkens your lashes to long sweeping loveliness, instantly. No trouble to apply. It's harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. And it stays on perfectly—keeps the lashes soft and lustrous.

If you want your eyes to be noticed and admired, insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades, Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline Cream form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case. Same shades.



Maybelline Smoothmarking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).

Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous harmonizing shades.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Films Fit for a King

(Continued from page 29)

Disney rodent, is the story they tell of a charity matinee given not long ago for the Richmond Hospital.

Arrangements were being discussed for the presence of the Queen at the matinee and, as is always the case when royalty attends the theater, a careful schedule was being prepared which would provide for the exact time of Queen Mary's arrival and departure.

A few days before the matinee, the manager of the theater telephoned a secretary at Marlborough House.

"By eliminating the Mickey Mouse comedy," he suggested, "Queen Mary will be able to see the whole program and be home for five o'clock tea."

A short time later, the secretary called the theater. "Her Majesty requests that on no account you omit the Mickey Mouse," he instructed. "Her Majesty is most anxious to see it and doesn't mind being late for tea. In fact she would far rather miss tea than Mickey Mouse."

THE King's attendance at the theater is considerably less frequent than when he was the Duke of York. Once a year he attends a special performance at the Winter Garden, a matinee for the King George Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses, established by his father, George V. At least once a season he and the Queen occupy the royal box at the opera and occasionally George and Elizabeth grace a concert at Covent Garden with their presence. Most of all, however, the King enjoys his annual visit to London's Coliseum where the best musical turns of the year are assembled for a royal performance.

Clever vaudeville comedy delights him and in none of his pictures does the King ever appear more intent on the spectacle he is viewing than when he is photographed in the royal box at the Coliseum. This year Princess Elizabeth accompanied her father and mother to the variety show for the first time and showed a keen enjoyment in the performance.

For the most part, though, the King and Queen depend upon the palace showings of movies for their entertainment. When they move the royal household to Sandringham for the Christmas holidays, a generous supply of new films is always dispatched ahead for their amusement and seldom does a week end at Windsor go by without a movie being fitted into their program of recreation.

Princess Elizabeth and her nine-year-old sister, Princess Margaret Rose, are already confirmed film fans. Once a week a movie is shown the little Princesses and their governesses and frequently some other members of the royal family, Queen Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Kent or their aunt, the Viscountess Lascelles, will drop in on these matinees. Ambassador Joseph Kennedy, the American representative at the Court of St. James, and a favorite with the Princesses, has been a guest on several occasions at his young friends' film parties.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent have inaugurated a form of film party distinctly their own. Instead of taking their dinner guests on to one of the picture houses in the West End, they frequently arrange to have private showings in the projection rooms of one of the film company's London offices.

After the regular office staff has gone home for the night, the royal party arrives and takes over the projection room for the evening, usually going on to a supper club after the screening.

The Duchess of Kent, admittedly the style leader among London's smart set, is an enthusiast over any picture which presents new fashions. The wardrobe of Irene Dunne in "Love Affair" is said to have won her nod of approval.

When he was the foremost figure in London's night life as the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Windsor was a constant patron at the picture houses, often dropping in unannounced and, if the house was sold out, sitting on the balcony steps in the foyer to watch some favorite. Fred Astaire was the particular pet of this dance-minded Prince, whose various partners used to make social history as "Girls Who Danced With the Prince of Wales."

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester confine their movie-going mostly to what shows they see as dinner guests at Buckingham Palace and the numerous charity performances they are urged to attend.

In recent years, it has become quite an established practice among hospitals and other charitable organizations seeking to raise funds to sponsor the first night of a new film at one of the larger London theaters. Queen Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke and Duchess of Kent are asked to aid the benefits by appearing and usually some member of the royal family, in many cases all of them, accept.

Attendance of royalty at an increasing number of these charity premières has lent to London much of the brilliance and glamour of Hollywood first nights. When it is known that one of the royal family is to be present, there is a rush for seats by that part of society which likes to see its sequins in the rotogravure sections.

Crowds surround the theater for a glimpse of the celebrities and there is the same atmosphere of a human peacock parade that marks the dressy premières of the Carthay Circle in Hollywood.

KING GEORGE is an ardent camera enthusiast. He owns several motion-picture cameras, both 16 millimeter and standard size, and the making of amateur movies is one of his chief hobbies. The King has a full photographic history of his trips to various parts of the Empire when he was Duke of York, and it is not unlikely that on his trek across Canada, before visiting the United States, the King will have added a host of scenic shots to his film collection.

Not only is His Majesty expert in the use of a movie camera, but he has a thorough understanding of the mechanics of projection. This was proved during his trip to Australia as the Duke of York. He was viewing a film in the officers' mess of *H.M.S. Renown* when the movie was halted because of trouble with the projector.

When neither the seaman, who was operating the machine, nor any of the officers in the audience seemed able to get it going again, the Duke of York fussed with the cantankerous mechanism a few minutes and soon had it in running order. It was, he explained, a machine similar to the one he operated himself at home.

THE movies of themselves which the King and Queen enjoy most are those taken by Princess Elizabeth, who shares her father's enthusiasm for this hobby. They are, of course, the most photographed couple in England, with the newsreels covering every function they attend. The Queen is a particularly good subject, the newsreel men declare, having an easy manner before the camera and a dramatic sense for the little details which make a picture interesting. Her Majesty does not mind facing a whole battery of cameras, but she has certain favorite poses. The King is slightly more self-conscious.

Incidentally, most newsreels, of royalty made in England, must be submitted to Buckingham Palace for approval before their release. This custom began when Edward VIII was King because of the release of a reel in which Edward was shown in what seemed to be a rather undignified pose.

As most American audiences are aware from newsreel shots of the present Duke of Windsor, he is a rather nervous, self-conscious person before the camera, constantly fixing his tie or tugging at his coat.

On this particular occasion, Edward kept pulling his coat down and when the reel was printed it looked as if he had been scratching himself with great vigor.

In addition to countless newsreels, King George has appeared in one short made for the Safety First Association in England. His Majesty was pictured examining the medals which were to be awarded drivers with good records and signing a letter of endorsement of the Association's work.

The scenes involved several people and the King seemed to relish the rehearsals and even suggested bits of business to improve the action.

It is safe to suppose that during their visit to America their Majesties will be photographed more frequently than ever before and that on their return to England a newsreel record of their trip will be one of their most highly cherished souvenirs.

For King George and Queen Elizabeth are very movie-minded monarchs.

YOUR FAITH

A nonsectarian, pocket-size magazine packed with interest for those who feel the need of some Power higher than themselves to stabilize their lives and bring encouragement and hope. It is filled with human interest stories and articles which show the vital experiences people have had with religion. Discussions of creeds and doctrines are avoided. It does not preach. Striking cases of answers to prayer, rewarded faith and rebuilt lives make their own appeal, and conclusions are left to the reader's individual idea of God and His dealing with man

AT YOUR NEWSDEALER'S
A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Great Lady

(Continued from page 15)

you will go alone . . . and you will be silent and proud when you are hurt." Slowly the mother's eyes fill with tears. But little Greta has no time for foreboding. She jumps up and throws herself into her mother's arms. .

"Everything is so lovely, so lovely I must hug you," she cries, "and I shall start today; but I will be an actress only until someone whom I love has come. Then I shall marry him and have two little girls with curls. They may have all the cookies they want to eat, with lingonberry jam on top, and though I shall no longer be an actress, I shall always be a very great lady."

SO GRETA GARBO began to live her dream, becoming more and more obsessed with the idea of being great. She worked and planned and studied. She lived alone, seeing no one, not talking much, even to her servants. She became beautiful. She had gold and silver dresses and men who loved her and sent her flowers and jewels.

Greta Garbo became a legend—writers have chanted it to you for years—something like the headless Aphrodite of Cyrene who is never mixed in with the rest of the statues; but is off, apart, in a little niche all alone. We forgot that once there was a very human little girl who said, "One day I'll marry someone whom I love and I will have two little girls with curls." And no one wrote about the very human older girl who wept bitterly when she learned that being a great lady is not so pleasant when there is nobody else to be glad about it.

In her heart she knew he would come. At least life hadn't robbed her of her dream. Long ago she had retired into it. In the twilight she would sit and wonder how it would be. Usually on a prancing charger, in the old Norse tales, and always playing a serenade. . . .

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI made up in serenades what he lacked in the way of a charger. He laid his serenade at her feet—whole symphonies, operas, concertos, cascades of golden sound. Best of all, at home in America waiting, were two little girls with curls. They would love cookies with lingonberry jam on top. That is what Greta thought.

For the first time in her life she knew what it was to be completely happy. No longer a dream or a fantasy! This was real! Strolling along an Italian beach in the moonlight, counting the fireflies at twilight, lazily floating in the warm Italian water, becoming golden brown in the hot Italian sun; Greta no longer watched the parade as if from behind glass. How wonderful to live and feel and know that life had not passed by, leaving one ignorant of the strong, slashing, painful beauty it contained!

She would never forget these weeks of rapturous idleness, the fulfillment of the old dream. Greta spent hours in the kitchen, all the old cunning with the pots and pans, so laboriously taught by her mother in the kitchen in Stockholm, returning. She made dozens of cookies for the caretaker's children. She haunted shops and found little gifts—embroidered robes, slippers with fur, many things to delight the hearts of two little girls. She wondered what they would say when she met them. She guessed they would be shy at first (but the cookies would remedy that!). Then came another thought: were girls of ten and twelve to be won with toys and cookies? She had been thinking of them all along as babies. But they couldn't be! They were grown-up little girls . . . and best of all they had curls. While they were with her only she would be permitted to brush their hair. She would do it carefully, winding the soft ringlets around her forefinger.

AND now it was all over. Love was thrilling and beautiful, like the bright sun in a blue sky, and it was the only thing worth fighting for . . . but you didn't fight two little girls . . . who loved the same man you did . . . and had more right to him than you had.

Instead, you did as the "divine" Sarah would have done! You courageously gave him up! Because it was the only noble thing to do. For a while you felt desolate and alone and you pretended you weren't hurt and that it didn't matter. But in your heart you knew that it did matter and in the night you felt you couldn't bear the waves of darkness and fear that passed over you.

You knew that no matter how long you lived you would never recall just how you managed to tell him that you wouldn't come if the little girls didn't want you. Of course, if you had been anyone except Greta Garbo, you'd have known that their resentment was only a normal one. You'd have known that in their full and happy lives there was no place for you. It wasn't that they disliked you, they just didn't care! You had lived too long in a dream and didn't realize that the world of reality had its complications. You had been a success in business, but love is not a business . . . it is something in an old Norse fairy tale that always turns out right!

Finally, you put away the old cookie jar you brought from Stockholm, because there wasn't any use making more cookies. You put the little gifts on a high shelf where you'd never see them again. Once more you retired deeply into the old dream!

You had given up the most precious thing you ever had! You wept bitterly . . . and now your face shows a softness that only tragedy can bring to it . . . but you have something left . . . you have the old dream . . . and you still remain . . . a Great Lady!

Once I saw this in a book of yours:

Why borrow sorrow?
Live your dream . . .
For your dream
Is your deed of tomorrow.

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round, with accommodations at attractive prices, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from four to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

REDUCE

The Hollywood Way

HERE it is . . . the new Sylvia of Hollywood book you have been waiting for. *Streamline Your Figure* goes right to the heart of your figure troubles and gives you definite, practical helps that will make you even more attractive . . . glamorous . . . desirable.

In *Streamline Your Figure* Madame Sylvia tells you how to take off fat from any part of your body. There's nothing impossible about it. In fact you'll enjoy reducing this modern Hollywood way. By following Madame Sylvia's suggestions you fat or thin girls will be surprised how quickly you can acquire the alluring proportions you so much admire in others.

Streamline Your Figure
by Sylvia of Hollywood

You'll find plenty of the movie stars you admire and envy on the brink of forty, some even older. They are attractive because they think themselves as young. They are alive with the enthusiasm of youth. Most of all, they know the value of keeping themselves attractive, and looking the part. And now you can acquire the charm and beauty of the movie stars by following the valuable suggestions of Hollywood's own Madame Sylvia as described in *Streamline Your Figure.*

Streamline Your Figure is more than a reducing book. It tells you how to acquire beautiful legs . . . how to improve the appearance of your breasts . . . how to have a lovely neck . . . a beautiful back and a well proportioned face. Read the table of contents printed in it and notice how completely the author covers the very subjects you are intensely interested in. Then remember that the pages of *Streamline Your Figure* are packed to the brim with practical instructions illustrated by 32 full page photographs from life. Moreover, you can carry out Sylvia's simple instructions in the privacy of your boudoir without the aid of any special equipment whatsoever.

Read Mme. Sylvia's new book and regain the loveliness and physical charm that you have let slip through your fingers. The price of this new book is but $1 at all booksellers or from publishers direct.

ONLY $1.00

The new Sylvia of Hollywood book *Streamline Your Figure* is beautifully bound in gay blue novelex cloth and contains 32 full page photographs from life.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., Dept. P-7
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, the book *Streamline Your Figure* by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose $1.00.

Name.....

Address.....

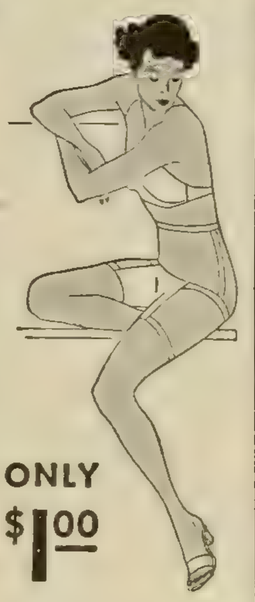
City.....*State*.....

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

How to STOP PAINFUL CHAFING!
Wear
CHAFĒZE

. . . the dainty rayon and cotton jersey leg shield which fits snugly and comfortably and prevents chafing. Thousands of women wouldn't be without Chafeze for warm weather wear—many wear Chafeze the year round instead of panties!

If unable to find Chafeze in your favorite corset dept. write to The Warner Brothers Company, Warren St., Bridgeport, Conn.



ONLY $1.00

FEET HURT
TIRE, ACHE OR BURN?

After a hard day, when your feet are almost "killing" you, Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm will quickly put an end to such suffering. You'll be amazed how it rests and refreshes tired, aching, burning, sensitive feet caused by exertion and fatigue; soothes minor skin irritations; relieves muscular soreness. Sold everywhere. Family-size jar, 35¢—also 10¢ size. For Dr. Scholl's FREE FOOT BOOK, write Dr. Scholl's, Chicago, Ill.

Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

LOVELY MAKE-UP... always

The new POWD'R-BASE stick

Holds powder and make-up on until removed. No nose shine; non-greasy; waterproof. Achieves a velvety, flattering complexion.

POWD'R-BASE
hampden
251 Fifth Avenue, New York

Rachelle — Brunette — Suntan
Flesh, and three Rouge shades
50c and $1

"Perfect for Summer"
say tampon users about
FIBS*
THE KOTEX* TAMPON

IT'S A KOTEX PRODUCT...SO IT MUST BE GOOD!

Internal Protection, particularly welcome in summer. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new exclusive features,* is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

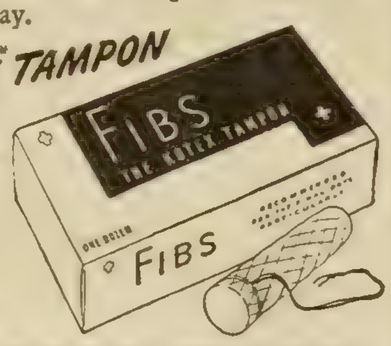
THE ONLY TAMPON THAT'S QUILTED—HERE'S WHY....

Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so *no artificial method of insertion is necessary!*

MADE OF CELLUCOTTON (NOT COTTON) —MORE ABSORBENT THAN COTTON!

This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) is many times more absorbent than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a *full dozen.* Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

THE KOTEX* TAMPON
ONLY 25¢ FOR 12



Accepted for Advertising by The Journal of the American Medical Association

(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

FIBS—Room 1436, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

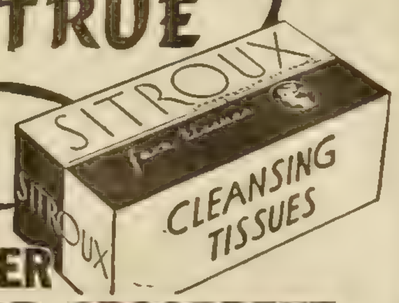
I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

CALL ME SIT-TRUE



STRONGER
MORE ABSORBENT
AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

Play Truth and Consequences with Ginger Rogers

(Continued from page 23)

while I wouldn't like to see all of those again, there are three of them which really appeal to me: *La Tosca, Carmen* and *The Barber of Seville.*

13. (Q) Are you a back-seat driver?
(A) No, I'm as meek as a mouse because I know that most anyone drives better than I do.
14. (Q) With what man star, with whom you have not worked, would you most like to make a film?
(A) Gary Cooper.
15. (Q) In what ways do you enjoy being "elegant"?
(A) I enjoy having a fabulous amount of nice lingerie, and two clean changes a day make me feel very luxurious.
16. (Q) When have you ever been a wallflower?
(A) So many times you wouldn't believe it!
17. (Q) What other languages beside English do you speak?
(A) Pig Latin! I took a postgraduate course from Jimmy Stewart who is a past master.
18. (Q) Who or what on the screen gives you the greatest pain?
(A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Give us a picture of yourself showing how the well made up woman of 1939 does not look.)
19. (Q) On a date, what typically feminine bluff have you indulged in recently?
(A) Pretending to notice that I just that moment got a run in my hose when I knew that I had it an hour before.
20. (Q) In what difficult action shot have you recently used a double?
(A) In "Carefree" a man double did some bicycle riding for me—not because I can't ride, but because the riding had to be done downhill over a bumpy terrace and end in a spill.
21. (Q) With whom have you had a long feud and why?
(A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Let us print a photo from your vacation album—in a most unglamorous pose.)
22. (Q) When you are eating alone are you ever careless about your table manners?
(A) Yes, I eat fast and furiously—but then my table manners are nothing to brag about even when I'm with others. When I'm hungry I like to *eat,* not dawdle.
23. (Q) At what age, and in what circumstances, did you have your first unrequited love?
(A) He was in knee pants and I was still wearing socks.
24. (Q) If a surprise caller found you ungroomed, in old clothes, with your hair not fixed and your face not made up, would you try to excuse yourself or pass it off with nonchalance?
(A) I have done both. It all depends on the caller.
25. (Q) When a book is being discussed, have you ever pretended to have read it when you have not, and how did you bluff your way through?
(A) I usually try to switch the conversation to some book which I have read—it's the safest way out.
26. (Q) With whom do you most enjoy going out?
(A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Have a picture taken riding "no hands" on your bicycle.)
27. (Q) Do you notice men's clothes and do you consider smart dressing important for a man?
(A) Yes—and definitely!
28. (Q) Are you a good speller?
(A) I can't spell anything! I can't even write a letter without resorting to the dictionary.
29. (Q) Do risqué jokes amuse you?
(A) Very seldom, and I prefer not to be told them.
30. (Q) In what ways are you easily embarrassed?
(A) When someone tries to tell me one.
31. (Q) What is your disposition when you get up in the morning?
(A) Quietly grouchy.
32. (Q) Who is the best dancer with whom you have ever danced off the screen?
(A) George Murphy. I have only danced with him once, but I believe he is perfect.
33. (Q) Have you any immediate plans to alter your marital situation?
(A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Write something for us in Pig Latin.)
34. (Q) What kind of bridge player are you?
(A) I have never progressed beyond the auction stage.
35. (Q) How many song records made by yourself do you have in your own collection, and which is your favorite?
(A) I have them all, but none is my favorite. I only play the records to hear my mistakes—and then I always swear I'll never make another!
36. (Q) Are you subject to freckles?
(A) Yes. Nice big fat ones, and what's more, I like 'em!
37. (Q) What early experience has most affected your life or philosophy?
(A) Going into the movies!
38. (Q) What T.L. (Trade Last) have you recently exchanged with a friend?
(A) I can't remember, but I have one for Margaret Lindsay.
39. (Q) Are you a good loser?
(A) Yes, I think I am. My friends tell me I am, anyway.
40. (Q) In what ways are you stubborn?
(A) I never say die on anything!
41. (Q) Are you the kind of reader who can't refrain from glancing at the end, before finishing a book?
(A) I never do. I like to be surprised.
42. (Q) What subjects do you film most with your candid camera?
(A) Sports events.
43. (Q) Do you dislike candid camera shots of yourself?
(A) Yes. I feel that it is unfair for a photographer to take advantage of an actress by photographing her when she is not prepared—particularly if she is disheveled, as in the wind at a polo match—and I have on occasions tried to beg out of such shots. It's not a question of being a bad sport, because I feel the same way when a cameraman takes the same unfair advantage of other actresses, too. Showing an actress at her worst accomplishes nothing—and it disappoints the fans as well.
44. (Q) What household task do you usually perform?
(A) As long as I must be honest, none. Not that I can't, but I don't have the time for it these days.
45. (Q) On what occasions do you drop your dignity and shout and yell?
(A) At prize fights and wrestling matches.
46. (Q) At which do you think you are the greatest success, as hostess or as guest?
(A) Hostessing doesn't seem to be in my line. I'm always a guest, even at my own parties.
47. (Q) Has any of your art work ever been sold?
(A) No.
48. (Q) Do you have any of your own art efforts displayed in your home?
(A) I have two framed and hanging in the library; the sketch of Madame Ouspenskaya and one of Irving Berlin.
49. (Q) What unkindness have you ever done which you now regret?
(A) I always regret having blamed somebody for something without waiting to hear both sides of a story. It's snap judgment, I suppose.
50. (Q) What curriculum did you follow in high school?
(A) I was afraid you'd ask me that one—I never got to high school!
51. (Q) What small failing of your girlhood have you had to overcome?
(A) Chewing my fingernails.
52. (Q) Now that Fred Astaire has left RKO, where you have made so many pictures together, do you believe that you will ever make another dancing picture?
(A) I suppose so. I would like to concentrate on dramatic rôles, but I am told that I shouldn't kill the goose that lays the golden egg—or something to that effect—so I won't be surprised, if I get a call for another dancing picture even before my legs and feet have rested up from the last one.
53. (Q) What extravagance might be called your weakness?
(A) My weakness is nice hose and shoes, but it can't be called an extravagance because early in my career I waged a battle to have the studio supply me with them, since my dancing is so hard on shoes and stockings.
54. (Q) What things give you the jitters?
(A) Hangnails and scraping sounds.
55. (Q) When you arrive at the age of thirty, will you be inclined to admit it, or will you hope to hide it?
(A) I'll admit it I guess, but quietly. I don't see any reason for wearing it on my shirt front.
56. (Q) What slang phrase or exclamation is most characteristic of you?
(A) There are two: "Oh gosh" and "For goodness sakes' alive!"
57. (Q) Do you prefer men companions of your own age, or older, and why?
(A) I like them about thirty; still young enough to be gay, yet old enough to be serious.
58. (Q) What one word would you choose to best describe your personality?
(A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Write a limerick, using your own name Virginia, beginning "There was a young girl named Virginia.")

Bright Victory

(Continued from page 67)

bargain. My neck for . . . No. I didn't mean you. But I must do something soon." He felt the wind on his face. "I'm nineteen, but older than that. It's grownup I am, you know."

"Ah. You've lived like something out of a penny dreadful for two years, and it's no wonder. Your sister's successful in the States. She's a writer. Try that."

"'Twould be damned dull."

"'It's grownup I am, you know!'" Captain Johnny quoted sarcastically. "Well, and still a black Irishman without a penn'orth of sense." He took out a tremendous green kerchief and made trumpeting noises into it. "Born for trouble."

George, staring detachedly at the water, snapped his fingers suddenly. "The Abbey Theater!" he laughed. "I'd forgotten. I'm an actor, by heaven! I'll woo the stage," and he struck a siliy pose.

"You'll neither woo nor wed anything," said Captain Johnny. "They'll hang you first."

But he was wrong. George had won the stage and married a girl before the year was out. The description of his work at the Abbey, enlarged upon and shamelessly colored by the bland young Mr. Nolan, brought him the first achievement. His flashing Irish grin and a line of blarney got him the second: a little actress, called Molly. That was not her name; but Nolan was no longer George's, for that matter. He was not sure about this business of extradition. He saw a name, sounding of no nationality, on a signboard the day before he met Molly so that the play's director, introducing them, said, "This is George Brent. Signed on yesterday."

With the strange sound of it in his ears, George said to her, "You're why I signed. I was hoping they'd give me a part that would call for a bit of lovemaking between us, in the last act — or any act."

Her eyes did not waver. They were the young eyes of 1922, fearless, questing. "I'll see it's written into the script," she told him.

He married her for various reasons. Because he was nineteen. Because she was beautiful and he wanted her. Because life, so nearly taken from him, was now inexpressibly precious and love a part of it. Because something important must be substituted for the excitement to which his spirit was attuned. Because the winter was past and the spring like no spring he had ever seen, or felt, or smelled.

IT lasted a month — the spring and his marriage — and both were a section of that period in his life when adjustment, not only to being alive but to being seriously adult, was a hectic thing. There was that first night on the stage, when he forgot his lines and the leading man, exiting, said to him for the benefit of the audience, "I leave you to your reveries!" And his subsequent change to another stock company, where he was relatively good but the play was not; so that once again the young man walked Broadway in a brand new suit that fitted too well because the pockets were flat. . . .

Love had been sudden, overwhelming, the result of a certain oblique inclination. When it was over — and it was over when the first drunkenness of his freedom had passed — the young man and his wife discussed what they had done coldly, detachedly. The answer was obvious. They stood in Central Park, for their farewell. George pointed at two swans haggling noisily over a piece of bread by the pond's edge.

"See what we'll escape?" he said.

She was strong, too, with a fine chin-held-high air. "Yes. It's been — great fun."

"More than that." He meant to say more but a curious constriction in his throat refused the words. Awkwardly he took her hand in both of his, watching her eyes. They were brown and large, magnified by a film of tears.

She turned suddenly and walked away down the path, her four-inch heels making sharp final sounds in the gravel.

CLIMAX, such as first love, has its necessary anticlimax; George's began at once, and lasted almost three years, and consisted of passing months empty of emotion, of excitement. Broadway was indifferent to him, but his persistence lasted in each case as long as his funds did. Then there was always another stock company, another outskirts show. Until the afternoon came when his manager called him to say, "I've got something nice for you, George. It'll bring you in a nice mess of mazuma, too."

George clutched the phone eagerly. "Yeah?"

"It's a road show of 'Abie's Irish Rose'."

After a moment's silence George said, "What am I supposed to be? The rose?"

"Hell, no. You're *Abie*."

George laughed patiently. "That's very funny. Now that we've settled that a black Irishman with the brogue of the Sod on his tongue would do very well for a Jewish gentleman. . . ."

"I'm not kidding," the agent interrupted.

And he was not, it appeared. "Don't be a dope," George told him, and hung up. Ten minutes later, when the phone rang again, he picked it up and said, "Hello. Yeah. I was just going to ring you back. I'll play *Abie*, as a test. *Abie's* supposed to be five, seven and sound like a Bronx tailor. I'm six, one and you know what I sound like. If I can get away with this I'm an actor. A *real* actor."

He got away with it for over a year in hundreds of barns and opera houses and churches, in hundreds of big cities and minor villages in every state of the Middle West; and it was the beginning of things, as he had known it would be. He escaped by five minutes, with the rest of the company, a spring flood in the Mississippi Valley and went barnstorming back across New England and to New York, where he checked on his bank account and found it plump; and on the year, which was 1925, and found it buzzing with prosperity, with the fever of enterprise. Responsive, young George rented an expensive theater in Pawtucket, hired some actors and invited the population to come and be entertained.

Pawtucket's grim textile-worker citizenry read his playbills, spat thoughtfully through its collective teeth and went quietly home to listen in at the new crystal set. Just as quietly, George went home to New York with the $1.47 he had left in the world. He was twenty-one.

He saw the rest of the decade through at a dead run; another flier at owning a company — this time in Florida, where the rent was low and the townspeople's enthusiasm for drama encouragingly high, so that he made a few hundred dollars on the deal; a chance in a Broadway play, "The 'K' Guy," at long last, except it flopped; seventeen plays in a row at Elitch's Gardens in Denver; and, finally, Broadway once more. . . .

The time in his memory is a confusion, as those years are now to so many people. There were occasional unimportant loves, a few good-bys without bitterness or regret. There was the infusion, as was inevitable, in his young mind of such sophistication as no man hath except he be an actor graduated from that period in time, and from that experience.

NINETEEN-THIRTY brought him, almost simultaneously, his greatest success and his greatest failure. The first was the lead opposite Alice Brady in a sprightly play called "Love, Honor and Betray," which made a great deal of money and in which he fed cues to a struggling unknown named Clark Gable and in which he gave (thought George complacently) the finest performance of his career.

The second. . . .

He could observe what happened to him then with detachment, with understanding, only after several years had gone miserably by and, on a particular evening, he found the impulse to explain it to the charming young lady who sat opposite him at a Cocoanut Grove table. "Can you *imagine* such a thing?" he asked her. He watched her slim lovely hands draw circles on the tablecloth with the end of a match. "A dirty break like that, I mean. You see, this agent had just come back from Hollywood and told me if I'd get right

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 83 with these correct ones:

1. Jeanette MacDonald
2. Luise Rainer
3. Cesar Romero
4. Bobs Watson
5. William S. Hart
6. Myrna Loy
7. Walter Damrosch
8. George Raft, Walter Pidgeon, Lew Ayres
9. Anne Shirley
10. Barbara O'Neil
11. Thomas Mitchell
12. Shirley Ross
13. Mary Boland
14. Sandra Lee Henville (Baby boy rôle in "East Side of Heaven")
15. Sally Eilers to Harry Joe Brown, Virginia Bruce to J. Walter Ruben
16. Charles Martin, writer
17. Mickey Rooney
18. Mary Pickford to Buddy Rogers
19. Constance Bennett to Marquis de la Falaise; Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. to Lady Sylvia Ashley
20. Margaret Lindsay

NONSPI CREAM

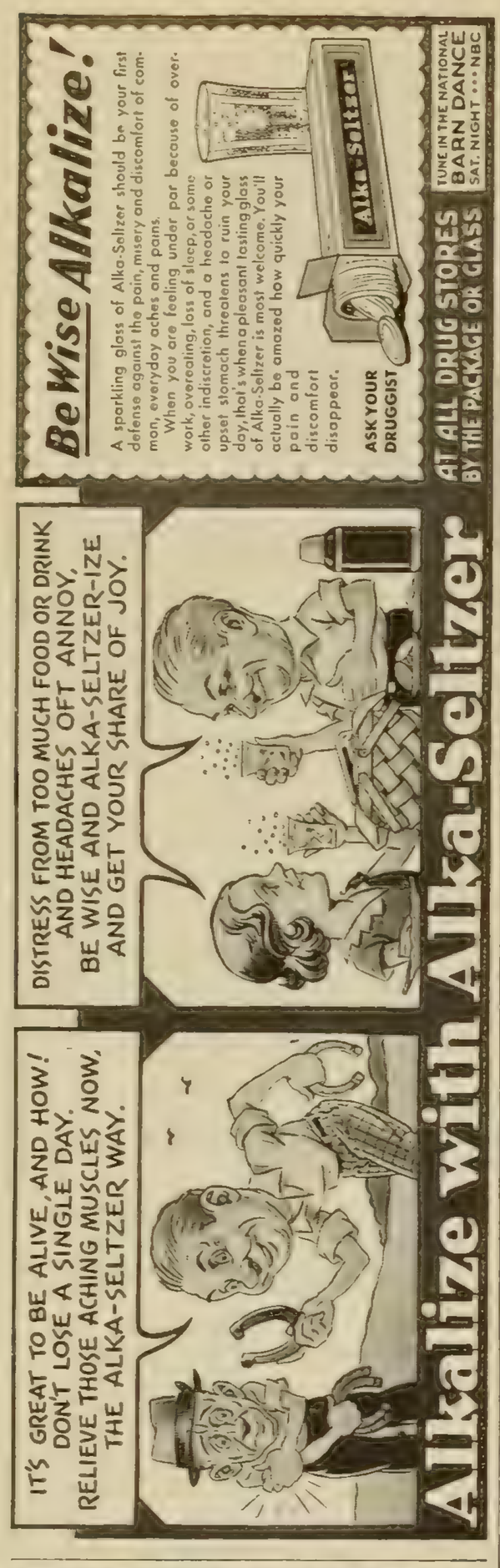
Does Both!

Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

1. Checks *both* perspiration and odor — from 1 to 3 days.
2. Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily — dries almost instantly. Not greasy.
3. May be used directly after shaving.
4. Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin — so cannot injure either skin or clothing.
5. Works on new principle — "adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream — today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form.*



USE MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM to help you obtain a fresher, smoother, lovelier complexion. It flakes off the duller, darker, older superficial skin in tiny, invisible particles. You will be thrilled with the wonderful improvement in your appearance. Try Mercolized Wax Cream today.

Use Phelactine Depilatory

REMOVES superfluous facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

Try Saxolite Astringent

SAXOLITE Astringent refreshes the skin. Delightfully pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times a day.

Sold at all Cosmetic Counters

out there I could have the lead in 'The Man Who Came Back.' And, hell, I didn't even think of flying. When I arrived in all my grandeur, Charlie Farrell was already in my rôle."

Her voice was low and even, frankly curious. "Then what did you do?"

"I knocked around town trying to get a job, of course. And all the time Warners' New York office hunting for me to make a test with Bette Davis! The studios didn't want me, so I tore back to New York too late for the Warners' test and too late for a decent spot in a play. It went on like that, for years."

"But you did get in pictures for a while?"

"Oh, sure," he grinned at her. "I was a stooge for Rin Tin Tin in a lot of Westerns and I made a Charlie Chan or two and 'Foolish Wives.'"

George was silent for a moment. "After that the worst thing happened," he said simply. "I went blind."

"God," murmured the girl.

"I went East for an operation on my eyes and my sister put me up during the months it took to get well. For a while I didn't know . . . a thing like that does something to you. Not being able to tell whether you'll ever see again, for weeks and months, and the future making faces at you out of the darkness . . . When it turned out all right I didn't care much about anything else. I was broke, though—and you know the spot Broadway was in. So I barged on out here to Hollywood again."

She had used the match to light a cigarette and now traced her circles in black. She seemed very intent. "That was about the time Warners called for the 'Rich Are Always With Us' test, hmmmm?"

George sat back in his chair, smiling. "Yes. And the next night Ruth Chatterton saw it, and approved—"

"She approved, all right." The girl was smiling, too. "Do you know what she said? She said, 'Where has *he* been all my life?' And I'll bet she really wanted to know."

He was leaning forward, suddenly, and his hand had captured hers. A little to their left on the stand one of Arnheim's entertainers, a young fellow named Bing Crosby, stepped up to the mike and began to sing, but the two at the table did not notice. "Now you know," George said softly.

"And now you want your answer." Her eyes came up to meet his at last. "Silly," she chuckled. "I think I made up my mind to marry you the moment I saw that test."

He said nothing for a moment. Then, in a voice that crowed above Bing's ineffable crooning, he said to the waiter, "More champagne! Miss Chatterton's glass is empty!"

SHE turned out to have a flair for living, possessing limitless physical vitality, motivated by a clear mind attuned to the present and to humor; she was interested in things, as he was: in flying, in work, in people, in travel. And when crises came she stood beside him. as ready and as cool and as capable as he. There was the time they went off to a cabin in the hills behind Arrowhead, intent on an idyllic week end, and the call to return for retakes came simultaneously with a sudden blizzard.

George eyed her, as the snow swirled outside. "Snowbound?" he asked.

Her eyes were fixed on two old pairs of snowshoes, hung decoratively against the wall. "Not on your life!" she said; and an hour later they were flopping along through the shrill white storm, side by side. Furthermore, they were at the studio on time.

They managed to get in a magnificent trip to Europe before the inevitable happened. They might have known . . . Their individual personalities were each too dominant, too forceful; both were fighting people hurtling through life after some far, invisible goal and, if their paths were parallel for a time, that was simply fabulous luck for them both. It was just unfortunate for George that his separation and divorce from the woman he still loved—essentially—had to come at a time when he was in disagreement with his studio.

"The Rich Are Always With Us" had made him a bright new Hollywood star. He had made other pictures, just as good, just as successful. His fan mail was mushrooming. Even so, he probably would have buried his viewpoint about his contract in reserve had not his personal world dissolved around him. It was too much. It made him sore; and when the explosion was over, George's fists were bruised, as was his career, from beating against the invincible, too-mighty studio walls.

He shut his mouth into a grim line, bought a bachelor's house at Toluca Lake (he was in a mood for irony, and Charlie Farrell's place was for sale), got himself a plane and went barrelling up into the clouds where there was room for his wrath. It was in that plane, with the wind whipping at his face and cold still emptiness about him—there, free from influences—that he faced the person he knew as George Brent, calling back the memory of a boy, restless and strangely excited, at his grandfather's knee, of a youth running through an Irish fog while machine guns sputtered behind him, of a man in love and incapable of adjusting to love. The boy, the youth, the man spoke as one: "Go away. Pack your clothes and catch a freighter bound for China, or Chile, or Bagdad—let come what will, as you once did, meet it as it comes, feel again the shock-thrill of danger. . . ." But he was no longer, he realized suddenly, intrinsic in any of these three people he had been; a new urge, unwanted, repulsed, but inexorably **stronger** than any he had known, insisted on courage. Acceptance of circumstance, a struggle to death with circumstance, with hard work as his weapon—and eventual triumph: *"You must do this."* And that voice did not persuade, did not bargain.

When at last he turned the ship back and set it down at the airport he knew what he would do. And he did it without melodrama.

Wherefore, today, his is a brighter victory. It has been a hectic fight, these last years. Typical of him as the man he is, the battle has been spectacular, with sporadic high lights. There was the Garbo engagement, which he won; he fell in love with her but he survived her, which was a special triumph because she might have hurt him very deeply.

There was the Constance Worth episode, which he lost. There was something reminiscent about an earlier romantic encounter in that, and some held-over dynamite must have exploded in him. They married, they changed their minds, she sued him, they arranged a settlement. And the thing was over.

There is the Bette Davis encounter—it may be called that, merely, unless Hollywood is wrong and George is sincere and once again he takes a chance with marriage. They are a decorative couple, speaking in relative terms of intelligence and appearance and tastes; but they cannot be sure, since if they were they would announce their love. They are both honest people.

BUT what went before, somehow, was not really important. His career was the first factor in his adjustment and steadily in the next years he built it, through the Garbo pictures and through minor comedies and program fillers, to the fine pinnacle of "Jezebel" and "Dark Victory" and "The Rains Came."

In the process he made of himself an American gentleman in every sense of the word, so that at thirty-five he is a man of the world, clean-cut, evolved. His reserve, which is inherent, gives him mystery; the way he lives, apart and without ostentation, adds to it; but there is only one essentially mysterious thing about George Brent. It is that he is still alive, after the things he has done.

Perhaps, after all, there is something in this banshee business. As an example—that last plane of his crashed the day after he sold it, killing the new owner. But he is inured now to living; he has found the measure of his own strength.

And Old John McInnis would have banged his shillalah against the nearest fence, in pride and pleasure.

LAST-MINUTE REVIEWS

★ ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS—Columbia

EVEN if you think you don't like aviation pictures, you'll get a thrill out of this. There's an added thrill, too, in witnessing the magnificent performance of Richard Barthelmess as an embittered pilot who gets one last chance to prove his manhood flying old crates (one loaded with nitroglycerine—which gives you some idea!) for a banana republic airport managed by hard-boiled Cary Grant. It's Dick's picture, both in plot and acting, though Grant and Jean Arthur are as ingratiating as ever, carrying on a cockeyed romance. With exciting photography, a suspenseful story, dialogue packed with humor, and great work from every player—notably Thomas Mitchell, Sig Rumann and lovely Rita Hayworth, the latter splendidly sincere as Dick's wife—what more could one ask?

Best Performance: Richard Barthelmess.

HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount

CONDOLENCES to Isa Miranda, making her American bow in this weak war melodrama. When the Russians arrive as paying guests at Hotel Imperial in disputed territory, Miss Miranda, *femme fatale,* and Ray Milland, Austrian officer, must carry on as hotel chambermaid and waiter. There's an attempt at suspense, but somehow you know handsome Mr. Milland will win over his enemies, J. Carrol Naish and Reginald Owen. Better luck next time, Isa.

Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 28)

the cheekbones so the jaw and chin are narrow. And the chin, likely enough, is pointed. Priscilla Lane has an inverted triangle face. If you have this type of contour proceed as follows:

1. Keep your eyebrows natural looking. Don't have them too thin. And start them above the inside corner of your eyes.

2. Get your rouge on the highest point of your cheekbones. Carry it well up toward the temple and bring it down, very lightly, to the jawline.

3. A little arch to the mouth! But don't widen the corners. Keep soft curves in the indentation of your upper lip. Above everything else, your mouth must not look square.

The Diamond Face: If, like Claudette Colbert, you have great width through your cheekbones, a quite narrow forehead, and a pointed chin you're the diamond type.

1. Do not extend the eyebrows too far toward the temple.

2. Many of the diamond type have a marked concave about the eyes. If this is true with you, use little shadow and blend it very delicately.

3. Your rouge should be placed on the highest point of your cheekbone and blended up to the receding concave of your temple and down to the receding concave of your cheek.

4. Don't allow your rouge to fall into the cheek hollow.

5. Use your lipstick so your mouth will be neither too full nor too narrow.

6. Use a lighter foundation cream on your forehead and chin than you use one the rest of your face.

WHATEVER your type, before you begin to make up, you'll see that every bit of your old make-up is removed. Skin tonic or astringent comes first. Pat it on your face and neck with firmness. Stimulate circulation. Then comes the foundation cream, the powder base. Get this on evenly and lightly. Eye shadow, if you use it, next. Then your powder. Don't rub powder on your face; pat it on. And be generous and firm about it. Use a powder brush to remove all surplus powder and make sure not one smitch of it is left about your hairline. Eyebrow pencil. Mascara—and do your upper lashes first, always. And last of all, your mouth. Leave enough time to get the lip salve on smoothly.

WAKE UP, ALL YOU SLEEPING BEAUTIES

1. We call your attention to the masks of Comedy and Tragedy. In the first, the lines go up. In the second, the lines go down. Lines that go up give a pleasant expression. Lines that go down make you look disgruntled and sour. As you grow older the lines of

The masks of Comedy and Tragedy

your face will naturally go down. Watch your eyebrows, your eyelashes and your lips. Be ready to counteract any downward trend, with a flip of your make-up stick. (Perc Westmore)

2. A powder base is a vital part of make-up. There are oily secretions between the eyes and at the sides of the nostrils and the mouth. These secretions discolor your powder and the shadow this discoloration adds to your face simultaneously adds years to your appearance. (Perc Westmore)

3. Heavy make-up will make you look artificial and cheap. It's heavy make-up we use to coarsen the appearance of any actress. (Perc Westmore)

4. You have three moving parts to your face. (a) Your mouth. (b) Your eyes. (c) Your eyebrows. With these you express your personality, so emphasize the best of them. You know which is best. If you don't, let that unfailing good friend, your mirror, tell you. (Mel Berns)

5. If a man has ink on his shirt front, it is the first thing you see. Because

Don't use too heavy make-up

it is the unusual thing about him. The same rule applies when you overdo your eye shadow, your rouge, or your lip salve. Avoid overdoing any detail of your make-up. Ordinarily! But if you have a mouth that's bad, forget this advice. Go ahead and emphasize your eyes, even to the point of overdoing them. Make them the focal point of your face and thus detract attention from your mouth. And vice versa. (Jack Dawn)

6. Discover the colors you should have in your cosmetic palette by experimenting, by asking the advice and honest opinion of those who love you, and by consulting with the experts which more and more shops are placing behind their cosmetic counters. (Wally Westmore)

Next month the Hollywood hairdressers tell you what they know—and you'll be richer for hearing it. For instance, they will tell you how to choose, unerringly, the right coiffure for your type—whatever the mode. When you've read what they have to say, put it into practice, then take a good long look in your mirror— well, you'll agree that they're wizards, too. Watch for their expert opinions in August Photoplay.

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 6)

overshadowing Olivia's own individuality.

Mary Mason is the rising young star who plays the part of *Nancy Chandler* in the radio sketches. Three movie companies are bidding for her talents, so you will probably see her soon in pictures—standing and walking according to *Dr. Susan's* precepts, and fully displaying her own natural charms.

HELPFUL HINTS—If you find yourself so busy and occupied with one thing or another all day long, that you can hardly find time to powder your nose, much less renew your lipstick, take Sonja Henie's advice on how to keep your lipstick on. Sonja says she always powders her lips before she applies the lipstick because the rouge then stays on twice as long. To set it even more, try using the most indelible lipstick you can find in a definitely light shade. Then, over that, use your regular stick in the shade you prefer. Sonja says that if you follow this procedure "no matter what you go through during the day some color will be left."

Marjorie Weaver recommends a homemade facial for those of you with a slightly oily skin, to use about once a week as a supplement to your regular routine.

"Beat up an egg," is Marjorie's recipe, "until it is foamy and add powdered magnesium until it makes a paste that can be applied to the face with the fingertips. Relax, read or sleep during the half hour it is drying. When thoroughly dry wash it off in cold water and your skin will have a lovely tingling glow, while your pores will be purged of all impurities."

Marie Wilson is one of those lucky persons who always looks fresh and cool on the hottest summer day.

At stated intervals during the day she bathes her forehead, wrists and throat with ice-cold water into which has been dropped a dash of her favorite cologne. She wears nothing but tubbable dresses because they look so cool and fresh and she drinks lots of cool water and eats no heavy food.

Geraldine Fitzgerald believes in pencils for achieving the perfect make-up and has them in various colors. She outlines her lips with a red lipstick pencil and uses a white one to moisten and run under her nail tips. When she wears blue in the evening, Geraldine uses a blue pencil to draw a short line at the outer edges of her eyes, which makes them look longer and accents the color of her eyes. She has a green pencil for green clothes and a purple one for violet ensembles. The line must be smudged a trifle so that it looks like a faint shadow.

Gale Page, appearing in "A Family Affair," brushes her eyelashes with warmed castor oil to stimulate their growth and to keep them soft so they won't break. At night, when she uses mascara, she dusts her lashes with powder after oiling them, which enables the mascara to go on more smoothly. It makes your lashes look heavier, too.

Before or After THE SAN FRANCISCO WORLD'S FAIR

☆

DON'T MISS THE THRILL OF Southern California's 22-ACRE PLAYGROUND

THE Los Angeles AMBASSADOR

ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST UNIQUE AND DELIGHTFUL HOTELS

☆

VISIT Glamorous HOLLYWOOD

...and a hundred other unforgettable attractions.

★

Come by RAIL, PLANE or MOTOR

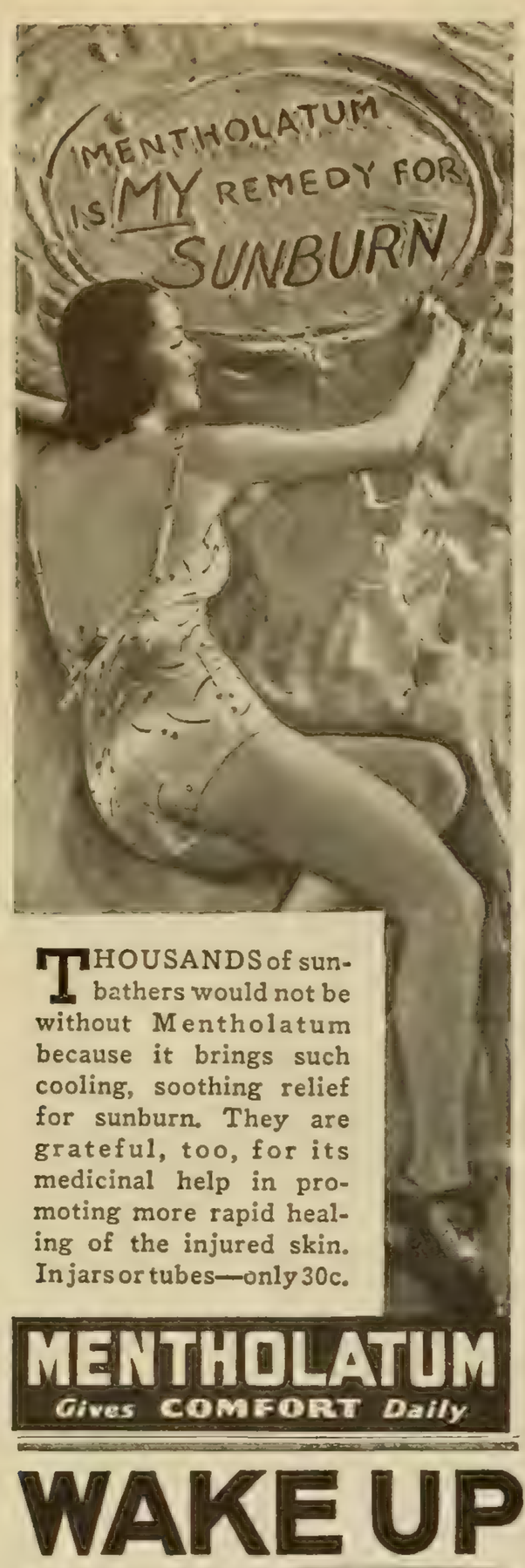
Holders of round-trip rail tickets for the *two* World's Fairs can include Los Angeles at no extra cost.

★

A Crystal Pool, Sun-tan Beach and Cabanas, Golf, Tennis, Badminton. A Miniature City of smart and fascinating Shops and a motion picture Theatre.

Please wire or write for reservations.

3400 Wilshire Blvd.
LOS ANGELES



THOUSANDS of sunbathers would not be without Mentholatum because it brings such cooling, soothing relief for sunburn. They are grateful, too, for its medicinal help in promoting more rapid healing of the injured skin. In jars or tubes—only 30c.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

WAKE UP
YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

GULBRANSEN
MAGNATONE Organ
An entirely new principle of electrical unification, making possible a small self-contained console—Resplendent with tone and volume. For churches, chapels, homes. Write for folder.

GET FROM 490 F. O. B. CHICAGO
GULBRANSEN CO., Dept. I, 816 N. Kedzie Ave., Chicago
Originators of America's Smartest Piano Fashions

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 63)

★ CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Warners

WITH warning to all and apology to none, Warner Brothers step out of the entertainment and into the enlightenment field with "Confessions of a Nazi Spy." It is a bold step.

Its purpose is to prove that Nazism is not confined to a large or small area of the European continent, but is spreading tentacles throughout the world, particularly in the United States. It dramatizes the Nazi method of approach upon American soil, its premise, the fact that any citizen's allegiance is where his heart is, and often—too often—his heart is in the Fatherland. Simply, the piece is propaganda with no pretense of being anything else.

Edward G. Robinson is advertised as the star. His rôle of G-Man is well enacted but throughout he is merely Edward G. Robinson, doing a splendid job with a splendid rôle. The real star is Paul Lukas, in the guise of a celebrated doctor, who leads the Nazi forces in the United States. Francis Lederer, as the none-too-bright egocentric spy, gives a really memorable performance. Dorothy Tree is also to be commended.

★ UNION PACIFIC—Paramount

GOOD old Cecil DeMille! This intelligent die-hard makes us a present of a movie in the old tradition, melodramatic and breath-taking and altogether wonderful. You will die a thousand deaths, howl as hundreds of redskins bite the dust and grunt with each swing of each hammer as the spikes are driven home and the track stretches on toward Ogden. This is a 1939 version of "The Iron Horse," using the story of the Union Pacific from the time Abe Lincoln decided to sponsor it until the gold nail united that company's rails with those of the Central Pacific. Profiteers try to delay the building of the road by sending along a pleasure concession to keep the workers drunk and lazy; the company retaliates by hiring ex-soldier Captain Joel McCrea to do the trouble shooting for them. He's prodigious at the job, even if one of the gamblers is an old buddy of his. New Robert Preston plays the pal who has gone wrong and is excellent. Both Preston and McCrea fall in love with Barbara Stanwyck, Irish postmistress of the road. The whole picture is a succession of lusty brawls, suspenseful escapes from death, train holdups, fights with Indians, locomotives crashing over embankments and what all. The romance is honest-to-God love, complete with sacrifice, misunderstandings and sex. Lynne Overman and Akim Tamiroff are swell as Joel's two bodyguards, with Overman especially funny. Brian Donlevy makes a good heavy.

SORORITY HOUSE—RKO-Radio

YOU couldn't call this a really big picture, but it's got a sizable social message in it, particularly to young high-school girls who intend to go to college. That business of being rushed by a sorority or standing miserably by while other gals get the bid is no light problem; and, in this, it is Anne Shirley who shows you how to take whatever comes. She's a daughter of a small-town grocer and sending her to the university means a lot to him. She's a friendly miss and when she bangs up against the cut-and-dried organizations system at school she has to make a choice. Naturally, she goes for the best sorority when it asks her to join. It could not have been an accidental piece of business on the studio's part, this rather brutal picture of the house full of girls, of their snobberies and small ambitions. The part of the piece which hurts is offered in the supplementary story of Anne's friend, Adele Pearce, who is forced to remain non-org, and thus is shunned. Oh yes, Anne makes the number one big-man-on-campus, Jimmy Ellison.

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH—M-G-M

MICKEY ROONEY, Lewis Stone and the other lovable members of the *Hardy* family, along with the director, have got that swell money-making *Hardy* series right down to formula now. The variance in excellence is too small to bother with and we can only remark that this installment, in which the family almost get two million dollars, is in the groove. The whole bunch flies off to Detroit to claim the money and while the claim is being tested, go berserk en masse in their several ways. Mickey has a run-in with a chorus dancer and you'll get a howl out of the way he makes his escape. Mousy old *Aunt Milly*, played by Sara Haden, gussies herself up and gets her man, and the others, both cast and situations, are typical of the *Hardy* tradition. Good new addition: Virginia Grey, as the Temptress.

STREETS OF NEW YORK—Monogram

EVEN Jackie Cooper, veteran at causing you to cry, can't make of this anything more than a routine, sentimental story of an underprivileged kid's regeneration. The moral is apparent; live a clean life, help your neighbor, be strong. Jackie heads a gang of paper boys, goes straight even if his brother doesn't and takes care of a little cripple. Dick Purcell is the brother and Marjorie Reynolds lends the feminine touch.

BIG TOWN CZAR—Universal

HERE we have more gangsters, more tenement kids turning into criminals, more proof that crime does not pay. Barton MacLane, having come out of the slums, gets ambitious and tries to reach the top of the gangster business. Things don't go well and he gets his punishment, you bet. Tom Brown plays his younger brother and Eve Arden has been inserted for purposes of romance.

THE RETURN OF THE CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

REMEMBER the *Cisco Kid*, that sort of Mexican Robin Hood with the accent and all? Here he is again, and welcome; there's not much story this time but a great deal of shooting and robbing and hard riding. Cesar Romero plays the *Kid's* lieutenant and is wonderfully mean, especially when a chance comes to kill somebody. Henry Hull and Lynn Bari have minor rôles; Warner Baxter, of course, plays the *Cisco Kid* and is believable and charming.

THREE WALTZES—Vedis Films

AS effervescent as champagne and as unreal as the dreamy Strauss (Johann) and Straus (Oscar) music which high lights three romances, ranging from the court of Louis Napoleon to a modern film studio, this French picture provides a field day for Yvonne Printemps, who sings like a lark, and Pierre Fresnay, whose dramatic abilities don't get much chance. You'll probably like its naïve Gallic naughtiness, even if you don't understand French (English subtitles).

LUCKY NIGHT—M-G-M

IT was understood—Hollywood all but promised—that the mad-mad-fun stories were out, once and for all. It just goes to show how far you can trust *that* town. Here's the works again, and it is a picture with a galloping case of whimsey; furthermore, Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor are stuck with the leads. She's a rich girl with no idea of what she wants, goes out on her own to try for a job, isn't successful, meets Taylor on a park bench. Here, then, is where it starts—good and early. Taylor sweeps her off her feet, they swipe a tip off a counter, hit a jack pot. They gamble a little more, win a car, borrow some money, drink too much and are married. Taylor gets a job, and they get an apartment, Myrna gets a Little-Woman-In-the-Home complex and they both get bored. No more mad fun. But don't relax; it starts up all over again.

Frankly, this reviewer's attitude about the whole thing is more plaintive than angry; we keep wanting to cuddle the dialogue to our chest, like a fluffy white bunny.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE—Paramount

A SCHOOLBOY'S nightmare, after listening to Gangbusters at night, must be something like this picture. There is mellerdrammer beyond belief; there are horror chambers; there's even a treasure. John Howard is still playing *Drummond*, and he is still doing it well, but even that pleasant character can't make such a yarn acceptable to modern audiences. Heather Angel, H. B. Warner, Reginald Denny and others struggle valiantly, too.

CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

THIS series has its big following and you may expect to see the same cast as always, with Lew Ayres doing well as young *Dr. Kildare*. This time he must choose between operating on a man wanted for murder, or letting the fellow die because of principle. His decision gives him a chance to fall in love with the patient's sister, Lana Turner, and, for a time, it looks as if he would marry her and thus end the series. Lionel Barrymore is the old surgeon who steps in when things look black.

THE NIGHT RIDERS—Republic

THE best of the excellent Three Mesquiteers series, this novel Western presents the trio fighting the perpetrators of a fraudulent land grab in the early '80s. John Wayne again stands out as the leader of the Mesquiteers, with Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune supporting him in his Robin Hoodish career. It's an absorbing and exciting Western that you'll all enjoy.

BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount

PERSISTENTLY pessimistic in tone, this social message on celluloid starts in a folksy way. It wants to prove that a little misdeed in childhood can lead to eventual degradation, with Wallace Ford the victim of the thesis. He works very hard at it. Patricia Ellis plays his old school friend, who helps him out when finally he is brought to trial for murder. Aline McMahon, Stuart Erwin and a lot of children help.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 4)

FISHERMAN'S WHARF—Principal-RKO-Radio

Less saccharine than its predecessors, this allows Bobby Breen (yes, he's an orphan) to live with Leo Carrillo and Henry Armetta and fuss around with fish and a fishy Italian accent. He sings a few songs in the usual manner. (*April*)

FLYING IRISHMAN, THE—RKO-Radio

A somewhat romanticized screen treatment of the trials and final triumph in the life of Doug Corrigan, this doesn't pretend to be anything but a sincere story, nor does the principal try to be anything but a simple flyer. Therefore, the film is in good taste and a nice hour of entertainment. You will hardly be surprised to learn that he really did intend to fly —to Ireland! (*May*)

FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE—M-G-M

This has a message—a message to the medicos to stop trying to make so much dough and start worrying about the health of the patient. Florence Rice is cute as the hard-boiled nurse out for a rich husband; Alan Marshal does well as the idealistic surgeon. Una Merkel, Mary Howard and Ann Rutherford are the three other gals. (*April*)

★ GUNGA DIN—RKO-Radio

Adapted from Kipling's barrack-room ballad glorifying the brave water carrier, this exciting drama shows the British in India up to their old tricks of policing the natives. Cary Grant (boy, is he good), Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Victor McLaglen are the swashbuckling heroes; Sam Jaffe, the courageous *Gunga Din*. Two hours packed with spectacular thrills. (*April*)

★ HONOLULU—M-G-M

The studio intended this extravagant musical to be Eleanor Powell's picture, but somehow Gracie Allen appropriated it. The plot revolves around a screen star's (Bob Young) attempt to have a tropical vacation incognito. Miss Allen's irrepressible humor and Miss Powell's expert hoofing will keep you amused. (*April*)

HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE—20th Century-Fox

There is disappointment in this Conan Doyle crime puzzle, in which everyone lives under the shadow of an old legend. It drags at the beginning, works up to good suspense and then comes to climax without letting us in on *Sherlock's* methods. Basil Rathbone is a bored *Sherlock Holmes*, Nigel Bruce, *Watson*. Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie supply romance. (*June*)

★ ICE FOLLIES OF 1939, THE—M-G-M

Metro steers into the ice field with this Gargantuan frozen follies, using as background the ice troupe that successfully followed Sonja Henie around America. The plot has Joan Crawford loving Jimmie Stewart, marrying him, leaving him, coming back to him. Lew Ayres is good as the bitter partner of Stewart. (*May*)

★ IDIOT'S DELIGHT—M-G-M

An effective screen treatment of the Lunt-Fontanne play. Clark Gable is a vaudeville ham; Norma Shearer, a phony Russian countess traveling with Edward Arnold, a munitions maker. Add assorted characters, put them in an Alpine hotel when the next war breaks out and you have drama in fantastic proportions. Salute! Hollywood grows up. (*April*)

I'M FROM MISSOURI—Paramount

You may not care if the Missouri mule is replaced by the tractor but Bob Burns does and goes to England in defense of the animal. Gladys George plays Bob's wife. Bill Henry and Gene Lockhart do good jobs in small rôles. Full of Burns' homely humor. (*June*)

I WAS A CONVICT—Republic

Really, the publicity that convicts have been getting from Hollywood lately! This particular bit will put you in a stupor. Barton MacLane, Beverly Roberts, Clarence Kolb and Horace MacMahon are the main ones in the cast and they're so bored with what they have to do. (*May*)

KID FROM TEXAS, THE—M-G-M

A trite story keeps this from A rating, although its cast and performances are excellent. It's about a cowhand who wants to play polo, gets his chance, but ends up in a rodeo. Dennis O'Keefe, the cowhand who falls in love with Florence Rice, deserves a better assignment. Buddy Ebsen gets the laughs. (*June*)

KING OF CHINATOWN—Paramount

There's plenty of action and a lot of mystery in this chilling mellerdrammer, wherein Akim Tamiroff is the King of Chinatown and Anna May Wong, a doctor trying to get money for Chinese war refugees. Akim takes a beating throughout. (*June*)

KING OF THE TURF—Small-United Artists

The long arm of coincidence is practically pulled out of its socket in this race-track tale. Adolphe Menjou, cast as a bum, is regenerated by a runaway boy. The boy has a mother, Dolores Costello. Menjou has an ex-wife. Who? Dolores Costello. We can't stand surprises. (*April*)

LADY AND THE MOB, THE—Columbia

Academy Winner Fay Bainter brings a light but dignified touch to this semihumorous story of a rich eccentric who runs a mob of racketeers out of town by hiring her own plug uglies and practically manning their machine guns herself. Lee Bowman, as Miss Bainter's son, and Ida Lupino furnish a light romance. (*May*)

LADY VANISHES, THE—Gaumont-British

Alfred Hitchcock, the great English director, here gives you his best, a stirring story of spies, bloodshed and, of course, loo-v-e! All action takes place on a transcontinental express, and the cast, Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave and others are splendid. Will suit the most cynical of "guess-who" fans.

★ LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY, THE—Paramount

"Kentucky" was responsible for this cycle of prop bluegrass, Southern accents and blooded stock. George Raft is the dam' Yankee who makes short work of a little Kentucky gal's prejudices. Ellen Drew is the attractive Southern belle. Hugh Herbert and ZaSu Pitts carry the comedy. This has some swell races and plenty of action. (*June*)

★ LET FREEDOM RING—M-G-M

This is the movie in which Nelson Eddy has a fist fight with Victor McLaglen. He also sings to Virginia Bruce (not J. MacDonald). As the hero rancher who persuades the railroads to give back stolen property, naturally Nelson wins over Victor; he wins Virginia, too. You will like this blend of action, drama and music. (*April*)

LET US LIVE—Columbia

Based on a case in the daily papers some years ago, this is an indictment of some phases of our legal setup, the implication being that justice wins over injustice by the grace of Providence and nothing else. Henry Fonda is the innocent bystander, identified by hysterical witnesses as a murderer and sent to the death house. Maureen O'Sullivan is the girl who sees him through all the trouble. Very interesting. (*May*)

★ LITTLE PRINCESS, THE—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple's boss has said this was the best picture he ever made. The charming story is that of a soldier's daughter in a swank school, treated well until news comes of his death, when she is relegated to the scullery. Shirley is perfect, the Technicolor throughout superb and the cast, Richard Greene, Anita Louise, Ian Hunter, Mary Nash, Sybil Jason, Arthur Treacher, Cesar Romero and others, are in top form. (*May*)

LONE WOLF SPY HUNT, THE—Columbia

Spies are in vogue just now, so here is Warren William again (as the *Lone Wolf*) catching up on his espionage in Washington. Ralph Morgan is the menace, Ida Lupino the sex appeal and Virginia Weidler just tags along. Will not win friends or influence people. (*April*)

★ LOVE AFFAIR—RKO-Radio

A delicately wrought love story, with several fragrant episodes, plenty of comedy and much pathos. It begins aboard ship when playboy Charles Boyer falls in love with ex-cafe singer, Irene Dunne; crystallizes in Madiera when they visit Boyer's aged grandmother, Maria Ouspenskaya; has a temporary set-back when Irene is crippled by an automobile accident and Boyer thinks he's jilted. A picture you won't forget. (*June*)

★ MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selznick-United Artists

This vital, modern love story will appeal to most adults, but especially to "young marrieds" whose problems, miseries and happiness are portrayed with understanding and humor by Carole Lombard and Jimmie Stewart. The cast, production and direction are Hollywood's best. (*April*)

★ MIDNIGHT—Paramount

Claudette Colbert trips along as cute as a new bunny, playing an American chorine stranded in Paris. Cab driver Don Ameche sees her plight, tries to help her, but doesn't succeed until she has let herself in for undue publicity as the foil in a divorce scandal between John Barrymore, Mary Astor (his wife) and Francis Lederer (Mary's lover). Gay and good. (*May*)

★ MIKADO, THE—Toye-Universal

The first full-length production of a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, this retains the sentimentality and ironical humor of the original. Beautifully sung by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. (augmented nicely by Kenny Baker), this tale of the loves of the son of the Mikado of Japan in the Middle Ages should charm anybody over twenty. (*April*)

MY WIFE'S RELATIVES—Republic

In this hilarious episode of the *Higgins* family, *Pa* (James Gleason), *Ma* (Lucile Gleason) and *Son* (Russell Gleason) get into one homey little scrape after another but succeed in preventing a designing widow from marrying *Grandpa* (Harry Davenport). Unsophisticated fun. (*May*)

NANCY DREW—REPORTER—Warners

Bonita Granville now gets involved with a group of journalism students who outwit an editor to solve a murder case. Frankie Thomas, Jr. helps her out. Very tough on the poor murderer. (*April*)

★ NEVER SAY DIE—Paramount

Screwy Bob Hope is very funny in this gag story wherein he is told he only has a month to live because he has hyperacidity and is digesting himself! It's all a mistake but Bob doesn't think so, nor does Martha Raye, the Texas heiress who marries him to escape being sold to a prince. Nutty but nice. (*May*)

OKLAHOMA KID—Warners

The redoubtable James Cagney dons boots and saddles to play a sort of Robin Hood of the sagebrush during the land fights on the Cherokee Strip in 1893. Lots of Indians, stage coaches, assorted low-life desperadoes, shooting, shouting, and suspense. Rosemary Lane, Humphrey Bogart, Donald Crisp and others make up the good cast.

★ ONE THIRD OF A NATION—Paramount

Using the President's line from his second inaugural address, Dudley Murphy has made a sermon for slum clearance that will make you want to take an axe to the first old house you see. Sylvia Sidney, Leif Erikson and Sidney Lumet are splendid, but the tenement house is the star. We suggest this is worth seeing if you are at all interested in everyday news items. (*April*)

PERSONS IN HIDING—Paramount

Taken from a book of crime cases by the same name written by J. Edgar Hoover, this is impressively realistic. It deals with the "get-rich-quick" aspirations of a vicious young woman by means of robberies, kidnapings and assorted peccadilloes. Patricia Morison (a newcomer) does amazingly well. (*April*)

PRIDE OF THE NAVY—Republic

If you have been wondering where James Dunn was keeping himself, drop in at your neighborhood theater. He's a speedboat demon kicked out of Annapolis. The Navy says all is forgiven if he will design a torpedo boat and Rochelle Hudson persuades him it is the thing to do. No great shakes. (*April*)

SERGEANT MADDEN—M-G-M

It's pretty tough being a good policeman and a good father, too, but Wallace Beery manages nicely. His son Alan Curtis jams things up, first as a rotten fighter, later as a disgruntled rookie cop. His doorstep daughter, Laraine Day, finally marries Curtis, but not before a good deal of shooting and sentiment on the part of Beery. (*May*)

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal

Success of the revival of horror pictures inspired this up-to-date chiller. Boris Karloff (the original Monster of 1931), Bela Lugosi (of "Dracula") and Basil Rathbone work together with an awesome effect of terror. Josephine Hutchinson has a small bit. Prepare for nightmares. (*April*)

SPIRIT OF CULVER—Universal

Jackie Cooper plays the son of a dead war hero, who is picked up from a bread line by the American Legion, sent to Culver Military Academy where he goes for the bread and butter but holds no brief for the patriotic theme "there are some things worth dying for." Roommate Freddie Bartholomew brings the dissenter to his senses. (*May*)

★ STAGECOACH—Wanger-United Artists

Well-written, well-acted and well-directed, this delineates the adventures of nine people who meet and face treachery traveling through Indian infested territory in 1885. One of the best characterizations of the year is that of Thomas Mitchell as the drunken doctor, but Claire Trevor, John Wayne, George Bancroft, Tim Holt and others are exceptional. Very fine. (*April*)

ST. LOUIS BLUES—Paramount

This Mississippi showboat story is a series of anticlimaxes holding the plot together so the performers can sing. Lloyd Nolan is the dashing captain, Dorothy Lamour is a runaway actress who refuses to wear sarongs (but she does). Four songs are delightfully rendered by Maxine Sullivan, aided by the Hall Johnson choir. (*April*)

★ STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, THE—20th Century-Fox

It's no easy job to make fast-moving, emotional entertainment of a technician's life, but Mr. Zanuck tried it with edifying success. Don Ameche plays *Bell*, whose love for his lovely wife (Loretta Young) and his interest in deaf-mutes leads to his invention of the telephone. It's a superlative production, with perfect support by such troupers as Henry Fonda, Elizabeth Patterson and Charles Coburn. (*June*)

★ STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE, THE—RKO-Radio

This is a sweet picture that will have enormous appeal. It's the true story of those glamorous dancers of the pre-war days—Vernon and Irene Castle—their life and love together until Vernon's plane crash during the war. It has the inimitable Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire playing the Castles, recreating their dances—and it sparkles like polished crystal. (*June*)

SOCIETY LAWYER—M-G-M

This was called "Penthouse" in 1933 and starred Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Now, Walter Pidgeon makes love to Virginia Bruce. Pidgeon, a lawyer, is first in love with Frances Mercer, but this cools when he disgraces himself by saving gangster Leo Carrillo. Miss Bruce looks beautiful and Pidgeon is suave. (*June*)

SUDDEN MONEY—Paramount

Don't go out of your way to catch this little number. It deals with a family who wins a sweepstakes and goes berserk. Charles Ruggles, Marjorie Rambeau, Broderick Crawford, Billy Lee and Evelyn Keyes do their part. (*June*)

★ TAIL SPIN—20th Century-Fox

Alice Faye, Connie Bennett, Nancy Kelly and Joan Davis show you the perils and sacrifices of competition in women's air derbies. There are assorted love stories, but see this for the novelty and speed thrills. (*April*)

THEY MADE HER A SPY—RKO-Radio

Hollywood is hepped up over the spy scares—result: Sally Eiler's brother invents a new shell and is killed; she becomes a member of a spy ring; so does reporter Allan Lane. If you think real hard you may guess the ending. (*June*)

★ THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—Universal

A little more grown-up, with her voice in perfect condition, Deanna Durbin pulls this sequel to her first success onto the gravy train. Nan Grey and Helen Parrish are her sisters whose love affairs Deanna tries to straighten out—but with what

Get rid of UNWANTED HAIR

WITH THE NEW IMPROVED FORMULA ZiP

Perfumed DEPILATORY CREAM

NO BARIUM SULPHIDE!

With more women using ZiP than any other hair remover, I have been encouraged to create a new and better product; a toiletry that is far superior to old-time depilatories; a cream which can be used without offense to others in your household. My new ZiP Depilatory Cream instantly removes every trace of hair; keeps your skin satin-smooth. Simply spread it on and rinse off.

Available at Good Stores

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST
562 Fifth Avenue, New York

Also ZIP Epilator
IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
Actually eliminates superfluous hair with amazing success. Quick and effective. Excellent for face. Used for 25 years at my Salon.
Treatment or FREE Demonstration at my Salon

GRAY FADED HAIR

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time at home with French Method "SHAMPO-KOLOR." Any shade, no dyed look. Colors hair close to scalp, most lasting. Permits perm. wave. Free Book. Valligny Prod. Inc., Dpt 43-H, 254 W. 31 St. N.Y.

Send Your Boy to Bernarr Macfadden's Man-Building School at Lebanon, Tennessee. • Accepted by all educational institutions as a high-class preparatory school and junior college. • Ages accepted from nine years. • Prepare your boy for the battle of professional or business life by making him a square - shouldered, double - fisted fighting man. • Write for information to Castle Heights Military Academy, Lebanon, Tenn.

MEN ADMIRE lovely HAIR

DON-A-CAP
PATENTED
FORM FITTING
WAVE PROTECTOR

KEEPS HAIR LOVELY

Get the original tailored DON-A-CAP because *this* cap is cut to fit the head snugly, comfortably and attractively. Makes hair arrangements last days longer. Permits real sleeping comfort. Saves time in the morning. Millions in use everywhere.

A special model at Ten Cent Stores only. Look for DON-A-Products display

DONA MANUFACTURING CO.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

EXERCISE AND LIKE IT!

Exercising is *fun* . . . if you follow Bernarr Macfadden's instructions in this new book. Here's no dry, dull treatise on health but a live, inspiring guide that gives you all the benefits of Mr. Macfadden's lifetime study and makes exercise a real game. Get that sparkle of health in your eyes; that ruddy glow in your cheeks. Know the thrill of muscles that are hard and firm. Enjoy a new zest for life. It's easy with *Exercise and Like It.* And it takes only a few minutes a day! If your bookseller can not supply you, order your copy direct from the publisher. $1.00, postpaid.

Send me postage prepaid, Bernarr Macfadden's great new book, *Exercise and Like It.* I enclose $1.00.

☐ Check here if you wish the book sent C.O.D.—you to pay the postal charges upon delivery.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., Inc.
205 East 42nd Street, Dept. P.7, New York, N. Y.

results! Surprise of the picture is Robert Cummings. Charles Winninger does a splendid bit as the father. (*June*)

TWELVE CROWDED HOURS—RKO-Radio

The Richard Dix of the great "Cimarron" is lost here as a news reporter who helps a pal when murder will out. The story is well-knit, but you may be sick of the newspaper-versus-rackets idea. Lucille Ball is Dix's sweetie and Allan Lane also runs. (*May*)

★ WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter needed a good picture and he has it in this blend of comedy, burlesque and music, the plot based around a contractor whose wife (Loretta Young) has a yen to be a singer. Binnie Barnes is the opera star who finally brings matters to a dramatic climax. (*May*)

WINNER TAKE ALL—20th Century-Fox

Tony Martin is a singer—not yet too good an actor, but he's fine in this as the fighter whose name has been built up in fixed fights. He carries the fortunes of Henry Armetta in his gloves, as Armetta is treasurer of the "Sons of Garibaldi" and bets everything on Tony. Gloria Stuart adds a dash of sex. (*May*)

WITHIN THE LAW—M-G-M

It's a story of vengeance, with a good new twist in it. Ruth Hussey gets sent to prison for a crime she didn't commit. When released she sets about revenging herself by marrying Tom Neal, son of the man who sent her up. Things go awry when she falls in love with the boy. (*June*)

WOMAN DOCTOR—Republic

Henry Wilcoxon, Frieda Inescort and Claire Dodd worry through the tangles of love wherein Miss Inescort can't make up her mind whether her duty lies with her husband and child (Sybil Jason) or with other mothers' crippled offspring. Will suit the customers. (*April*)

★ WUTHERING HEIGHTS—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

No humor has been added to this famous Bronte classic. It introduces Laurence Olivier as the outcast loved by Merle Oberon. But when Merle's desire for jewels leads to her marriage to rich David Niven, hate rules the moors. The fine acting of Miss Oberon and Olivier, the restraint of Niven and the performances of Geraldine Fitzgerald and Flora Robson make this picture a must. (*June*)

★ YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Warners

Transferred from the stage, this is meant to be a satire on the freedom and unconventional attitudes of young females of today. Priscilla Lane is the daughter who reacts too completely to her libera mother's advice (Fay Bainter). Jeffrey Lynn is the bewildered young swain who thinks "woman's place is in the home." Very amusing. (*April*)

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN—Universal

The new W. C. Fields-Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy feature is pretty funny. There seems to be no end to the gags this trio can evolve from the circumstance of Fields playing the rôle of boss of a smalltime circus. Constance Moore, Princess Baba, Arthur Hohl, Mary Forbes and an elephant named Annie are in the cast. (*May*)

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER—Warners

Once again Humphrey Bogart is the icy-eyed killer; Billy Halop, his little stooge. Like all literary slum kids, Billy has a pure sister, Gale Page, in love with Harvey Stephens, falsely accused of murder. What *will* Warners do when they run out of U. S. prisons? (*April*)

ZENOBIA—Hal Roach-United Artists

In this Harry Langdon replaces Oliver Hardy's old sidekick—Stan Laurel. The main laugh gag is an ailing elephant who is cured by *Doctor* Hardy's pink pills. Jean Parker, James Ellison, Alice Brady and June Lang add to the merriment—or is it confusion? (*June*)

Casts of Current Pictures

"BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by John Bright and Robert Tasker. From an original story by William K. Howard. Directed by William K. Howard. Cast: *Frankie*, Wallace Ford; *Miss Williams*, Aline McMahon; *Jud*, Stuart Erwin; *Carol*, Patricia Ellis; *The Mouse*, Bert Frohman; *John Shelley*, Kent Smith; *Charlie Smith*, Bruce Evans; *Bob Hale*, George Lewis; *Wallace Kishler*, Doug McMullen; *Mrs. Smith*, Helen Christian; *George Spelvin*, Robert Vivian; *Penitentiary Warden*, Hugh Cameron; *Colored Woman*, Georgette Harvey.

"BIG TOWN CZAR"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Edmund L. Hartmann. Original story by Ed Sullivan. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: *Phil Daley*, Barton MacLane; *Danny Daley*, Tom Brown; *Susan Warren*, Eve Arden; *Ed Sullivan*, Ed Sullivan; *Sid Travis*, Frank Jenks; *Paul Burgess*, Walter Woolf King; *Mike Luger*, Jack Larue; *Nick*, Jerry Marlowe; *Chuck Hardy*, Gordon Jones; *Punchy*, Horace McMahon.

"BLIND ALLEY"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by James Warwick. Directed by Charles Vidor. Cast: *Hal Wilson*, Chester Morris; *Shelby*, Ralph Bellamy; *Linde*, Joan Perry; *Doris Shelby*, Rose Stradner; *Agnes*, Ann Doran; *Fred*, Stanley Brown; *Davie*, Scotty Beckett; *Dick*, John Eldridge; *Buck*, Marc Lawrence; *Mary*, Ann Dvorak; *Sidney*, Melville Cooper; *Nick*, Milburne Stone; *Harriett*, Marie Blake.

"BRIDAL SUITE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein. Story by Gottfried Reinhardt and Virginia Faulkner. Directed by William Thiele. Cast: *Luise Anzengruber*, Annabella; *Neil McGill*, Robert Young; *Doctor Grauer*, Walter Connolly; *Sir Horace Bragdon*, Reginald Owen; *Cornelius McGill*, Gene Lockhart; *Lord Helfer*, Arthur Treacher; *Mrs. McGill*, Billie Burke; *Abbie Bragdon*, Virginia Field; *Maxl*, Felix Bressart.

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Garnett Weston. Based on "Temple Tower" by H. C. (Sapper) McNeile. Directed by James Hogan. Cast: *Capt. Hugh Drummond*, John Howard; *Phyllis Clavering*, Heather Angel; *Colonel Nielson*, H. B. Warner; *Aunt Blanche*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Algy Longworth*, Reginald Denny; *Tenny*, E. E. Clive; *Borjei Islanyani*, alias *Henry Seaton* and *Albert Boulton*, Leo Carroll; *Professor Downie*, Forrester Harvey.

"CALLING DR. KILDARE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Harry Ruskin and Willis Goldbeck. From an original story by Max Brand. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: *Dr. James Kildare*, Lew Ayres; *Dr. Leonard Gillespie*, Lionel Barrymore; *Mary Lamont*, Laraine Day; *Wayman*, Nat Pendleton; *Rosalie*, Lana Turner; *Dr. Stephen Kildare*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Alice Raymond*, Lynne Carver; *Mrs. Martha Kildare*, Emma Dunn; *Dr. Walter Carew*, Walter Kingsford; *Molly Byrd*, Alma Kruger; *James Galt*, Harlan Briggs; *Harry Galt*, Henry Hunter; *Sally*, Marie Blake; *Bates*, Phillip Terry; *Joiner*, Roger Converse; *Collins*, Donald Barry; *Tom Crandell*, Reed Hadley; "*Nosey*," Nell Craig; *Nick*, George Offerman, Jr.; *Conover*, Clinton Rosemond; "*Red*," Johnny Walsh.

"CAPTAIN FURY"—HAL ROACH-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Grover Jones, Jack Jevne and William De Mille. Directed by Hal Roach. Cast: *Captain Fury*, Brian Aherne; *Blackie*, Victor McLaglen; *Francois Dupre*, Paul Lukas; *Jeanette Dupre*, June Lang; *Coughy*, John Carradine; *Arnold Trist*, George Zucco; *Preston*, Douglass Dumbrille; *Mabel*, Virginia Field; *Mergon*, Charles Middleton; *Governor*, Lawrence Grossmith; *Mr. Bailey*, Lumsden Hare; *Mrs. Bailey*, Mary Gordon; *Bob*, John Warburton; *Suco*, Claud Allister; *Berlie*, Will Stanton; *Governor's Aide*, Edgar Norton; *Tess Bailey*, Margaret Roach; *Duffy*, Billy Bevan; *Danny Bailey*, Edwin Brian.

"CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Milton Krims and John Wexley. Based on materials gathered by Leon G. Turrou. Cast: *Ed Renard*, Edward G. Robinson; *Schneider*, Francis Lederer; *Schlager*, George Sanders; *Dr. Kassel*, Paul Lukas; *Atty. Kellogg*, Henry O'Neill; *Erika Wolff*, Lya Lys; *Mrs. Schneider*, Grace Stafford; *Scotland Yard Man*, James Stephenson; *Krogman*, Sig Rumann; *Phillips*, Fred Tozere; *Hilda*, Dorothy Tree; *Mrs. Kassel*, Celia Sibelius; *Renz*, Joe Sawyer; *Hintze*, Lionel Royce; *Wilderbrandt*, Hans von Tivardowsky; *Helldorf*, Henry Victor; *Captain Richter*, Frederick Vogeding; *Klauber*, George Rosener; *Straubel*, Robert Davis; *Westphal*, John Voigt; *Gruetzgald*, Willy Kaufman; *Capt. Von Eichen*, William Vaughn; *McDonald*, Jack Mower; *Harrison*, Robert Keane; *Mrs. MacLaughlin*, Ely Malyon; *Staunton*, Frank Mayo; *Postman*, Alec Craig; *Kassel's Nurse*, Jean Brook; *Kranz*, Lucien Prival; *A Man*, Niccolia Yoshkin; *A Woman*, Bodil Rosing; *Young*, Charles Sherlock; *U. S. District Court Judge*, Frederick Burton.

"GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by S. S. Van Dine. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Cast: *Gracie Allen*, Gracie Allen; *Philo Vance*, Warren William; *Bill Brown*, Kent Taylor; *Ann*, Ellen Drew; *Daniel Murche*, Jerome Cowan; *Dixie*, Judith Barrett; *Markham*, Donald MacBride; *Lathrop*, H. B. Warner; "*Gloomy Gus*," Horace MacMahon; *Sergeant Heath*, William Demarest; *Two Thugs*, Al Shaw and Sammy Lee.

"HARDYS RIDE HIGH, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston, Kay Van Riper and William Ludwig. Based upon the characters created by Aurania Rouverol. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: *Judge Hardy*, Lewis Stone; *Andy Hardy*, Mickey Rooney; *Marian Hardy*, Cecilia Parker; *Mrs. Hardy*, Fay Holden; *Polly Benedict*, Ann Rutherford; *Aunt Milly*, Sara Haden; *Consuela*, Virginia Grey; *Mr. Archer*, Minor Watson; *Philip Westcott*, John King; *Don Davis*, John T. Murray; *Dobbs*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Mr. Bronell*, George Irving; *Miss Booth*, Aileen Pringle; *Susan Bowen*, Marsha Hunt; *Caleb Bowen*, Donald Briggs; *Dick Bannersly*, William Orr; *Clerk*, Truman Bradley.

"INVITATION TO HAPPINESS"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Claude Binyon. Based on a story by Mark Jerome. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Cast: *Eleanore Wayne*, Irene Dunne; *Al "King" Cole*, Fred MacMurray; *Pop Hardy*, Charlie Ruggles; *Albert Cole, Jr.*, Billy Cook; *Mr. Wayne*, Wm. Collier, Sr.; *Lola*, Marion Martin.

"IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Ben Hecht. Based on an original story by Ben Hecht and Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke, II. Cast: *Edwina Corday*, Claudette Colbert; *Guy Johnson*, James Stewart; "*Cap*" *Streeter*, Guy Kibbee; *Sergeant Koretz*, Nat Pendleton; *Vivian Tarbel*, Frances Drake; *Lieutenant Miller*, Edgar Kennedy; *Willie Heyward*, Ernest Truex; *Major Willoughby*, Richard Carle; *Dolores Gonzales*, Cecilia Callejo; *Al Mallon*, Sidney Blackmer; "*Gimpy*," Andy Clyde; *Captain Haggerty*, Cliff Clark; *Madame Chambers*, Cecil Cunningham; *Herman Plotka*, Leonard Kibrick; *Stage Manager*, Hans Conried; *Lupton Peabody*, Grady Sutton.

"JUAREZ"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Aeneas McKenzie, John Huston and Abem Finkel. From a story by Mrs. Bertita Harding. Directed by William Dieterle. The Cast: *Benito Juarez*, Paul Muni; *Carlotta*, Bette Davis; *Maximilian*, Brian Aherne; *Napoleon III*, Claude Rains; *Empress Eugenie*, Gale Sondergaard; *Porfirio Diaz*, John Garfield; *Marechal Bazaine*, Donald Crisp; *Colonel Miguel Lopez*, Gilbert Roland; *Miguel Miramon*, Henry O'Neill; *Alejandro Uradi*, Joseph Calleia; *Riva Palacio*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Jose de Montares*, Montagu Love; *Dr. Samuel Basch*, Harry Davenport; *Achille Fould*, Frank Mayo; *Drouyn de Lhuys*, Alex Leftwich; *Countess Kollonitz*, Georgia Caine; *Major DuPont*, Robert Warwick; *Senor de Leon*, Gennaro Curci; *Tomas Mejia*, Bill Wilkerson; *Mariano Escobedo*, John Miljan; *Sir Campbell-Scarlett*, Gilbert Emory; *John Bigelow*, Hugh Sothern; *Senor Salas*, Fred Malatesta; *Tailor*, Carlos de Valdez; *Carbajal*, Chas. Middleton; *Coachman*, Frank Lackteen; *Senator del Valle*, Walter O. Stahl; *Prince Metternich*, Walter Kingsford; *Le Marc*, Louis Calhern.

"LUCKY NIGHT"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Vincent Lawrence and Grover Jones. Based on the story by Oliver Claxton. Directed by Norman Taurog. The Cast: *Cora Jordan*, Myrna Loy; *Bill Overton*, Robert Taylor; *Joe Hilton*, Joseph Allen; *Calvin Jordan*, Henry O'Neill; *George*, Douglas Fowley; "*Dusty Sawyer*," Bernard Nedell; *Carpenter*, Charles Lane; "*Blondie*," Bernadene Hayes; "*Blackie*," Gladys Blake; *Mrs. Briggs*, Marjorie Main; *Policeman*, Edward Gargan; *Conductor*, Irving Bacon; *Police Lieutenant*, Oscar O'Shea.

"MAN OF CONQUEST"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Wells Root, E. E. Paramore, Jr., and Jan Fortune. Original story by Harold Shumate and Wells Root. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. Cast: *Sam Houston*, Richard Dix; *Margaret Lea*, Gail Patrick; *Andrew Jackson*, Edward Ellis; *Eliza Allen*, Joan Fontaine; *William Travis*, Victor Jory; *Davey Crockett*, Robert Barrat; *Lannie Upchurch*, George, Hayes; *Stephen Austin*, Ralph Morgan; *Jim Bowie*; Robert Armstrong; *Santa Ana*, C. Henry Gordon; *Mrs. Lea*, Janet Beecher; *Oolooteka*, Pedro de Cordoba; "*Deaf*" *Smith*, Max Terhune; *Mrs. Allen*, Kathleen Lockhart; *Jonas Lea*, Ferris Taylor; *John Hoskins*, Leon Ames.

"NIGHT RIDERS, THE"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Betty Burbridge and Stanley Roberts. Based on characters by William Colt MacDonald. Directed by George Sherman. Cast: *Stony Brooke*, John Wayne; *Tucson Smith*, Ray Corrigan; *Lullaby Joslin*, Max Terhune; *Soledad*, Doreen McKay; *Susan Randall*, Ruth Rogers; *Talbot*, George Douglas; *Jackson*, Tom Tyler; *Sheriff*, Kermit Maynard; *Tim*, Sammy McKin; *Hazelton*, Walter Will; *Andrews*, Ethan Laidlaw; *Harper*, Edward Peil, Sr.; *Wilson*, Tom London; *Wilkin*, Jack Ingram; *Allan*, William Neftell.

"RETURN OF THE CISCO KID, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Milton Sperling. Based on a story by O. Henry. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. Cast: *Cisco Kid*, Warner Baxter; *Ann Carver*, Lynn Bari; *Lopez*, Cesar Romero; *Colonel Jonathan Bixby*, Henry Hull; *Alan Davis*, Kane Richmond; *Mexican Captain*, C. Henry Gordon; *Sheriff McNally*, Robert Barrat; *Gordito*, Chris-Pin Martin; *Deputy Johnson*, Adrian Morris; *Deputy*, Harry Strang; *Stage Coach Driver*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Hotel Clerk*, Paul Burns; *Bartender*, Victor Kilian; *Guards*, Eddie Waller and Ralph Dunn; *Blonde*, Ruth Gillette; *Tough*, Ward Bond.

"ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by John Larkin and Jerry Horwin. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. The Cast: *Bart Clinton*, Tyrone Power; *Rose Sargent*, Alice Faye; *Ted Cotter*, Al Jolson; *Harry Long*, William Frawley; *Peggy*, Joyce Compton; *Whitey Boone*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Buck Russell*, Moroni Olsen; *Barouche Driver*, E. E. Clive; *Band Leader*, Louis Prima; *Mike Cavanaugh*, Charles Wilson; *Chumps*, Hal K. Dawson, Paul Burns; *Toby*, Ben Welden; *Irving*, Horace MacMahon; *District Attorney*, Paul Stanton; *Mr. Mok*, Maurice Cass; *Mr. Paunch*, Bert Roach; *Miss Lust*, Irma Wilson; *Dexter*, Harry Hayden; *Sem Kress*, Charles Lane; *Jim*, Adrian Morris; *Judge*, John Hamilton; *Mrs. Russell*, Winifred Harris.

"SORORITY HOUSE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Dalton Trumbo. Directed by John Farrow. Cast: *Alice*, Anne Shirley; *Bill*, James Ellison; *Dotty*, Barbara Read; *Merle*, Adele Pearce; *Lew Fisher*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Mme. President*, Helen Wood; *Neva Simpson*, Doris Jordan; *Norma Hancock*, June Storey; *Mrs. Scott*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Mrs. Dawson*, Margaret Armstrong; *Mr. Grant*, Selmer Jackson; *Mr. Johnson*, Chill Wills.

"STOLEN LIFE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Margaret Kennedy. From an original story by K. J. Benes. Directed by Paul Czinner. Cast: *Martine, Sylvina*, Elisabeth Bergner; *Alan McKenzie*, Michael Redgrave; *Thomas E. Lawrence*, Wilfred Lawson; *Aunt Helen*, Mabel Terry Lewis; *Morgan*, Richard Ainley; *Garrett*, Kenneth Buckley; *Old Pauliac*, Danielle Mendaille; *Doctor*, Pierre Jouvenet; *Nurse*, Stella Arbenna; *Maturin*, Kay Seeley; *Demangeon*, Ernest Ferney; *Clerk*, Cot D'Ordan; *Eileen*, Dorice Fordred; *Cook*, Annie Esmond; *Karal Anderson*, Clement McGallin; *Prof. Bardesley*, Oliver Johnston; *British Minister*, Roy Russell; *Mayor*, Homer Regus; "*Boomsie*," an old English sheepdog.

"STREETS OF NEW YORK"—MONOGRAM.—Original screen play by Robert Andrews. Directed by William Nigh. Cast: *Jimmy*, Jackie Cooper; *Gimpy*, Martin Spellman; *Jiggsy*, Sidney Miller; *Flatfoot*, Buddy Pepper; *Beansy*, Bobby Stone; *Spike*, David Durand; *Howie*, Robert Tucker; *Sammy*, William Tucker; *Pop O'Toole*, George Cleveland; *Roger Wilson*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Burke*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Tap Keenan*, Dick Purcell; *Judge Carroll*, George Irving; *Anne*, Marjorie Reynolds.

"THREE WALTZES"—VEDIS FILMS.—Script by Leopold Marchand and Hans Muller. From the operetta by Leopold Marchand and Albert Willemetz. Directed by Ludwig Berger. Cast: *Fani, Yvette, Irene*, Yvonne Printemps; *Octave, Philippe, Gerard*, Pierre Fresnay; *Brunner, the Impresario*, Henri Guisol; *Brunner, père*, Boucot; *The President*, Jean Perier; *Dowager Aunt*, France Ellys; *Journalist*, Pierre Stephen; *Producer*, Emile Roques; *Director*, Vattier.

"UNION PACIFIC"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Walter DeLeon, C. Gardner Sullivan, and Jesse Lasky, Jr. Based on an adaption by Jack Cunningham, of a story by Ernest Haycox. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. Cast: *Mollie Monahan*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Jeff Butler*, Joel McCrea; *Fiesta*, Akim Tamiroff; *Dick Allen*, Robert Preston; *Leach Overmile*, Lynne Overman; *Sid Campeau*, Brian Donlevy; *Jack Cordray*, Anthony Quinn; *Mrs. Calvin*, Evelyn Keyes.

W. F. HALL PRINTING CO.

PHOTOPLAY

INVITES YOU TO SEE

"I'll Tell The World"

See lovely PATRICIA MURRAY in person and on the screen

"It's always time to get up!"

"Advertising costs nothing?"

"Business is terrible, but—"

Peach on the beach.

A REAL LIFE COMEDY-DRAMA

featuring

PATRICIA MURRAY—*the Liberty Girl*

and a cast of Hollywood Stars

JED PROUTY — FRANK ALBERTSON

MAUCH TWINS (Billy and Bobby)

MARILYN KNOWLDEN — BETTY ROSS CLARKE

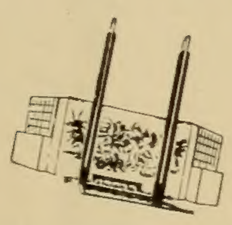
MICHAEL BLAIR — ETHELREDA LEOPOLD

CLEM BEVANS — BYRON FOLGER

Directed by LYNN SHORES

THE ADMISSION IS **FREE** AT THE AIR-CONDITIONED

MACFADDEN THEATRE



The place to meet your friends—Restful chairs and lounges for your comfort and music for your enjoyment in the beautiful Macfadden lobby

COMMUNICATIONS BUILDING

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR — 1939

Frank Albertson and Patricia Murray

● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

A-1 AT JUDGING TOBACCO

"Recent tobacco crops are the finest ever raised—and Luckies always buy the Cream," says Joseph Burnett, tobacco auctioneer, who has smoked Luckies for 10 years.

Copyright 1939, The American Tobacco Company

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

LUCKIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER! They are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in recent years. As tobacco experts like Mr. Burnett point out, Luckies have always bought the cream of the crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. And remember: Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. Try Luckies for a week and then you'll know why...

With Men Who Know Tobacco Best—It's Luckies 2 to 1